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LASELL LEAVES

Vol. XXXXII No. 1

OCTOBER, 1916

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03

LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

Vol. XXXXII LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., OCT., 1916 No. 1

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CONTENTS

Editorial....18
Locals....10
Personal....13
Exchanges....19

ADVERTISERS' DIRECTORY

Jordan Marsh Company....Inside Front Cover
Thomas Long....Inside Front Cover
Newton Trust Company....1
E. T. Slattery....1
John H. Pray and Sons Co....1
Boulevard Pharmacy....2
Auburn Food Shop....2
Wax Brothers....27
Collins & Fairbanks Co....27
A. Shuman & Co....27
Champlain Studios....28
Hotel Puritan....28
Houghton-Gorney Company....29
English Tea Room....29
Thayer, McNeil Company....29
C. F. Hovey Company....30
A. T. Bridges Co....30
Jones, McDuffy and Stratton Co....30
George C. Folsom....30
Pinkham and Smith....30
Chandler and Company....31
Meyer Jonasson & Co....31
T. E. Moseley....31
T. D. Whitney Company....32
F. W. Davis & Co....32
Oliver Ditson Co....32
C. W. Thompson & Co....32
Carpenter-Morton Co....32
G. E. Damon Company....33
L. P. Hollander & Co....33
Maurice....33
George P. Raymond....33
Doe, Sullivan & Co....33
Henry S. Lombard....34
Sands, Furber & Co....34
Smith Brothers....34
The Boston Music Co....34
Lamson Hubbard Co....34
Kornfeld....35
Wellesley Inn....35
Thorndike & Stolar....35
Wellesley Tea Room....35
Hayden....35
W. A. Riggs....35
Capodanno & Albano....36
Delicatessen Store....36
W. F. Hadlock....36
C. A. Donovan....36
Woodland Park Hotel....36
Miss Nelson, Wellesley Inn....36

30

Back row—Margaret Ufford, Dorothy Deering, Jessie Shepherd, Dorothy Redmond, Helen Stephan, Dorothy Barnes.
Front row—Edna Crane, Dorothy Stewart, Ruth Straight, Lenette Rogers.

Literary

TOUCHDOWN

The clock struck the hour of midnight. A figure stole like a shadow thru the gate, up the walk to the veranda, filed the lock of the door, opened it, entered the house. With the aid of a tiny flash-light he looked around. If he failed—disgrace, if he succeeded—victory—victory. This latter thought spurred him on to begin the search.

He was a strange burglar, this tall, quiet, young man, in full evening dress. His light overcoat was thrown carelessly over his arm, and a gleaming revolver was clutched in his hand; he was determined; he was desperate. Hastily and quietly he searched the first room, peering into every possible corner. The silver he disdainfully scorned and even a gold watch left carelessly on the table failed to interest him. Then confident that this room did not contain the object of his search, he entered the next. Just about to go on he was startled by a slight, creaking noise. He turned quickly. This time the sounds were plainer. There was a dull thud, a thump and a crackle. Quick as a flash he jumped behind a curtain, listening, waiting. The window opened cautiously and a figure climbed into the room.

From behind the curtain the young man waited breathlessly clutching more tightly the revolver, which now pointed threateningly ahead. In another instant the new comer's flashlight was full on his face and the two men gazed at each other. For a moment they stared.

"You!" gasped the first.

"You!" answered the second. In another instant the first burglar had caught his bearings.

"Well," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" was the quick retort.

"Me? Oh, I am practicing acrobatic stunts in window climbing. Put down that revolver. It might go off!"

The newcomer, short, fat, and jolly-looking contrasted strangely with the first burglar. The tall young man ignored both the request and the attempt at humor.

"Be quick," he said, "I'm here for Touchdown. So are you? So I thought. Then it's either shake or fight?—Good! The honor of the red and white is at stake. Disgrace if we fail! Victory if we win! We live or die together, a member of the Delta U and the president of the Sigma Upsilon."

In an instant they were pals, and without a word further they searched every nook of the entire floor.

"The cellar next," commanded the first burglar, leading the way. The tall young man stole safely down the stairs, but the second burglar stumbled down the last four. In these gloomy depths another thorough search

followed but without result. Rather discouraged they steadily retraced their steps—and then very cautiously stole up to the attic. Here new difficulties arose, for the bare boards squeaked dismally with their every step. Away over in a corner, however, was a packing box and this the short young man at last spied.

"Its Touchdown!" he almost screamed. "Hip, Hip!—"

"Hip, Hip,—Nothing," warned his tall companion. "Be careful."

"Hurrah! it *is* Touchdown—Victory at last," whispered the other.

Carefully and cautiously they lifted the packing box and between them bore it to the attic door. Just about to open it they heard a noise. The second burglar peeped.

"What is it?" asked the first.

"It's a red kimona," answered the second "and its going down stairs." Then he feebly suggested, "Shall I kill it?"

"Certainly not," answered the first burglar, and smiling slightly, he added, "I guess I came to save the lives of the entire household, besides the honor of the red and white. We must wait quietly for the return of that red kimona." This was easier said than done for the box was heavy and their position soon became strained. At last, after a period which seemed endless, the red kimona returned, entered one of the rooms and was lost to sight. The boys breathed a sigh of relief.

"Maybe the water was boiling, or the beans burning."

Then they stole quickly down stairs, out of the house and home, carrying with them the most precious treasure of Cornell University.

II

The next morning a beautiful sun shone over a beautiful world. At the University there was great excitement in the air. Expectant groups made their way to the college campus, for this was to be the biggest athletic day of the whole year. In the center of one company stood the second burglar of the night before, vainly trying to attract attention but succeeding only to the extent of making himself conspicuous.

All alone, in the Sigma Upsilon fraternity house, in a big arm-chair by the window sat the first burglar, lost in thought. The events of the last few days ran through his mind: first, the news of Cornell's glorious athletic record; next the posting of the schedule of its final football game with Rockingham College which, if won would establish for Cornell the national championship; then the communication with Rockingham and finally the simple written agreement which stated that the Cornell-Rockingham game would be played on the Cornell campus with both college mascots, Rockingham's goat, Billy, and Cornell's little cub bear, Touchdown, present. He recalled the arrival a few days before of several Rockingham fellows and shortly after it the strange disappearance of the beloved little cub, Touchdown. A hurried, excited, fruitless search had followed. Finally had come the disagreeable communication from Rockingham that the compact stating that both mascots must be present, must be fulfilled. With it was conveyed the insulting suggestion that the disappearance of Touchdown was a very clever and timely excuse for an expected failure. Then he remembered how he, the president of the Sigma Upsilon fraternity and the manager of the football team had suspected the Rockingham fellows, followed them to their boarding place and planned to enter and search it that night at twelve o'clock; how he had left his fraternity dance early, had stolen to the boarding house, and like a thief in the night, had filed the lock of the door of a respectable citizen,

entered his house and searched it. He chuckled as he thought of the strange meeting with the second burglar, a member of a rival fraternity, who had evidenty also been thinking and suspecting, their hurried search and final success.

The tall youth left the chair, walked to a small door and opened it. In the adjoining room, in the packing box, lay the little cub bear peacefully sleeping.

"One o'clock!" he whispered, softly, glancing at his watch. "Now is the time, and, Touchdown, if we play the game right we can expose the thieves—as well as save the day for our Alma Mater."

Hastily he and a fraternity brother who had already been taken into confidence, summoned the second burglar, whom they extricated with difficulty from the group. Together they then proceeded with the covered packing box to the town hall. Leaving the others in a small anteroom with the box, the tall young man entered the hall, where a mass meeting of excited students was taking place. The Cornell leaders were vainly pleading with the Rockingham men to reconsider their unfair decision and to play the game without the Cornell mascot, regardless of the written contract. The discussion waxed hot, but without result.

In despair, the Cornell captain was about to adjourn the meeting when the tall young man stepped forth. "Wait," he said very quietly. "One minute before you adjourn. Touchdown has been found."

A general gasp of relief, then a wild shout greeted his words. The Rockingham fellows started quietly for the door, but the tall young man was too quick for them.

"Stop those Rockingham fellows and bring them to the front."

The crowd listened breathlessly and watched attentively the faces of the Rockingham men change.

"Well," continued the young man, "Deny it if you will." Then turning to the crowd he added, "Shall we prove it boys and shall we rescue our mascot?"

A shout of approval rang out. The men grabbed the guilty fellows and prepared to start, but they broke loose and after a full confession begged to be allowed to go to the attic with two or three instead of the mob. Their request was granted but the selected party, when about to leave the hall, suddenly stopped in amazement. Coming down the aisle were seen the fraternity brother and the second burglar, bearing between them a huge packing case, on top of which was proudly seated their beloved mascot, Touchdown. There was a wild shout of joy. Cheer after cheer went up. When the noise had practically subsided, the story was told again and again. In the excitement nobody noticed or cared to notice the Rockingham fellows as they slipped out the door.

Late that afternoon when the longed for victory had been well won, the sun nodded happily and stole away.

Doris E. Bahn, '18.

A DOUBLE ADVENTURE

One summer a number of years ago, while on a prolonged stay with my family in one of the wild mountain ranges of South America, I had two decidedly novel experiences, both on the same day.

One morning my sister Marian and I started off early for a day's ride together. We had plenty of provisions with us; so we felt no need to hurry home on that account. My sister always carried a rifle slung over her shoulder, as there was plenty of game to be had and as we never knew what we might encounter. We spent all the morning roaming about and enjoying ourselves, but we saw nothing worth while to shoot. After a time feeling somewhat hungry, we thought

it would be a good plan to have some lunch. We therefore dismounted, and began to devour the sandwiches with remarkable rapidity.

After lunch we wandered around for awhile longer and were just about to turn for home, when Marian noticed in the distance a little deserted hut, surrounded by a tumble down stone wall. We decided to go and investigate, thinking that it might afford us some fun. When we reached there we dismounted and tied our horses to an old dilapidated gate. We then clambered over the wall which was over-grown with stinging nettle. This was especially pleasant for me, for owing to the hot weather I had no stockings on.

Inside the enclosure opposite the hut, several big trees were growing in a swamp. We noticed in one of them a large hole. Marian's curiosity was at once aroused and she went over to investigate. At first as she looked into the dark cavity, nothing was to be seen; but after a few minutes, her eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she saw a dark furry object lying at the bottom of the hole. My sister picked up a stick that was near by and carefully poked into the hole; there was a hiss and the furry object at once showed itself to be an animal with two fierce, glaring, yellow eyes which glowed horribly in the darkness.

Marian, although having no idea what kind of a creature it was, at once decided to capture it alive, if possible. She stood guard over the hole, while I quickly fetched some rope from one of our saddles. My sister took the rope and making a noose at one end, dropped it down the cavity. After several fruitless attempts, she at last lassoed it. When we had caught it, the question was, how were we going to take it home. Marian gave me the end of the rope to hold and went to try and find something to suit our purpose in the hut. Presently she returned with a large, tall basket, which, although not very secure, would have to do. At her suggestion I then unsaddled the horses, secured the saddle blankets and took them back to her.

When all was ready, Marian carefully pulled on the rope; there was some sturdy resistance, but with a sudden jerk the creature was hauled out and deposited in the basket. Our first view of it in the light revealed a fierce-looking black and white animal with rather long fur. The poor creature could do very little as the rope around its neck was nearly choking it. Marian put it in the basket, then quickly undoing the rope threw the blankets over the top and tied them securely. Between us we hauled the basket over to our horses, where we rested for awhile after our exertions.

Marian mounted her horse and tried to put the basket up in front of her, but as her horse was both restive and nervous, she could not manage it. With my horse, which was not so nervous, the plan worked better, and after mounting she pulled the basket while I pushed it until at last, there she was with her huge burden in front of her so high that she could scarcely see over the top of it. Leaving me to saddle and follow, Marian went on slowly towards home.

There was a railroad which ran straight across the campus without protection of any kind and we were at liberty to ride along between the rails if we so desired. I started off after my sister who by this time had really gone quite a distance ahead. Now this railroad went through a deep cut for about three-quarters of a mile, emerging again into the flat country. We were accustomed to it as it saved us going a very round-about way. The fact that there were only two trains a week made us feel safe. Marian evidently thought she would prefer following it this

time, for I saw her just as she disappeared into the cut.

As there was one large curve soon after we entered, we lost sight of each other for awhile. I was riding peacefully along, when suddenly to my horror, I heard the whistle of an approaching train. I stopped a second to make sure I had heard aright. Yes, there was the faint but unmistakable rumble of the wheels. I started at a gallop to escape the night-mare which was following me. My horse, being very lively, had covered about half the distance, making good time, when suddenly, he jerked his head to one side. The curb rein, which was necessary to make it safe to ride him, loosened itself from the bridle and was flung off. I dared not go on and leave it as the horse was almost unmanageable without it. Owing to my being so small, every time I mounted or dismounted from a horse, I was obliged to let down the stirrup to the very bottom hole. This process enabled me to scramble somehow into the saddle and once there I was all right. I quickly got off and started to search for the curb which had fallen into the grass. All the time I could hear the train coming nearer and nearer. I searched frantically and at last after what seemed eternity, I discovered it and fastened it on securely.

I scrambled into the saddle and started to shorten the stirrup again. Just then a double whistle sounded from the engine, which meant it was about to enter the cut. I could not see around the curve and so I had no exact idea how near it was. That whistle, however, was enough for me. I started at a wild gallop, down the track, all the time hearing the train rushing closer and closer.. Oh! how slowly the horse seemed to move. I urged him on but the more I urged him, the more slowly he seemed to go. I could now hear the train quite close behind me, and with one more desperate entreaty to the horse, I came flying out of the cut and on to the campus a minute or two before the train rounded the last curve and rushed past me. I caught up with Marian a little further on, where she was anxiously waiting for me. We rode home together, both tired, yet satisfied that we had had enough excitement for one day.

Our captive turned out to be a creature of the kangaroo type, a very fierce-tempered animal. We kept him for some time but one night he escaped from his prison. We were never able to find him. As for adventure, when I reached home that night, I declared that I never wanted any more; but sometimes, as I look back upon the experience, however, I realize that it was merely getting me worked up for more thrills in the dim, distant future.

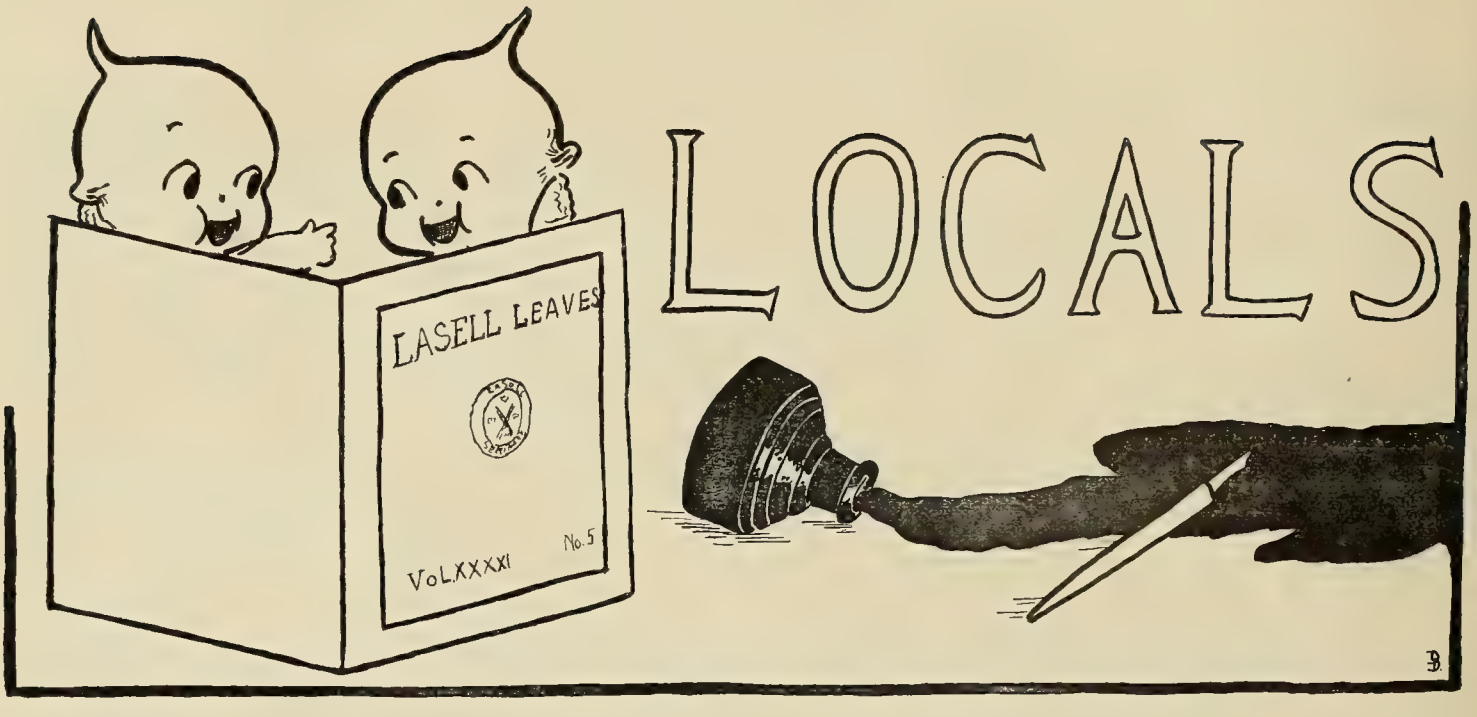
Gertrude Shaw.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

"Down in Injianny (ez you may 'uv heard before)
The sweet ol'-fashioned roses grow about the cottage door
An' hummin'-birds go dartin' roun' the swayin' holly-hawks,
An'daisies edge the gardin paths where Armazindy walks.
The little boys plays hooky, an' they takes their fishin'-pole,
Or you kin hear 'em splashin' in the riffled swimmin'-hole,
An' other things is happenin' what you mustn't write about,
Or the Publishers 'ill git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

"Wunst there wuz a little boy what didn't mean no harm,
But lived in Hancock county near a watermelon farm
He might 'a' been a lawyer, but was skeered of bein' rich,
So he took to paintin' signs and things, an' actorin' an' sich,
An' singin' songs with chirp of bird an' splash of summer rain,
With here a tender homey tale and there a quaint refrain.
But don't you go a'makin' rhymes that folks can't do without,
Or the Publishers 'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



LOCALS

Thursday, Sept. 21—This day the first classes began. There were, to be sure, many conflicts against one another in the halls and also conflicts in class. Everything started very naturally, at least it seemed so to the old girls, but to the new girls everything was very strange. Mrs. Martin was present in the morning to start us into the year with one of her cheery and lively talks. Dr. Winslow lead chapel in the afternoon extending to all a hearty welcome. Then at one-forty Miss Potter gave us a delightful lecture concerning the *Blue Book* the ought to be moss-covered *Blue Book*, the chock-full-of-rules Blue Book, the never-to-be forgotten *Blue Book* of Lasell Seminary for Young Women, ten miles from Boston. Nevertheless the lecture was pleasing, owing to the witty and clever remarks seasoning the entire talk.

Saturday, 23—Instead of bible lessons this first Saturday the regular seats for chapel services were assigned and the weight of each girl was taken. The rest of the afternoon was spent in preparation for the missionary frolic in the Gymnasium at 8 o'clock and a frolic it was, indeed. The girls were ushered or rather, ushered themselves to pillowed seats, meanwhile keeping their eagle eyes glued upon the black-board—bill-board where the announcements were written. All the prima-donnas and other great artists were present this evening; so a splendid program was in store for the delighted audience. "Dicky" Buettner demonstrated the magical art of imprinting a correct map of the school campus on the blackboard while Senorita Roop, the celebrated chef, gave the famous recipe for Lasell Hash: "Pinch of shoe inspection with castle bands removed and a little dress filling. Remove the Spanish omelette and add to the first mixture a few baked beans." Next Miss Nelson, the weights and measures expert, gave the new table backwards: Seniors minus the would-be-Juniors, plus the Sophomores equal less than the Freshmen plus the Juniors. Mlle. Potter. the renowned contralto prima donna, kindly contributed a pleasing school song along with some favorite anecdotes. The patrons were delighted, indeed, to hear Senorita Rand and her accomplished quartet and since they are quite famous, their selections were well received. It being a gala evening, the manager kindly arranged various games for the pleasure of those present. The entire evening the success of which was due to the executive

committee, was filled with fun and laughter.

Sunday, 24— On our first Sunday here, we were fortunate in having with us for the vesper service, the Rev. Mr. Muste, who gave the baccalaureate address two years ago. His talk for the most part was on the necessity of complete concentration upon the thing one is set to do in order to obtain the best results. He also emphasized the fact that one's temptations to turn aside from duty often come through one's friends. His talks was based on the story of the unknown prophet out of Judah. The incident and the lessons drawn from it were so clearly presented that they furnished an excellent "starter" for the year.

Sunday, Oct. 1—Tonight the address was given by the Rev. Dr. Sullivan of Newton. All who heard it will remember the theme, "The Menace of Self-pity," and will be less likely than in the past to creep under the juniper tree and be sorry for themselves Miss Ruggles gave a fine 'cello solo. Mildred Cloake accompanied her on the piano.

Wednesday, October 4—Tonight we took a wonderful trip in South America, personally conducted by Mr. C.W. Furlong, of this city who introduced us to the people as well as to the country. The greater part of the journey was through Venezuela where about eighty per cent of the people are illiterate. In spite of the various uprisings, they are at heart a peace-loving people, desirous only to better conditions and to escape from under the strict military rule which is oppressive. There are two political parties called the "Ins" and the "Outs" so that even here there are party quarrels. After his short review of these points, Mr. Furlong showed us many interesting pictures taken while he was on one of his exciting and interesting trips in this country. It was an enjoyable evening, the personality of Mr. Furlong going a long way toward making it such.

Sunday, October 8—The class of '17 as well as the other classes welcomed Mr. Henry Turner Bailey with great anticipation this evening at Vespers. In his talk he brought out why the study of the Bible is required here in Lasell in so clear, convincing and interesting a way that the entire lecture held our attention from beginning to end. We study the Bible here because through all the ages it has been proved in every way to be the greatest book in the world.

Saturday, Sept. 30—When we came down to breakfast, we noticed a number of empty

chairs. Then we realized that the Seniors were not in the room, but before we had time to think further, the whole class appeared on the balcony, where they hung the beautiful 1917 banner. They gave the class yell and after they had come to their seats, the Senior at the end of each table threw her small banner containing slips of paper for each person and this is what we read:—

President, Jessie Shepard
Vice-President, Julia Lipps
Secretary, Gertrude Allen
Treasurer, Linette Rogers
Cheer Leader, Edna Crane.

We heartily congratulate each officer and wish her the best of success.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Denis A. McCarthy read some of his poems last year, will be interested to know that Little, Brown and Company has recently published a volume of them entitled, "Home Songs and Heart Songs."

Here are three stanzas from the "Banner of America":

"Banner of America! Oh, banner of the mountains
Banner of the prairie-lands outspreading lone and far!
Banner of the mighty streams, the lakes, the falls, the fountains—
Love to you, and greeting, every stripe and every star!

Banner of a freedom that the centuries have sighed for,
Banner of a land that gives the soaring spirit scope,
Ever-sacred symbol of a dream that men have died for,
Wave above a nation where the humblest heart may hope!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the west-land!
Banner of a nation great and generous and young!
Banner of a land we deem the dearest and the best land,
Lights eternal be the stars that shine your folds among!"

A great interest in riding lessons has already been shown, seventy girls having registered with Miss McKay.

First girl: "What is 'love' in German?"
Second girl: "Why the same thing it is in any other language."

Student: "I'm doing my best to get ahead."
Teacher: "Goodness knows you need one."

Youth (11.55 P. M.) "I think it is time for me to go."
Maiden: "Yes, never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

Wars and rumors of war have not interrupted Cupid's work, as the following interesting wedding announcements will show:

The twenty-fifth of May, Mildred Post became Mrs. Douglas Wood.

June fourteenth occurred the marriage of Agnes Ethel Bullard, '08, to Mr. Aaron Wheeler Hobart.

The same day Angeline Elizabeth Emery, '14, was married to Mr. Charles Harvey MacCulloch. After November first their address will be 186 West Lawrence Street, Albany, New York.

June fifteenth was Christine Halstead's wedding day. She is now Mrs. John Meylert Mullin.

Mrs. Edgar A. Reincke announces the marriage of her daughter Lillie, on June nineteenth, to Mr. Herman Kley.

On June twentieth Doris Hazel Powers,'11, became Mrs. Philip Webb Thomas.

June twenty-first was Elizabeth Hazelet's wedding day. She is now Mrs. Paul Diener Weis, and is at home at 721 Louisa Street, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Irene Clark Ball was married, June twenty-fourth, to Mr. Allan Percy Sill.

Mrs. Harriet E. Wadleigh announced the marriage of her daughter Louise, to Mr. Matthew John Bedall, on June twenty-fourth in Los Angeles, California. At home at 302½ South Reno Street, Los Angeles.

Orra Park Hammond,'12, is now Mrs. Milton Delos Pomeroy. Her new address is 185 Pine Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Married on September sixth: Florence Mary Shields,'14, to Mr. Lawrence Melville Miller.

Mary Starr Utter's, '12, wedding day was Sept. 7th. She is now Mrs. Edgar Potter Maxson and will be at home after December first at 16 Dixon Street, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Ida Leona Beane, '15, and Mr. Esmond Sargent Rice were married on September second.

September nineteenth Gratia De Zouche became Mrs. George Spicer Reynolds.

Marion Frances Ordway,'11, was married October fourth, to Mr. John Dean Corley. Mr. and Mrs. Corley are now at home in Orleans, Vermont.

Ethel Louise Moore, '12, announces her engagement to Mr. Ernest Leonell Richardson.

Martha C. Shuman, of the class of 1915, announces her engagement to Mr. A. R. Laubenstein.

Lasell's best wishes go with these fair brides and grooms who are passing from a happy to a happier life.

Lasell's army of grandchildren has recently received some dear recruits.

In September Mrs. Nathan Rosenberg('09) welcomed a little daughter Mildred Ann.

On September twenty-fifth Jane Rosamond Allyn arrived to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Allyn, ('02.)

September fourteenth William Vassall, Jr. arrived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Hayden, ('06.)

Edna Rogers Carlisle's daughter was born September fifteenth.

On October twenty-third Richard Thorne was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Boudinot (Margaret Fisher).

September ninth Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore announced the birth of their little daughter Helen Coes.

Lasell claims a share in each of these new comers and extends a loving welcome.

We have learned with regret of the passing away of the husband of Carrie Wallace Hussey '82.

In September our Harriett Frey was greatly bereaved in the sudden death, by accident, of her dear mother.

Mrs. Julia Hubbard Kelly passed away in June. In a beautiful notice which appeared in the press she is spoken of as one who won the loving esteem of all who knew her, by her cheerfulness and courage.

In the death of Mrs. Anna Reed Wilkinson '58 Providence, '25, Lasell has lost one of her most honored and beloved graduates. Mrs. Wilkinson was 81 years old and had been president of the Providence Woman's Board of Foreign Missions for seventeen years, while she had been associated with the society for over forty-eight years.

Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to the members of these bereaved families.

Margaret Trice wrote a loving letter to our preceptress from Norfolk, Va., where she and her mother are at home. Margaret has received a state certificate from the Board of Education, giving her a place as a domestic science teacher. She gives a good word concerning Huldah Halley, one of our new girls but an old friend of Margaret's.

Annie Gallagher, here in '14 and '15 was graduated from the Fitchburg Normal School in June.

Madeline McCrory Judd is now at school in St. Louis, where we wish her success in her new school home.

Dear letters have been received by Miss Packard and others from Alma Bunch,'13. She was visiting Pamela Spargo, '12, in Ogden and was making arrangements for the fall luncheon of the Lasell Club, which occurred October seventh.

Marie Klenze writes that the two years she spent at Lasell were the happiest years she has ever known and adds, "I wish I could fill every new girl with the enthusiasm and pride I feel for my Alma Mater. She speaks of Helen Gray's visit and also that she has enjoyed Jessie Shepard who was her guest during the summer. Sophie Wendt and Rose Hoeflin also had called and she adds, "We sure did have great talk about Lasell." Her last words were almost her best words for she writes, "I don't believe a girl could attend Lasell and afterwards be satisfied with leading an idle life."

One of the shadows of the summer was the 'going home' of Miss Potter's niece and namesake Lillie N. Potter, of Minneapolis on July eighteenth. We remember her so well during her Lasell school days in 1905-07. In

spite of increasingly poor health she has always been a ray of sunshine to her family as she was to us. Life will always be brighter because of the days and years she was with us. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Potter, to her father and mother and to her sisters and our girls, Mary Potter McConn, '05 and Julia Potter Schmidt, '06. *L. M. P.*

Mrs. Adelaide La Fetra, a former teacher and preceptress at Lasell, later a well known South American missionary, died recently in Los Angeles. De La Fetra, her husband, was the president of the most popular young woman's college in Santiago, Chili, and with his wife carried on the educational work for twenty-five years. At her funeral one hundred and fifty young women whom she has taught were present and sang her favorite hymn.

Our preceptress had a delightful auto trip as the guest of Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, this fall. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, was of the party. Their journey led them along the historic north shore of Massachusetts. Their stopping place was Rockport on Cape Ann. "The sisters" are unusually well and are full of plans for philanthropic and church work for the winter.

Mildred Goodall ('10) is now Dr. Winslow's private secretary. We feel very proud of her.

Susan Tiffany,'15, Gladys Wilkes, '15 and Nellie Woodward, '15, dined at Lasell this fall. Gladys made us happy by extending her visit over several days.

Gladys Taylor came in unexpectedly and brought us news from New Orleans in general and from Mildred Snyder, '10, in particular.

We had a delightful glimpse these opening days of Leila Goodall, '08, Charlotte Ryder, '05, and Mildred Goodall, '10. We congratulate Mildred and Leila on the recent election of their father to Congress. Another winter I suppose these sisters will be "at home" in Washington, D. C.

Helen Merrill,'16, just staid long enough to break bread with us at luncheon and then was away! She was well herself and reported Annie Merrill David as supremely happy in her new home.

Among the old girl visitors this year have been Ruth Warren, President 'Fran' Harris,'16, and Carol Rice, '16, giving us more than a formal call and spending a number of days at their school home. A splendid letter has come recently from Anna Crowe, '09. She is still in Glascow, Scotland and has had a few very elightful days this summer with her husband, who was home on a furlough. He continues to rise in rank in the army and is now one of the most valuable officers.

Dorothy Jones for three years has been teaching the second grade in one of the schools in Jamestown, New York, and we know she has "made good."

Carolyn Moore,'14, in a letter to Miss Packard speaks of a visit from Charlotte Swartwout, '14, of several weeks during this summer. While in Minneapolis, Carolyn saw Mary Taylor and Margaret Owen and had a delightful visit from Elizabeth Carlisle. Helen Soule, '14, was visiting Alleda Burnett, '14, in Minneapolis. This seems to have been a great summer for conferences between western and New England girls.

Mary Potter McConn in a recent letter tells us that her two older daughters are in school and that baby Jane is beginning to move about. We had a delightful glimpse of her this summer while in Minneapolis.

Clara Nims, '07, speaks of calling on Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, and tried to get a glimpse of Edna's wee daughter who unfortunately for Clara was fast asleep and refused to "show off." Clara was at Lasell this summer looking well and is still interested in her library work.

Dorothy Loomis of last year sent a card to Miss Potter from Salt Lake City. She was

on her way to California, where she expects to spend the winter.

At the opening of school this September, we were very glad to have some of the "Old Girls" with us. Although their visits were much too short, they were greatly appreciated especially by their old friends. Those who came for the opening were Gladys Wilkes, Maude Hayden, '16, Marion Griffen, '16, Mabel Straker, '16, Florence Baker, Orissa Atwill, '16, Sophie Wendt, Mabelle H. Whitney, '03.

Maude Hayden, Madeline Sheldon, Mildred Cloake and Carol Rice of the class of '16 were with us for the "Old Girls" dance to the "New Girls" on Saturday night, September 30.

Francis Harris, '16 has been spending the week end with Julia Lipps.

Helen Howe made us a short visit one day last week.

Elizabeth Carleton has been back for a short visit.

Lillian Astill spent the week end with Elizabeth Carlisle.

We are grateful to our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon, for the interesting snapshots of old girls which he contributes to the October *Leaves* and are as follows:

SOUTH CALIFORNIA NEWS

I have this summer seen Leona Benner who with her mother has come to Los Angeles to stay? She saw Etta Wolfe and her husband and boy. She told me that they were in S. Monica and I chased all over S. M. one hot afternoon in August but couldn't find Etta and what is more remarkable to me, Etta did not succeed (if she tried I didn't see how she could fail!) in finding me! whereat I am hurt.

Also, I found Lottie Snell Simms and her family in Long Beach. They live now in Albuquerque, N. M. You already know that Bess Bailey now lives there. Lottie had a dream that she saw me in Pasedena. She had no idea that I lived there! Next morning she told her daughter to look in phone book and sure enough found my name and address and phoned to me! Wasn't that queer?

I see Margie Schuberth and Leanette Kiser once in a while and Mary Wadsworth and Fraulein Roth. One of the treats of the summer was Mrs. Martin's call. I can't call it more for it was so tiny! But it was fine what there was of it. Another pleasure was seeing Dr. and Mrs. Bates of Auburndale whom you of Lasell ought to know better. They are true friends of Lasell and Dr. Bates ought to be often on your lecture platform.

Argenta MacDonald and her "man" have gone to Chili.

Augustus McDonald, husband of Marriott Degan, has just come from South America, a glad surprise for Marriott and two lively babies.

A surprise to me, and a most delightful one, was a call from Lucy Tappan and her husband, Dr. Scott. They have a pastorate in La Canada, not far from here. Both looked in good spirits despite (or because of) the "yoke" acquired last May!

What a time you are having just now crowding your new household into your already crowded spaces! May it be a happy year to you all.

My blessing to those I know and my greeting to those who know me not except as a name in the Catalog.

Cordially,

C. C. Bragdon,

October 1, 1916.

THE SCHOOL ROSTER

Abbott, Edith M., Elmwood Conn., Adams, Frances V., Castleton, Vt., Adams, Lydia A., Bangor, Me., Alden Priscilla, N. Weymouth, Allen, Constance, Providence, R. I., Allen, E. Gertrude, Melrose, Anderson, Ruth E. V., Jamestown, N. Y.

Bahn, Doris E., Rochester, N. Y. Barnes, Dorothy C., Pratt, Kans., Bathrick, Doris, Boston, Bauman, Helen L., Grayling, Mich., Beaudry, Elise C., Westfield, Belcher, Dorothy S., New London, Conn., Bell Florence, Attleboro Falls, Benson, Darthea E., Brooklyn, N. Y., Bickford, Jacquelyn T., Newport News, Va., Bishop, Henrietta V., Fort Fairfield, Me., Brady, Hazel, E. Orange, N. J.. Bruin, Elsie C., Strasburg, Va., Buettner, Gertrude C., Chicago, Ill., Burnap, Ruth M., Whitinsville, Burt, Josephine, Urbana, Ill.

Cabrera, Rosenda, Mexico City, Canfield, Mary E., Williamsport, Pa., Carlile, Elizabeth K., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.. Cary, Mildred J., Norwich, Conn.. Cate, Evelyn H., Pawtucket, R. I., Chaffee, Florence A., Amenia, N. D., Chan, Mae G., Hong Kong, China, Chapin, Edith K., Milton, Pa., Chase, Olive L., Laconia, N. H., Cody, Ruth A., Gardner, Cohn, Bernice E., Kansas City, Mo., Collins, Elizabeth L., Indianapolis, Ind., Coward, Beulah E., Newton Upper Falls, Craig, Kathryn, Acme, Wyoming Crane, Edna L., Negaunee, Mich., Casey, Mary G. C., Amesbury.

Davenport, D. Helene, Wilkes Barre, Pa., Dawson, Grace L., New Bedford, Day, Miriam C., Melrose, Deering, Dorothy, Biddeford, Me., Deffenbaugh, Margery E., New Salem, Pa., Dimond, Annie C., Bristol, R. I., Doane, Lilian E., Montreal, Quebec, Dohoney, Margaret F., Paris, Texas.

Eager, Helen, Marlborough, Early, Helen L., West Newton, Eaton, Gertrude E., Montclair, N. J., Ehrhart, Emily E., Hanover, Pa., Elder, Mary J., Beebe, Quebec, Evans, Geraldine M., Pottstown, Pa., Evans, Gladys M., Pottstown, Pa.

Fairchild, Constance, Glen Ridge, N. J. Fera, Harriet A., Chicago, Ill., Fera, Pauline G., Chicago, Ill., Fiske, Mary F., Brookline, Flattery, Georgina K., Brookline, Flight, Elsie A., Highwood, New Haven, Conn., Forster, Mary J., Tulsa, Okla., Frankel, Emelia K. Hopkinsville, Ky., Freeman, Ruth M., Flint, Mich.. Fuller, Irene B., Watertown, Fulston, Cora B., Lockport, N. Y.

Gates, Fannie M., Chittenango, N. Y., Gaty, Cornelia V., Morristown, N. J., Goodman, Leontine J., Hartford, Conn., Goodrich, Marion I., Epping, N. H., Gordon, Ida L., Windsor, N. J., Gorke, Doris, Syracuse, N. Y., Gould, Sabra G., Burlington, Vt., Gratz, Mervelle M., New York City, Grimshaw, Lillian B., East Hampton, N. Y., Gronberg, Marceline E., Grand Rapids, Mich. Guertin, Helen V., Chicago, Ill.

Halley, Huldah G., Yonkers, N. Y., Harper, Florence O., Still Pond, Md., Hart, Helen C., Lakewood, O., Hayden, Ruth D., Dorchester, Hayward, Nora I., Middleville, Mich., Hickcox, Octavia A., Watertown, Conn., Hobson, Edith H., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Hotchkiss, Anita D., Seymour, Conn., Houston, Rachel A., So. Charleston, O., Hovey, Bettina E., New York City, Hughes, Elsie M., Rochester, N. Y.

Jenks, Alice B., Pawtucket, R. I., Jillson, Mildred O., So. Attleboro.

Keasor, Mildred L., Laconia, N. H., Keniston, Gladys Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y., Kimball, Elsie C., Lynn, King, Mary J., Chelsea, Knapp, Aristine P., Chicago, Ill., Kunkel, Marjorie, Bluffton, Ind., Keppel, Marie M., Corry, Pa., Laffey, Lillian E., Paterson, N. J., Latham, Mary C., E. Bridgewater, Lederer, Irene, Terre Haute, Ind., Lesh, Helen L., Indianapolis, Ind.. Lewis, Violet, N. Dartmouth, Lindsay, Caroline, Yarmouth, Me., Lipps, Julia J., So. Bethlehem, Pa., Long, Ariel E., Evanston, Ill., Loomis, Madeline L., Hartford, Conn., Louis, Helen, Danville, Ill.

MacMillan, Norma C., Glen Park, N. Y.. Maggi, Helene D., Chelsea, Magoun, Ruth N., Haddonfeld, N. J., Mai, Edna E., Chicago, Ill., Malley, Ruth E. Allston, Manter, Mildred, Vineyard Haven, Mathews. Huldah P., Rochester, N. Y., Maxwell, Dora, apan, McCausland, Eleanor F., Gardiner, Me., McIntyre, Margaret S., Sharon, Pa., McLellan, Barbara H., Dorchester, Melosh, Mildred E., Jersey City, N. J., Millick, Genevieve, Blackfoot, Idaho Millick, Marie G., Blackfoot, Idaho Moore, Virginia M., Duluth, Minn., Morris Harriet D., Toledo, O. Morris, Priscilla G., Gloucester, Morrison, E. Marjorie, Melrose, Morse, Alice L. So. Easton, Moss, Katherine A., Boston, Moyer, Elizabeth, Plainfield, N. J.

Newcomb, Ruth B., Holyoke, Newton, Velzora A., Jackman, Me.. Nichols, Lois A., Arlington, Vt. Nielson, Eleanor, Quincy, Ill., Norcross, Esther K., Old Town, Me.

Obermeyer, Lucinda E., Chicago, Ill., O'Brien, Evelyn, Parkersburg, W. Va., Oram, Marion F., Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Packard, Dorothy, Reading, Pa., Patterson, Kathryn F., Delanson, N. Y., Pettit, Mary, Wabash, Ind., Phillips, Amy, Los Angeles, Cal., Pike, Helen M., Gloucester, Piscopo, Frelia A., Winthrop, Piscopo, Philomena A., Winthrop, Pomeroy, Marion R., Windsor Locks, Conn., Poole, Vera W., Cuba, Powell, Edith M., Wilbraham, Pratt, Evelyn R., Grafton Putney, Dorothy I., Manchester, N. H.

Raymond, Dorothy C., Brookline, Reagan, Bernice H., Indianapolis, Ind., Redmond, Dorothy H., Madison, N. J., Rice, Katherine, Detroit, Mich., Rich, Lydia A., Keokuk, Iowa, Rich, Mary G., Keokuk, Iowa, Richards, Emma E., Ft. Fairfield, Me., Rivera, Aurora C., Cayey, Porto Rico, Rogers, Doris E., Lynn, Rogers, Lenette M., S. Carver, Ross, Esther L., Toledo, O., Rowe, Phyllis D., Westport, Conn.

Sanger, Muriel, Brighton, Saunders, Helen M., Hartford, Conn.. Selkirk, Helen V., Albany, N. Y., Seymour, Beatrice E., Winsted, Conn. Shaw, Gertrude E. C., Toronto, Canada, Shepard, Almira L. Haverhill, N. H., Shepard, Madge L., New York, Shepherd, Jessie C., Middletown, Del., Smith, Constance F., Cuba, Spinney, Clara J., Gloucester, Stark, Mary R., Louisiana, Mo., Stephan, Helen A. Kingston, N. Y., Stevens, Bernice L., Ft. Fairfield, Me., Stewart, Dorothy J., Toledo, O. Stiles,. Elizabeth, Gardner, Straight, Ruth E., Hastings, Neb.. Strain, Mildred A., Easthampton, Stronach, Annie E., Pittsfield, Sydeman, Stella M., Jamaica Plain, Smith, Helen W., Forest Hills, N. Y.

Taylor, Mary L., Chicago, Ill., Taylor, Ruth A., Bangor, Me., Thayer, Mary V., Santa Barbara, Cal.. Thomas, Margaret, Reading, Thompson, Annie E., Amenia, N. Y., Tomlinson, Myra, Brownsburg, Quebec, Tracy, Winifred, Willimantic, Conn., Tredway, Grace, Columbus, O., Tufts, Katherine C., Glen Ridge, N. J., Tuthill, Amy K., Moravia, N. Y.

Ufford, Margaret E., Spokane, Wash.

Vance, Edith S., Port Washington, N. Y.

Waddell, Doris L., Ridgewood, N. J., Waddell, Margaret M., Ridgewood, N. J., Wakefield, Helen, Hartford, Conn., Walker, Ruth J., Melrose Hlds.. Walker, Helen A., Clearfield, Pa., Wallace, Irene E., Denton, Md., Wallach, Madeline, New York City, Warner Helen R., New York City, Warner, Helen R., Farmington, Mich., Warner, Isabelle K., Clifton Springs, N.Y., Wason, Dorothy, Methuen. Wells, Dorothea H., Chelsea, Wells, Mabelle F., Longmeadow, Wieder, Frances A., Hartford, Conn., Wilkes, Mae, Dallas, Texas, Willard, Marjorie, Duluth, Minn.. Wilson, Gail, Rutland, Vt., Williams, Mildred A., Brookline. Wong, Nellie C., So. Pasadena, Cal.. Wright, Gladys H., Auburn, N. Y.

June, July, August and now September have slipped into the past, so swiftly and so silently that one wonders how they did it. They have brought an end to our jolly vacation days, and once more Lasell enfolds us in her arms for another bright, new year. These few months have brought many changes; the warring nations have not, as yet, settled their troubles, although new elements have entered into the conflict; capital and labor still have their differences; the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has entered his rest; perhaps some changes have come to the girls, either pleasant or otherwise; if pleasures, we rejoice, if sorrows we sympathize, for we, of Lasell, are as sisters.

We shall miss those who are not returning but we rejoice in becoming acquainted with the new members of our household. To these new girls—Greetings! We want to extend to you a most cordial welcome to our school home and hope that you will be as happy here as we have been.

The editor of the *Leaves* is looking forward to these girls to help her out with material for our magazine. Do not wait for some one to come to you and ask for material in the form of stories, jokes, photos, or a poem but hand them in to one of the editors. Such interest will be greatly appreciated by them. We know there are a great many of you girls who are clever with your pens and so to use a familiar expression—"Get busy and don't be backward about coming forward." Help us to make this the biggest year the *Leaves* has known.

Ye editor sat in an old desk chair
Wild of eye and with strubled hair,
For the stories and jokes, they were not there,
Where were they all? where? oh where?

Now don't be a gump but do your part.
For your editors dear, now have a heart,
For pencil and paper so swiftly start,
Send us your story, quick as a dart.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Opinion, Peoria High School—Your paper is well arranged, with full "Current Gossip" and "Athletic" departments, showing much work on the part of the editors. The exchanges are interesting and original.

The Mirror, West Hoboken, N. J.—Your cuts are very appropriate and the Exchanges add much to the interest of your paper.

The Quarterly Tatler, Leete School, New York City—You have a large and well written literary department, but if there was a cut at the head of it, one would not confuse the first story with the editorial. Where are the jokes?

The Scroll, Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.—The cover of your commencement number is very neat and the general appearance of your paper excellent.

The Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.—The cuts of your last issue are amusing. Criticisms would add much to your exchange department. Why not keep the advertisements in a section by themselves?

AS OTHERS SEE US

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary—Your paper is very artistic and your cuts of the highest excellence. A few more lively stories full of pep would be a warranted addition.—*The Abbott Observer, Farmington, Maine.*

The Snap shots in *Lasell Leaves*, of Lasell Seminary, Boston, Mass., in themselves are sufficient to attract any girl to Auburndale. They together with what is written give outsiders a vivid idea of what life at your school is.—*Opinion*, Peoria, Ill.

Harry: "How's that brother of yours that sells ice?"

John: "My brother is not an ice man, he sells crockery and china."

Harry: "Oh, then he's a Chinaman."—*Ex.*

IN A LIBRARY

"Can you give me the autobiography of an ex-negro?"

"Who is the author?"

"The author is unanimous."—*Ex.*

JOKES

Miss Rand (in Senior Bible): "The grave yard where I spend my summers."

A new girl (speaking of Miss Morgenthaler "You know I sit at Miss Wagontailor's table."

Jo to Senora Artesani: "Dr. Winslow said this noon that none of the girls were to use paint on their faces."

Amy Phillips (just entering); "Yes, only on our noses."

Beauty Hint: To beautify complexion apply following famous Lasell face-lotion: one bowl of hot water in which has been dissolved one cake of high-grade soap. Mixture may be diluted with warm or cold water. Nohing on the market superior to this . Results seen after a single application.

G. M. W.

The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinocerous family.

"Now name some things," said she, "that are very dangerous to get near and that have horns."

"Hupmobiles!" promptly replied little Jimmie Jones.

She: "Can you run over tonight in your auto?"

He: "I think so, I've run over about everything else."

Miriamo Day: "Seems to me I have to much dressing on my salad." (not salid)

Gert Allen: "You always did overdress any how."

First New Girl: "Are you going to join the Student Council?"

Second New Girl: "No, I have plenty to do already."

Teacher to Johnny: "Give me a sentence with the word 'delight' in it."

Johnny: "The wind blew so hard that it blew out de-light."

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl."

PEACE NUMBER

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement Editor—Lillian M. Packard.

A CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE LASELL CLUBS

Greeting:

Confident that you are all interested in Lasell and its welfare we are writing you the latest news of your Alma Mater. The fifty-three graduates of the Class of 1916 bring the total number of the Alumnae up to 901.

This is the sixty-fifth year of our school and it opened with the largest registration of resident pupils it has ever had. We have several new teachers, an added "house of residence" known as Berkeley Lodge, a new playground.

We miss Miss Hotchkiss, Miss Shank, Miss Jepperson, Miss Stone and Mrs. Mosher who are taking up new duties elsewhere and we congratulate those who are fortunate enough to come under their efficient care and instruction. We welcome the new members of our faculty, Miss Roop in the Domestic Art Department, Miss Mount, in the Domestic Science and our nurse, Miss Snyder.

We offer for the first time this semester a two-year certificate course in secretarial training and the large registration points to a time when it may become a possible rival to the Home Economics course. It includes besides English and Spanish, Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, two years each, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, and Penmanship.

That the vocational opportunities in our present curriculum do not discourage further intensive study along academic lines is proved by the activities of the recent "old girls." Lasell will be represented this coming year in more than twenty colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our reputation is in their hands.

The wedding bells have rung for a goodly number of girls, others have heard the call to the business world, a few have been camp councellors, and several are serving as nurses to the soldiers abroad. I wonder if any are doing more effective work than those who are brightening the home circle and giving themselves to real worth-while community life.

Last Commencement is remembered by us as a delightful home-gathering. A new spirit of loyalty which inspired new activities was in evidence. The appointment of two new "life secretaries" by the class of 1916 and the class of 1882, and the beginning of the life membership list, upon which any Lasell girl may place her name either as an alumnae or associate member for the sum of twenty-five dollars, was started. (This excuses her from

any further annual fees) were features of the alumnae business meeting.

The invitation for the Chicago Lasell Club on October 7 has been received and is the first of the series for the year. We should like nothing better than accepting each and every one. In closing we thank you for the daughters, sisters, cousins and friends you have sent us this year. You are our greatest and most prized asset. When you come east you surely will not forget that Lasell is "ten miles from Boston" and easily accessible.

Ever you friend,
L. M. P.

WILL YOU HELP?

All of our readers will be interested in the splendid work Julia Anderson Willems, '94, is doing for the wounded soldiers of France in the hospital which she and her husband have made possible, giving not only of their means but of their time and strength.

Mae Burr Meadows who is proving a true Lasell friend in this emergency sent out a circular letter in the spring to a few of our girls but it did not reach us in time to be printed in the Supplement. As the same need still exists we quote a part of it:

To Lasell Friends:

The following letter contains extracts from a letter received by me and written by Julia Anderson, class of 1894, now Mrs. Charles H. Willems, wife of a well known artist of Paris, France.

I am sending it, hoping that you will be stirred by the appeal in it as I am, and that we may cooperate in an effort to assist her in her wonderful work of mercy. Immediately after war was declared, she and her husband began active relief work, equipping a small hospital—one hundred and twenty-five beds—financed principally by themselves I imagine, although Mrs. Willems herself, has not told me so. Her own words will give you an idea of its requirements. At the time of writing her letter, Mrs. Willems was in Paris where several weeks before, her little son, Frederick Anderson Willems was born, and was about to return to her hospital work at Biarritz.

The following extracts are from her letter:

"In two or three weeks we shall go back to Biarritz where we shall try to find a little furnished house not too far from the hospital and as soon as we are settled there I shall go back to my work. I shall not be able to stay at the hospital from nine in the morning until eight at night as I did before, but I shall go for half of every day and occupy myself with the direction rather than actual nursing.

"I shall be glad to get back to the work again—it is a joy to do all one can for these splendid, brave soldiers of France. After a year's work among them my admiration grew from day to day. Their wonderful courage and patience under all forms of suffering, their gentleness, their unfailing courtesy to their nurses, and kindness to each other—their glorious patriotism make all of us who have lived among them and worked for them, love and admire them more than we can say.

"You speak of working with those who have sent boxes to small hospitals in France. Should you be looking for some place to send again, We are always here and I can suggest some things which sound simple, but would be of great value—cotton thread for sewing and mending and wool for darning socks.

"We have 150 pairs to darn every week and as soon as our boys can get about they do wear their socks out so terribly—and we start each one back to the front or to a Convalescent Hospital, as the case may be, with several pairs or socks all darned and all his clothing washed, cleaned and mended and what a

lot of cotton and wool it takes; and it is very scarce in France now as well as very expensive. I have tried to get some through the American Clearing House but they had none.

Mrs. Meadows writes in September:

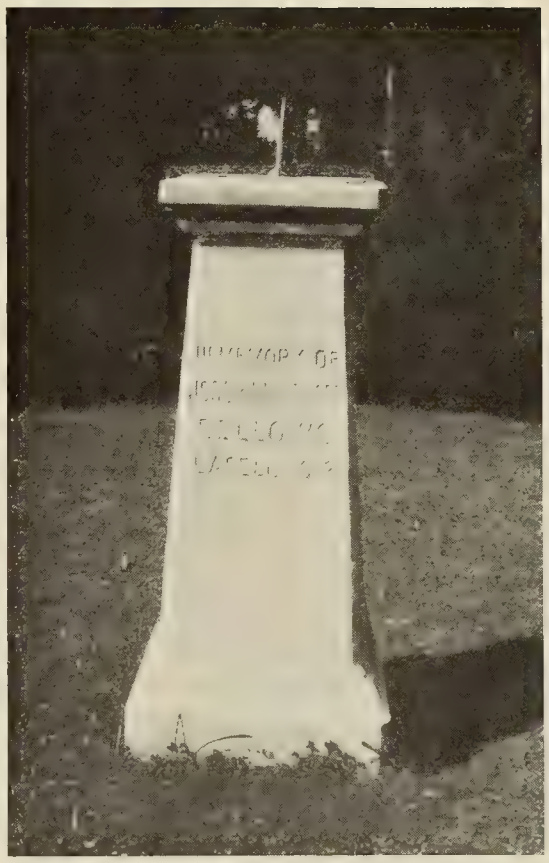
"Twenty-four of the girls responded to my letter and with the assistance of outside friends I have shipped seventy-two pairs of blankets, fifteen dozen spools of thread, eleven pounds of darning wool, also sheets, pillow cases and knit hospital sponges. I have now another list of much needed articles. We are confident that there are others beside the twenty-four who will be glad to come into personal touch with a real situation of this sort. If this is true Mrs. John S. Meadows (Mae Burr) will be glad to give any information or receive any gifts and may be addressed at 226 West Genesee St., Auburn, New York, or letters may be sent directly to Mrs. Charles H. Willems, Domaine Dilbarritz, Bidart (Basses Pyrenees), France.

Here is a new language study, by one of our girls, which was published some time ago in *Our Dumb Animals*. There is a companion to it "The Cat."

DOG LANGUAGE

By Marion Hovey Briggs

Our Towser is the finest dog that ever wore a collar,
We wouldn't sell him—no indeed, not even for a dollar!
I understand his language now, 'cause honest, it appears
That dogs can talk and say a lot, with just their tails and ears.
When I come home from school he meets me with a joyous bound,
And shakes that long tail sideways, down and up, and round and round.
Pa says he's going to hang a rug beside the door to see
If Towser will not beat it while he's busy greeting me,
Then when he sees me get my hat, but thinks he cannot go,
His ears get limp, his tail drops down, and he just walks off—slow
Though if I say the magic words, "Well, Towser, want to come?"
Why say! You'd know he answered "Yes!" although at speech he's dumb.



"It records only the sunshine"

In those spring days when the showers were chased away by the sunshine, turning even the rain drops on the trees into diamonds so the tears that came into our eyes and hearts at the slipping away of our friend are changed into a solemn joy by this gift which will, in a sense, crystalize the memory of the happy hearted girl, the sunshine of whose life often chased the shadows away.

Another echo from the June Alumnae Meeting in the original bit of advice given by Mrs. Ida Stebbins Jarvis who was a member of the school in 1866, thus celebrating her fiftieth anniversary.

"And now I will give you some cheerful advise
Do not grow old while you feel full of life
Do not sit down in the corner and say
I cannot do that, I am old and grey.

Keep yourself cheerful, dance if you will
If you feel lonely, pray do not keep still,
All those who love you will say just the same
If your old for your age then you are to blame."

Miss Bettie Carpenter, daughter of Barbara Dennen recited this at the Alumnae Meeting June 1916. She carried the class flowers.

"I'm Nineteen Eleven's Class Baby
Although I'm very small
Still I'm big enough to greet you
For my classmates one and all.

CHICAGO CLUB LUNCHEON

This report came just too late for the day Supplement and though rather out of date in view of the October meeting is too important to be omitted.

The annual spring luncheon and business meeting of the Chicago Lasell Club was held on Friday, May 5th, 1916, in Mandel's Ivory Tea Room, with thirty-two members present, including two Lasell visitors, Mary Starr Utter, '12, Westerly R. I. and Bertine Libby, 13, Cleveland, O. It had been hoped up to the last minute that Dr. Bragdon would be with us as an honored guest and we were disappointed in having to have the luncheon with out him. The attendance was the largest we have had at the spring meeting, and after a pleasant hour spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones the following officers were elected for the coming year, after which the meeting adjourned.

President, Mrs. Sara Hayden Carlton, '95; *Vice President*, Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson; *Secretary*, Alma Louise Bunch, '13; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Bertha Hax Auld.

Those present were:
Sara Hayden Carlton, '95
Edith Harber Wright, '05
Frances Bragdon, '05
Ida Jones, '05
Lucile Zeller Ericson, '04
Helen E. Carter, '07
Louise Funkhouser Williams, '08
Margherita Dike, '10
Margaret Jones, 11
Frieda Mayer, '11
Florence Jones, '12
Mary Starr Utter, '12
Bernice Libby, '13
Alma Bunch, '13
Blanche Harber Hart
May Florine Theilens Peeples
Elizabeth Thielens Miller
Julia Funkhouser Mellin
Edna Mathews Condit
Mona Ryan Dunnan
Helen Staples Ellsworth
Bertha Hax Auld
Velma Voltz
Dorothy Darrow
Lucille Quertin
Helen Ehrman
Dorothy Rogers
Ella Race
Frances Avery Hoof
Locretia Salmon
Margaret Gregson Barker
Florence Myers

LASELL GIRLS ENTERING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SEPTEMBER 1916

If this list is incorrect it is because changes have been made since the report came to us. It is probably incomplete. Here's wishing each a successful and happy year.

Gertrude Dana	Simmons College
Pauline Ray	Boston University
Gladys Fraser	Smith College
Hazel Bower	University of Chicago
Lucile Folkers	Junior College, Joliet
Francis Hunter	Northwestern University
Doris Waller	Toronto University
Marion Lerch	Ohio State University
Mary Frances Moore	Ohio State University
Marion Stanley	Michigan State Normal College
Maude Hayden	Sargeant
Marion Griffin	Sargeant
Marjorie Norton	Mass. General Hospital
Margaret Thatcher	Simmons Summer School
Esther Morey	Columbia University
Susan Striker	Columbia University
Edna Sawyer	University of California
Madeline Sheidon	Mass. Gen. Hospital

DR. BRAGDON'S HOME

Dorice Lord	Smith College
Carol Rice	Smith College
Katherine Prentiss	University of Vermont
Ruth Ranger	Brown University
Juliette Rideout	Brown University
Ruth Butterworth	Columbia University
Dorothy Crane	Columbia University
Jeanne Dennett	Columbia University
Mildred Edwards	Rhode Island State College
Edith Holman	Morningside College
Halley Dickey	Butler College
Lavinia Fera	Northwestern University
Mildred Hinners	Northwestern University
Jeanette Busey	University of Illinois
Helen Freeman	University of Illinois

All Lasell girls on the Pacific coast appreciate Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon's hospitality and many teachers and students will remember the delightful home which we have had the pleasure of presenting in this number. Mrs. Martin who has been touring through the west this summer brings the latest report of her happy hours in this lovely spot and the kindness of both her host and hostess.

Mademoiselle Le Royer wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following contributions from old Lasell girls to the French Hospital Fund.

Miss Tower	$10.00
Mabel Eager	25.00
Marion Shinn	3.00
Lela Goodall	5.00
Maude Simes Harding	1.00
Mary Goodwin Olmstead	2.00

Mrs. Olmstead sent also some linen sheets.

Additional contributions from teachers and other friends have enabled Mademoiselle to make up the total of $100, which has been distributed as follows:

Red Cross Hospital, Bordeaux	$50.00
Hospital, La Tronche, Isere	50.00

Ladies in Auburndale have given many articles of clothing, which have been sent to the Paris hospital of which Mademoiselle wrote in her letter to the *Leaves*. She knows the directors of these three hospitals, and the letters of gratitude she has received from them are evidence that the gifts have been well placed.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

Extract from a letter from Lillie Fuller Merriam during a recent visit to Tuskegee Institute.

Mr. Merriam and I are simply amazed at the development of the negro as seen in this school which is a marvel of system and which presents opportunity to these boys and girls who long for and must work early and late for their education.

They must work from six o'clock to nearly ten and I assure you that there is no difference between them and white children except in the color of their skin unless it be that they are more appreciative and more responsive.

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Stella—"Helen of Troy, no doubt."

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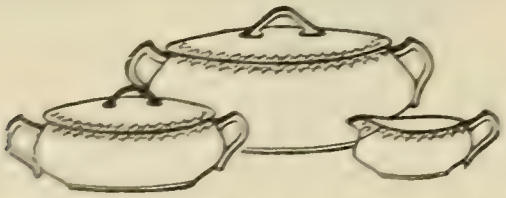

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

Vol. XXXXII LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., NOV., 1916 No. 2

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE, Class Presidents ..... [*Illustration*] 4

LITERARY

Without Hope of Escape ..... *Lucile Folker* 5

Leaves from a Diary ..... *Madge Shepard* 6

In Disguise ..... *S. G. Gould* 7

I Thank Thee, Lord ..... *Rose Pastor* 8

LOCALS 9

EDITORIAL 14

PERSONAL 15

EXCHANGES 19

JOKES 20

CLASS PRESIDENTS

Dorothy Barnes
Juniors

Kathryn Rice
Freshman

Jessie Shepard
Seniors

Margaret Ufford
Sophomores

Norma MacMillan
Specials

WITHOUT HOPE OF ESCAPE

We were jogging along on our donkeys at a rather leisurely pace, for even though the mountain path was over-arched by trees, the summer heat was intense and our sturdy little animals showed signs of giving out. The water in my canteen had become low, and was tepid and unsatisfying at that. I did not think I could endure the rest of that long hard trip, when suddenly, a faint tinkle as of running water came to my ears. Bringing my donkey to a stop, I listened again.

I brought up the rear, so that the party went on without noticing my absence. My sole thought was that very near to me was water. Shading my eyes with my hand, I peered down into the tangle of trees and brush; then with a happy shout, I sprang from the donkey and began to let myself down the perilous ledge, holding to root or rock, wherever my foot found a safe stepping place. Finally I reached the place of my desire. After a long refreshing draught, I glanced upward to beckon to the party, but to my surprise and fright the party, the mountain path, even my faithful donkey, had completely disappeared from view.

What was I to do? All that I possessed was my canteen which I had brought down to fill. My revolver was in my belt, to be sure, but the cartridges were in the saddle bags. Night was falling fast and the trees loomed up like great giants, hundred-armed, waiting to seize me. I glanced around; my hemmed-in corner of the world seemed peopled with those awful beings. Terrified, I began to run, the sound of my own footsteps and the memory of those hideous encircling arms chasing me faster and faster.

Then as suddenly I stopped, for there, slowly crawling down one of the foothills was horror in reality. "Indians." I gasped, and sank in panic fear, behind a huge boulder. From here I watched the serpent-like column, looking like cardboard figures, in the moonlight, as they neared my place of concealment. I seemed glued to the spot. They were only about a hundred yards from the boulder, and were on the trail to the spring; but I, stiff with fright, could not move a muscle. Closing my eyes, I awaited my fate. The patter of horse's hoofs, came nearer and nearer, and then seemed to pass on up the mountain. Was it possible that they had not discovered me? Just then I was caught up and tossed high in the air, coming down limply across a horse's

back. In this fashion I lay, while we galloped madly up and down hills for, as it seemed to me, many miles. Then the camp!

Of the first few hours in the Indian village I have but a confused recollection, but there came a moment when all at once I viewed with renewed fear and apprehension the busy preparations going on. The Indians were going to burn somebody at the stake,—and I was the only captive! There was very little hope of rescue and absolutely no possibility of escape, for my hands and feet were bound securely. Die, then, I must. But I came of brave forbearers; and as I had to die, I was determined to show as much stoicism as any Indian. So when a stalwart brave picked me up and carried me to the stake around which the wood had been piled, I was to all outward appearances calm and resigned, though my heart quaked within me, and I was so terrified that I could not utter a sound. A few minutes more and all would be over. They were lighting the brand and were beginning their frenzied death dance. How could I endure it! Now the tom-toms were beginning their awful din. The flames were eating upward in long red tongues. The braves gave a long-drawn marrow-freezing shriek. I strained desperately at my cords and fell forward.

Why was the ground so soft? And where were the painted and befeathered Indians uttering those piercing whoops? It was nothing but that ear-splitting rising gong, awakening me from a terrible dream.

Lucile Folkers.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

May 28—This is the end of my first day, in my role of tramp (how my college friends would laugh at me if they viewed me now) and I can't own that it is, by any means, the end of a perfect day. Rained? It has rained incessantly since my departure from home for this crazy escapade. All my fond hopes of blithely wandering along smooth country roads, drinking in the sunshine and music of birds, napping at noon under wide-spreading trees with the bees humming about me and the scent of honey-suckle wafted by the spring breeze from a farm cottage hard-by—all these, my picturesque imaginings, are blasted—but not for always I hope. My first day's hike is over, and I find myself uncomfortably cramped under my scout tent which is perched in a cow pasture — a cow pasture, mind you — where I needs must spend the night, listening to the drip, drip, of the rain as it beats against the canvas, and feeling myself sink deeper and deeper into the mushy, oozy grass under this thinly garnished apple tree. The few rations which Saunders packed for me have managed to get thoroughly saturated; yet I ate my supper consisting of the remainder of bread, a hard egg, sardines, and milk, which I purchased in the two-by-four "carry-all" store, with great relish. I sighed for more but dared not devour the seven precious sardines left, or the package of graham biscuit, as by the looks of things now, I shall be somewhat hungry in the morning. What is left of the light of day is slowly dimming, and I now shall draw forth my friend, John Burroughs, and enjoy at least the last moments of my first day on the trail.

May 29—The sunset of a superb spring day is spreading its golden rays over the horizon before me and I breathe out a sigh of intense relief that tonight shall not find me in a cow pasture but snugly ensconced in a smooth, mossy niche, facing the Delaware stream. This morning at about five, I was suddenly awakened out of a dreamless sleep by a gentle but firm thump! thump! thud! on the ground about my tent; then a series of deep sniffs

accompanied by several vigorous inquisitive punches at my canvas which might upset it. My heart was also in harmony of time with the strange thump! thump! thud! which surrounded me, and I imagine it raced several measures ahead before I had sufficient courage stealthily to open the flap and cautiously to peek out. The pounding had receded now. What I saw, however, was not the pasture landscape, but the none too meek-looking face of a strapping bull within the radius of what seemed four yards before my vision. After several seconds, stupefied gaze, I as stealthily withdrew my head, for I had no wish to be greeted with the warmth that bulls are expected to give. There followed a brief interval of silence, broken at last by my piercing yell for help when I sighted a farmer, approaching along the lane. He soon bribed the brute to withdraw till I had safely but hurriedly rid myself of the pasture. Throughout the day I traveled along beautiful country highroads, stopping only for rest and refreshment for which I still have a mighty craving.

Madge Shepard.

IN DISGUISE

"Hang my confounded tongue, anyway, it's always getting me into trouble!" muttered Jack Seaver, sitting moodily in his tent with his feet higher than his head. "I was"—here his gloomy meditations were interrupted by a wild eyed, collarless boy, bursting into the tent with—"I say Jack, old man, lend me a collar button; every one of mine's gone. Aren't you most ready? Oh, I forgot, you can't go. Hard luck old boy! S' long—" and he was off. Several other fellows came in on various errands or with attempts at consolation, but at last he heard the jolly party set off in the hay-rick.

He again settled down to the pleasant occupation of going over all his grievances. "The very dance I wanted to go to most of all, spoiled on account of my everlasting yap. Gee—I wish there was some way I could manage to go. If only Eustis wasn't there! He'd squeal on me sure."

His eyes roved around the room and fell on a large express package which had come that morning. Any diversion was welcome; so he got up, went over to the box, and began unpacking it. It contained the costumes for the theatricals which the boys had been getting up. He pulled out one article after another and came at last to those intended for him, a girl's costume, complete even to silk stockings and long kid gloves. He tried them on, and paraded in front of his wee mirror, in which only one thing could be seen at a time. Altogether he made a fine-looking girl. His build was rather slight and his face small. The only odd effect was his light blue eyes and the black wig. Quite satisfied with his appearance, he strutted around a while longer, until the novelty wore off, when a bright idea struck him, nearly disabling him. "By George! I'll do it. It's worth the risk." He patted the black wig into shape, grabbed the white gloves, rushed down to the canoes, and paddled away into the night.

The dance was in full swing at the House, when a new and rather late arrival walked in, creating somewhat of a stir. She did not seem to be able to manage her feet, or else her shoes pinched because, as she crossed the room she walked most unevenly. Her features not only were striking, but her clothes were startling at least to the feminine portion in the hall. One of the older boys, thinking an introduction was unnecessary, came up and asked her to dance. "I'd love to," she replied in a rather high, mincing voice. The boy rather shied at dancing with

her again, after she had entirely obliterated the shine on his shoes, and started walking up his ankle. She tried this interesting trick on several of her friends and repaid many an old debt in this highly satisfactory manner.

But alas for the "best laid plans of mice and men!" Bending over between dances to adjust one of the pumps, Jack felt the flimsy dress tighten, and heard unmistakeably the sound of silk cracking. Goodness! What was to be done? If only Eustis wasn't there! In an instant he had backed up to the wall and was standing as if he had grown there, waiting for some one of the boys to come within hailing distance.

Heavy Richards having gotten rid of one partner and begun scouting for another, heard a voice say: "Heavy come here!" He looked around but saw only the strange girl standing by the wall. He went on but again heard distinctly, "Come here, quick!" It surely must be the girl, he thought and so turned toward her and asked politely, "Did you speak?"

"Yes, are you deaf?" Where had Heavy heard that voice before?

Quickly the whole story was told as to how Jack had come down to the Camp Champlain dance. "If you'll only get Eustis out of the way, it'll be all right. I can pretend to faint or something, and get out," said Jack.

"Well, I'll try and fix it up," said Heavy. "Wait here while I put one of the other boys wise, and then get Eustis out."

Heavy found "Wal" Wetcheroy, his best friend, and told him about Jack's dilemma.

Wetcheroy started after Eustis. "Oh—Elmer—there's a man outside asking for you. He wants you to go up to Barnard Camp with him right away, Guess he must have started down the road.

Over on the other side of the room, Richard was supporting Jack, who had edged as near the door as he could, and with his arm around him was helping him out. One of the girls came up and inquired if she might assist in any way. With a sickly grin Richards replied that Miss Royce was feeling a bit faint, but thought that the open air would help her. It seemed to have a reviving effect; for no sooner had he gone a short distance from the hall than he gathered up his skirts, ran to the canoe and paddled back to the Iriquois camp.

Safe in his tent at last, Jack vowed that never again would he yield to the temptation of going to a Champlain dance or to any other dance in feminine disguise.

And as for Eustis, to his disgust the Barnard Camp was locked, even windows boarded. He is still looking for the villain that led him on that wild goose chase. *S. G. Gould.*

"I THANK THEE LORD"

I thank thee, Lord, for every moment dropped
Into my life that had some sweetness in it;
For all the golden hours when friendship met
and gave up heart for heart and thought for thought;
For all the love that faithful hearts let fall
To drop into mine own; for every look
From loving eyes; for every smile or word
That gladdened me; for subtle influence ,
That made me strong, dear Lord, I thank Thee.
I thank Thee, Lord; I thank Thee for the hours

When flowed my tears;
When fell those grief wrung drops
On lips that murmured, "Lord, Thou knowest best;"
For all the love-born sorrow, hidden pain;
For all the cares and burdens of my life
(For, glad or sad, thou givest for the best);
For all the strength thou gavest me to bear,
Dear Lord, I thank Thee. *Rose Pastor.*

LOCALS

On Monday morning, October 2, a large number of the girls started off in the barges for the annual trip to Concord and Lexington. Part of the way they followed the same route as did Paul Revere on the night of his famous ride. Many places memorable from Revolutionary days were visited, as well as the home of Hawthorne, Alcott, and Emerson. Walden

Pond, made famous by Thoreau, and Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where so many honored dead lie, were also seen.

On October 16, another gay party started off to see the sights of Cambridge. Old Harvard was visited, also the home of Longfellow and many other places of interest to every American boy and girl. Both trips were well-planned.

Owing to an error, the names of the officers of the Christian Endeavor Society were omitted in the last issue. We are very glad to announce them in this number. Judging from the enthusiasm thus far shown, there will doubtless be good work done throughout the year:

President: Gertrude Allen.

Vice-President: Amy Tuthill.

Secretary and Treasurer. Marjorie Morrison.

At the first meeting such an earnest talk was given by Miss Potter and such a cordial word of welcome by Gertrude Allen that the meetings which followed have been well-attended.

On account of the illness of Gertrude Allen, the second meeting was led by Lillian Laffey who read an interesting pamphlet on *Self Confidence*. Bernice Reagan delighted all by a violin selection. The president was able to conduct the third meeting and gave a splendid talk on *Friendship*. The vice-president,

Amy Tuthill took charge of the next meeting, using as her subject, "The Power of Influence."

The "old" girls dance to the "new" on September 30th was a great success this year. At its close all felt very much better acquainted.

Thursday, October 26, we were very glad to welcome Dr. Vincent. The subject of the first lecture *Robert Louis Stevenson,* proved very interesting to us all. He told us of this writer's life and reviewed for us several of his best-known books.

We were pleased to have Mr. Allan Albert of Minneapolis as our speaker at chapel on Tuesday, Oct. 31. He brought to us many fine thoughts and suggestions in regard to social service. In a semi-humorous way he brought out the hard side of such work; but he also inspired us with a sense of its Christ-like quality.

It will be remembered that Mr. Albert is the brother-in-law of the Misses Nell and Barbara Jones, graduates of Lasell.

Tuesday, Oct. 31, was a day of great excitement at Lasell, for then the annual class elections took place.

The following officers were elected by the Junior Class:—President, Dorothy Barnes; Vice-President, Harriet Fera; Secretary, Lois Nichols; Treasurer, Amy Tuthill; Cheer Leader, Ruth Magoun.

The class colors are red and white, and the class flowers are American Beauty roses and lilies of the valley.

The class officers were announced in a very pretty and dainty manner. About six-thirty the seventy-nine Juniors came into the dining-room, each wearing the class colors. Four girls then brought in two easels, on which they painted in red the names of their officers. During dinner, red and white balloons were distributed at each table.

The Sophomores elected the following as their class officers:—President, Margaret Ufford; Vice President, Edith Vance; Secretary and Treasurer, Priscilla Alden.

Cheer Leader, Georgina Flattery.

Purple and white were chosen as class colors and violets and lilies of the valley as class flowers.

The Sophomores in order to announce their officers first, conceived the ingenious idea of acting as waitresses. Consequently, as soon as grace was said, they filed into the dining-room carrying the soup. On the back of each was a huge placard giving the names of their class officers. A large 1919 banner hung on the balcony, and a large sign reading "Something good is surely coming" hung under the light at the foot of the stairs.

The following officers were chosen by the Freshman class: President, Katherine Rice; Vice President, Doris Rogers; Secretary, Frances Wieder; Treasurer, Marion Pomeroy; Cheer Leader, Alice Morse.

The class colors are copen-hagen blue and black. A bell was rung during dinner, and the list of elections read by Madeline Loomis.

The special class announced their officers in an original way by having Mrs. Martin call out the officers in order from the platform in morning exercises and for punishment required them to come up on the stage with her. They are as follows:

President: Norma MacMillan.
Vice Pres: Aristine Knapp.
Secretary: Katherine Patterson.
Treasurer: Marjorie Williard.
Cheer Leader: Beulah Coward.

The "Preps" announced the following officers:—President, Dorothy Packard; Vice President, Gertrude Shaw; Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret Waddell; Cheer Leader, Gertrude Shaw.

Their officers were announced on Thursday evening at dinner, when two of the girls hoisted a large gilt sign, very artistically decorated and bearing the names of the officers.

The class colors are blue and gold, and the class flower is a tea rose.

Sunday evening, October 29, we had the privilege of attending the newly dedicated Congregational Church at West Newton. Miss Margaret Slattery, known and loved by thousands of young women, gave the principal address of the evening, taking as her subject, "Ten years from now, what will the world be because of you?" She brought before us the fact, that right now we are consciously or unconsciously shaping our future characters, determining what we shall do and be; and she made an earnest appeal for independent thought, entreating the girls not to be led on by the mass. 'Anything we want is within our reach, if we only want it badly enough. Shall we give to the world the best in us, or shall we be content to give only second best?'

Miss Slattery's talk was such an inspiration, that the girls returned to Auburndale with the desire to help lift humanity to a higher level, and with the conviction that, "a living without a life" is a dismal failure.

November 5—The vesper service was led by Dr. Odell of Brookline, who addressed the Lasell girls twenty-five years ago.

He called the Bible "the Book of Liberty" and said that the chief characters in both the old and the new Testament were liberators.

November 12—Dr. Perrin of Boston University led vespers this Sunday. He told us not to stay in bondage to one profession, but to learn that and then go outside and learn other things as well.

The Sophomores succeeded in being the first class to give their senior serenade, which took place on Wednesday, the eighth. The Sophomore President presented the Senior President with a large bouquet of yellow crysanthemums each one tied with a purple and white ribbon while a huge bow of purple and white held together the forty-six blossoms. The two class colors were represented in the purple and gold and white.

SOPHOMORE SONGS

(To the tune "Love me at Twilight)

Oh Seniors dear, to you we will all be true
And thru this school year, we will all help you.
And in the future—when on life's path you go
You will all be—in our mem'ry,
Mem'ries all so fond and dear.
When on this pathway—where you all have to go,
We hope success and riches will always flow.
Still 1917 and 1919
Will Sister classes always be.

(To the tune of "Mother")

S—is for Jess Shepard—she's their leader.
E—is for Ed Crane—she's sick poor kid!
N—is for the knowledge they've acquired.
I—is for importance that it brings.
O—is for the officers so faithful.
R—means right—and right they'll always be.
Put them all together—they spell Senior,
The class we'll help with all our might!

(To the tune of "Boola Boola")

1917
1917
Oh, that's the class, girls
That can't be beat, girls
1917
1917
1917
Here's to you!

On Thursday, November 9th, the Seniors were awakened from their peaceful dreams by a rousing cheer, and leaping from their beds to the window found the Special Class assembled and serenading them.

SPECIAL CLASS SONGS

(Tune of "Hello Hawaii.")

Hello dear Seniors, How are you?
We have come to say, Hello to you.
To tell you this, we're for you, we're for you.
And we'll be true, we state that the purple
And the gold are all right, and we'll give a
Rah! Rah! Rah! every time.
We know your the best of all girls east and west
Hello dear Seniors,
How are you to-day?

(Tune of "Goodnight Ladies")

Good morning, Seniors,
Good morning, Seniors,
Good morning, Seniors,
We have come to wake you now.
From our beds we have come, we have come, we have come, from our beds we have come
So early in the morning.

(Tune of "Pretty Baby.")

Everybody knows our Seniors, are the best girls in the school.
Lovely Seniors, jolly Seniors.
Oh! we love to think you just the squarest girls we've met.
Oh! our Seniors, oh! our Seniors.
Oh! the Specials come to you, with the truest loyalty
To greet you and to say
That we know that 1917's the class that can't be beat.
Bang! Bang! Dear Seniors that's you.

On Friday, November 10th, the Freshmen followed suit by singing some very clever songs and giving their cheers.

The Seniors wish to thank all the classes for these serenades and their expression of good-will.

FRESHMAN CHEERS

Ki–y, Ki–y, Ki–ipy, Ki–y.
Who! Who!
Halla Ballou,
Freshman, Freshman, and
Juniors Too.

SONG

(Tune, Stars of the Summer Night.)

1. Seniors so good and true,
Why do you slumber?
While we, the freshman class
Are calling up to you.
You sleep!
The Senior class, asleep!

2. Seniors, now wide awake,
Did we disturb you?
Listen to us while we sing,
To you—our Senior class,—we sing.
To you our Senior class, we sing.

SONG: (Tune, The Pope)

1. Jess Shephard is the Seniors best
She is so very good and nice
That when she tells them to be still,
The girls are always just like mice.

2. And then to Chapel when we go.
The Seniors all are there to show.
That we should never act like boys.
And never make a bit of noise.

Y–e–a Freshman!
Y–e–a Freshman!
F–re–s–h–m–e–n.
Freshmen.

F-R-E-S-M-E-N

F—stands for faithful and that we will be.
R—stands for Rice our President dear.
E—is enthusiasm of which we have lots.
S—stands for sisters, the Juniors you know.
H—is for happiness I hope we all share.
M—stands for memory so dear to us all.
M—stands for mischief not we I emplore.
E—is for eager. We're ready to start!
N—is for near to our sister class.

Together united from F to the N stands for everything bright and a glorious end.

Rickety—Rackety! Sis, Boom Bah!
Freshmen, Freshmen Rah, Rah Hah!
Strong and Steady—
Ever ready!
Who are we?
We are the Freshmen!
Can't you see?
Rickety—Rackety! Sis, Boom Bah!
1920 Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Harvard-Princeton Glee Club Concert was enjoyed very much by a large party of girls on Friday evening, November 10th, in Jordan Hall, Boston.

Great excitement was felt all day, on Tuesday, November 7, for were not the men of the United States electing a president? Although we can not vote as yet, every girl in the school was keenly interested in the outcome. So Dr. Winslow arranged to have the Boston Globe telephone the returns as fast as they came in and we were permitted to stay up until midnight to hear them. After study hour we all took our knitting or something-to-do to the gym. and listened to the returns. About eleven-thirty hot chocolate and sandwiches were served and appreciated very much by all. We were all disappointed when we had to leave and were not sure whether Wilson or Hughes was elected.

A large number of girls from Lasell also attended the Harvard-Cornell, and Harvard-Princeton games; those privileged to see either of these games certainly enjoyed them.

The gymnasium on Saturday evening, Oct.

[*Continued on Page 21*]

November! To the majority of people in our own United States of America, it suggests Thanksgiving Day and turkey and all the good things which go with it. To some here at Lasell, it means a day or two with the home folks; to the rest of us it marks a point in the passage of time, which brings the Christmas recess nearer, and so we have at least those thoughts to make us thankful.

What could be more ideal than to spend Thanskgiving Day in New England, so few miles from the place where the first Thanksgiving was held? When we think of what our Pilgrim Fathers had to endure, all the hardships and sufferings they had to undergo yesterday, it ought to make us more truly thankful for all the blessings which we have today. It is not only the big things of life which count, but the little things. Why wait for Thanksgiving Day to come to reckon up what we have to be thankful for, why not every day give thanks for the blessings which we have received during that day, *we, who have so much to be thankful for?*

Several of our staff were unable to return to us this year and we surely miss their services. Our business manager and subscription editor for the past two years, Jessie Shepherd, has also had to resign, because, since her election as president of the class of 1917, she has been unable to keep up the work. Edna Crane, too, has had to relinquish her duties as local editor on account of ill health. We are sorry Ed. for we miss you, and you, too, Jessie. To fill these vacancies we have elected the following people who, we feel sure, will make good and aid us in making our magazine the best ever.

Business Manager and
Subscription Manager
Dorothy Redmond.
Assistants—Lenette Rogers, Lois Nichols
Local Editor—Margaret Ufford.
Assistant—Mildred Keasor.
Joke Editor—Doris E. Bahn.
Assistant—Beulah E. Coward.
Assistant Art Editor—Ruth Malley.
Assistant Exchange Editor—Evelyn H. Cate

ATTENTION! Don't forget the short story contest! Prizes as announced! Everyone enter! Open to all! Any kind of a story! Contest closes December 2! Get busy and get *your* story in!

Weddings seem to be in order the year round. We take unusual pleasure in recording the following announcements:

October twenty-first was Josephine L. Woodward's, '10, wedding day. She is now Mrs. Leon Woodbury Rand.

On the twenty-fourth day of October Ruth W. Thacher became Mrs. Henry Leavitt Brown.

On November first occurred the marriage of Nellie K. Burge to Mr. Lawrence Walker Obee.

Mrs. Carrie Colton Ellis announces the marriage of her daughter, Julia, to Mr. Burton Hood Morrison.

On the eighteenth of November Helen May Beardsley became Mrs. Roy Austin Youngs.

—We were not at all surprised but were very much pleased to receive the announcement of the betrothal of Gertrude Dana, '16, to Mr. Hiram Leon Sharmat.

Florence Lane has been out of sight most of the time since her graduation in June, 1907, so that the news of her engagement to Mr. Frederic Emerson Staebner came as a very pleasant surprise.

We also offer our congratulations to Clara Dore Robinson whose mother has just announced her engagement to Lieutenant Austin G. Frick, C. A. C., U. S. A.

To all of these brides and grooms to be our heartiest congratulations.

Ida Mallory Lyon '03, in a charming letter to Miss Witherbee speaks very modestly, to be sure, of their lovely new home in East Pittsburg, Pa. It seems almost too large for her dear little family, but unexpectedly she has been joined by her husband's sister, three little children, and a governess who have come to this country from Germany. She gives in some of her old-time breezy language a part of the mixed conversation which is carried on between the German governess and her thoroughly American maids. We are always grateful for these delightful glimpses of Ida and her happy home circle.

Our latchstring is out for dear Agnes Adelsdorf Strauss. Early in October we received a line from Agnes very properly enclosing her Leaves subscription for the year, and best of all, a promise to come home just about this time in November, for Agnes and her husband, a most loyal Harvard graduate, are coming to the Harvard-Yale football game. How

we did appreciate her frank loving words about that "darling son" of hers. We cannot refrain from quoting this passage from her letter:

> "One day I loaned my Canoe Club sweater to John's nurse. The next day my next door neighbor asked if it were possible that I was a Lasell girl. You can imagine how pleasant the discovery was. You see how much those letters may mean. My neighbor is Mrs. Guilford Duncan (Emma Larimore Aull) 1898."

We are glad that Agnes has not given up her singing, but declares if she is in Boston long enough she will take a lesson or two with Miss Goodrich. Agnes is busy doing some clinical secretarial work at a Dispensary. This is just like her for we remember how she used to tell stores to the poor sick children in the Newton Hospital. She does not forget to send special messages to Misses Witherbee, Rand, Packard, Mademoiselle, and Miss Hotchkiss.

This was a busy, but none the less happy summer for Miriam Day and her friend, who were managers of a most artistic Arts and Crafts Tea Room and Gift Shop in Melrose. We are proud of our little business woman who is now a regular Senior at Lasell.

Mary Dodge Whittemore sends a kind note of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow acknowledging the Lasell Baby Book and thanks them in behalf of herself and baby Helen Coes Whittemore. She has expressed her hope that her little daughter will some day be a Lasell girl. The firm, steadfast friendships which Mary herself made has caused her to look back upon her school days as very pleasant ones.

Helen Thirkield '11, is now one of the settlement workers in the South End Settlement House in Boston. She came out to Lasell one Sabbath early in the term. We never saw her looking as well and certainly her enthusiasm for her work is unbounded. We wish her success and happiness in her new field and hope she will "come home" frequently.

Our preceptress caught a glimpse of Josephine Siggins Utter, Mary Starr's little sister-in-law, and also Mrs. Utter recently during a visit in Providence. We cannot see that little Josephine grows a day older and we have yet to find her in any but a well and happy frame.

Marion Ordway Corley, '11, favored Lasell with a short visit recently. She came primarily to shop for the pretty new home, but Lasell was glad to have a glimpse of her.

Jane Drew Hinman „was down this way" in October and did not forget Lasell. She looks not a day older since she was here in 1904-05. We find it difficult to believe that so many years have slipped away since she was a Lasell girl, but the mention of her two children convinced us that she really is no longer a schoolgirl but a proud mother.

Miss Dolley recently entertained her cousin, Mrs. William G. Van Loon and her friend Mrs. Gardiner Leonard, both of Albany, N. Y. They are graduates of Vassar College and Mrs. Van Loon is very active in the Alumnae Association. Lasell was pleased to welcome them.

Harriette Hershfield spent a part of a day at Lasell this month. We think she ought to be a Senior right here; instead she is studying at Columbia University and assures us that her work is a great pleasure and satisfaction to her.

Helen Nichols and Helen Brooks looked in upon us recently and that was all. We wish they had stayed longer. Helen Brooks is studying kindergarden; Helen Nichols is a home keeper. We let them escape after they promised to come and stay longer.

Marion Stevens was kind enough to return to Lasell, bringing with her two Rhode Island

girls, one her cousin. These young women are planning, (largely because of Marion's loyalty to Lasell,) to enroll among our students of next year.

Through some error on the part of the publishers, our notice of Lasell's effort on behalf of the French soldiers, was omitted in last month's Leaves. It was Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, whose splendid enthusiasm over this cause aroused us, and our Lasell girls are now making Christmas bags (after Mildred's model). Here is a hint for any who wish to join us.

Maud Hayden and Marion Griffin are in the Sargent School at Cambridge this year. They find time to come home occasionally but not as often as we would like to have them. Some one must have told them about the Christmas bags for the soldiers, for three of these pretty bags have been sent to Lasell by Maud.

Among the girls who have had the joy of receiving their parents are Misses Gorke, G. Allen, Cohn and Melosh.

Among recent visits from old girls are Mabel Straker, "Mid." Cloake, and Elizabeth Drought Brown. We are glad too, that Dale Whipple is Miss Goodrich's accompanist which brings her home to Lasell each week. Ruth Griffin comes weekly to take lessons in violin from Mr. Goldstein.

Our Miss Packard has just returned from a delightful journey through the middle west. She was honored by being sent by the women of New England as a delegate to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church at Minneapolis, and on her way home visited the Lasell Clubs of Cincinnati, Chicago, and Detroit. We do not dare to say another word for we are sure she will give a delightful report of her journey later.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and Miss Goodrich were the guests of honor at a recent meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. They report this last meeting "the best yet." The Connecticut girls certainly entertain royally and their enthusiasm and loyalty is the best part of the feast.

These sad tidings were received recently:

"97 Newtonville Avenue, Newton, Mass.

"Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, a graduate of Lasell in 1856, died in Walpole, Massachusetts, November 10, 1916, aged 79 years, 9 months. Of the ten members of that class, five are now living."

Our richest requisite has been the loyalty and friendship of these distinguished earlier graduates. To her bereaved relatives and friends and to the members of her class of '56 we extend our tenderest sympathy.

One of our recent Chapel Services was conducted by Mr. Allan Albert, Barbara and Nell Jones, brother-in-law. He certainly gave us a fine Chapel talk and made us glad by promising to return early in the year and have charge of one of our Vesper Services. Mr. Albert is counted one of the most eloquent citizens of Minneapolis.

One day last month, Dorothy Smith came out and spent the day with us.

On Saturday, October 21, Florence Baker and her friend Mrs. Anderson, were out for dinner.

Mrs. White spent a day here last month with her sister, Sabra Gould.

We were very pleasantly surprised the other day by the visits of Evelyn Winslow and Elsie Post and a little later by those of Mabel Straker and Ruth Griffin.

Mr. Hallowell was Miss Irwins guest at luncheon recently.

For the Hollowe'en dance and the week-end of October 28. Mildred Cloake was the

guest of Alice Jenks, Marie Weber of Stoneham, Mass., was the guest of Helen Stephan and Teckla Keller of Boston was the guest of Marie Keppel.

On October 28, Mr. H .G. Fernald of Moravia, N. Y. and Miss Alice Fernald of Boston were the guests of Amy Tuthill.

Since the first of November, Ruth Winslow, Marguerite Hall and Orissa Atwill have favored us with week end visits.

PROGRAM OF
LASELL MISSIONARY SOCIETY 1916-1917

"Go ye into all the world."

Lasell students at work—Oct. 15—In School; Nov. 19—In the Homeland; Dec. 10—In Settlements; Jan. 21—In Foreign Fields; Feb. 18—In Hospital Service; Mar. 18—In Mission Schools; April 15—In Fresh-Air Camps; May 20—Annual Meeting.

Officers:—President, Lillian E. Laffey; Vice-President, Virginia Anderson; Secretary, Helene Davenport; Treasurer, Dorothy C. Barnes.

Executive Committee: — Miss Packard, Kathryn Patterson, Doris Gorke.

Auditor:—Miss Collins.

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club held its twelfth annual reunion and luncheon at the Hartford Golf Club on Saturday, October twenty-eighth.

There was an attendance of fifty, including the three guests from Lasell. Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow and Miss Goodrich.

An informal reception was held at twelve-thirty, followed by the luncheon.

The tables were decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and at each place, on the glasses, were little blue birds.

After the luncheon, the President, Mrs. Bertha Hayden King addressed the club, asking especially that each girl try and bring a new member to the meeting next year; Mrs. Winslow spoke briefly about the school life. The secretary's report was read and accepted, the following officers being elected for the coming year:

President, Bessie M. Robinson.

Vice-President, Marjorie W. Watkins.

Secretary and Treasurer, (Mrs.) Mary Goodwin Olmsted.

Ex. Com., Mabel Deming, Laura Hale.

Nom. Com., Laura Comstock, (Mrs.) Dorothy Dale Smith, Annie Ives.

Miss Goodrich read a very interesting letter from Miss Potter. She was followed by Dr. Winslow who spoke of the present life at Lasell and told of the few changes in teachers, also of the new land which will be developed into an athletic field. Our usual letter of greeting from Dr. Bragdon was very much missed. Dr. Winslow urged all the girls present to subscribe for the Leaves.

Those present were: Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Goodrich, Winifred Whittlesey, Florence Skinner, Sue Tiffany, Mildred Hotchkiss, Bessie Robinson, Bertha Hayden King, Mary Goodwin Olmsted, Jessie W. Hayden, Bessie L. Comstock, Laura R. Comstock, Emily Bissell Swindells, Villette M. Peck, Marion Beach, Juliette Beach, Fanny McKenzie, Susan Couch, Clara McLean Rowley, Ruth Talcott, Bessie Brainard, Myra Steward, Irene Meyer, Martha Schumann, Laila W. Saunders, Ruth Turner Gildersleeve, Grace Purtill, Marjorie W. Watkins, Beth Brandow, Turnbull, Ruth K. Merriam, Mable Case Viot, Nellie M. Hart, Helen Merriam Cornell, Bessie Y. Fuller, Ora Hammond Pomeroy, Elsie L. Bolles, Marjorie Halliday, Alice Ballard, Helen S. Ferry, Grace Alexander Van Densen, Evelyn Bates, Edna Strickland Olsen, Mable Deming, Ruby Newcomb, Grace Conklin Bevin, Sarah Dyer Darling, Annie E. Ives.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

Bluebird, New York City.—Your October number is interesting from cover to cover. The lovely pumpkins make a most attractive and appropriate cover design. The novel way in which the poem "A Tragedy" is put in and illustrated makes it very effective. — Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.—The last issue of your magazine shows lots of work on the part of your staff. The poems and cuts are fine. We are glad to exchange with you.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Herald, Holyoke, Mass.—The stories of your paper are good but more jokes and a few cuts would add greatly to the interest of the paper.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Mirror, Pratt, Kans.—We are very glad to notice the enlargment of your paper. The calendar is especially good. However, there are several departments missing. An exchange department would help, also some cuts would add to the interest of the paper.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—A fine publication in every way. The departments are all very interesting. We are very glad to have you on our exchange list.—Academic Observor, Utica, N. Y.

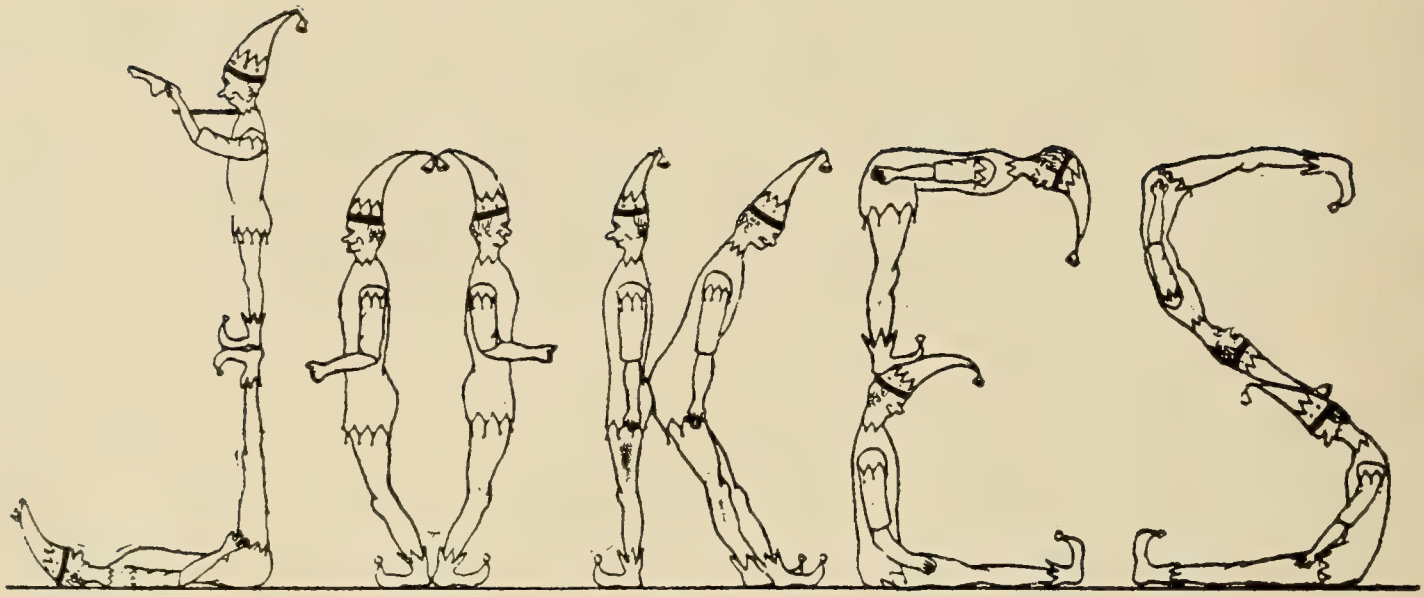
Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—Your paper is certainly a joy forever.—Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

Lassell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—You have something original in „The Supplement;" though you have few stories and jokes, both are very good.—Spectroscope, Mt. Pleasant, Penn.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—The photographs make your magazine interesting but why not a few more stories?—Triangle, Wilmington, Del.

We are very glad to have the following papers on our exchange list:

Centralian, Conway, Ark.; *Purple and Gold,* Osceola, Ark.; *Artesan,* Bridgeport, Conn.; *Magpie,* Waterbury, Conn.; *Lotus,* Dover, Del.; *Triangle,* Wilmington, Del.; *Orange and Green,* Macon, Ga.; *Roman,* Rome, Ga.; *Future Citizen,* Milledgeville, Ga.; *X-Ray,* Anderson, Ind.; *Headlight,* Richmond, Ind.; *Opinion,* Peoria, Ill.; *Academian,* Evanston, Ill.; *Nautilus,* Jacksonville, Ill.; *Almanack,* Lake Forest, Ill.; *Bulletin,* Davenport, Iowa; *La Bagh Chronicle,* Lucknow, India; *Mirror,* Pratt, Kansas; *Osborne H. S. Record,* Osborne, Kansas; *Abbott Observor,* Farmington, Me.; *Aegis,* Beverley, Mass.; Boston *University Beacon,* Boston; *Jabberwock,* Boston; *Imp,* Brighton; *Sagamore,* Brookline; *Tech Quarterly,* Fall River.



Sign on Bulletin Board. "Lost—a pair of gym sneakers, no. 63."

New girl to Miss Warner: I am legible to Canoe Club now.

ROASTS

Miss Irwin: "Do you intend to wear those high heeled slippers on the street?"

Ruth Magoun: "No ma'm, on my feet."

Mildred Carey: "What are those bells ringing for?"

Miss Nelson: "Why they're the period bells."

Mildred Carey: "Oh! What do they do for the commas?"

Helen Smith, (bound for Lasell): "Conductor, which end of this train do I get off?"

Conductor: "It doesn't make much difference m'am, both ends stop."

Miss Witherbee: "I suppose you've read all of Shakespeare's works, Miss Fera.

Harriet Fera: "I think so, unless he's written a new novel within the last year."

Marjory Deffenbaugh: "Oh, speaking of electricity makes me think —."

E. Hughes: "Really, isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?"

No, we haven't forgotten you, Old Girls, your turn's coming.

Those roasted are requested not to tell their grievances to the editor.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT?

1. That a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.
2. That there are times when it is better to have a strong won't than a strong will?
3. That it is all right to criticize those that are wrong; but are you right?
4. That a hot temper chills a warm friendship?
5. That the most difficult ups and downs in a student's life are keeping lessons up and zeroes down.—*Bunny!*

Do your cramming early and avoid the rush!

"Don't let your studies interfere with your education!"

First Girl: "Why is Maha Bharata like tatling?"

Second Girl: "Because it is made up of countless episodes, legends, and philosophical treatises strung on a single thread."

LOCALS [*Continued from Page 13*]

28, was the scene of the annual Hallowe'en party in the form of a masquerade. The costumes worn by the girls were most clever; some were exceedingly pretty and many were unspeakably funny.

Some time had passed, when a bell rang from some mysterious nook and the Seniors made a triumphant entry, garbed as real men. Needless to say, they were the sensation and hit of the evening, and none of them were wanting for partners.

Lively music was furnished by an orchestra of colored men and it proved irresistable. Apples and punch were served in abundance. Although the hour for lights out was extended, the time for breaking up this jolly party came much too soon; but the girls left, each and every one expressing the same sentiment, that they had enjoyed one of the most delightful evenings offered since school began.

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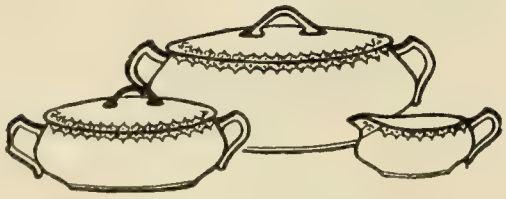

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

Vol. XXXXII LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., DEC., 1916 No. 3

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

The Wanderer ..... *Margaret Frances Delaney* 5

A Modern Santa Claus ..... *Doris E. Bahn, '18* 7

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity ..... *Milton* 9

One Christmas Eve 10

Christmas Day in Switzerland in 1912 ..... *Evelyn Cate* 10

LOCALS 12

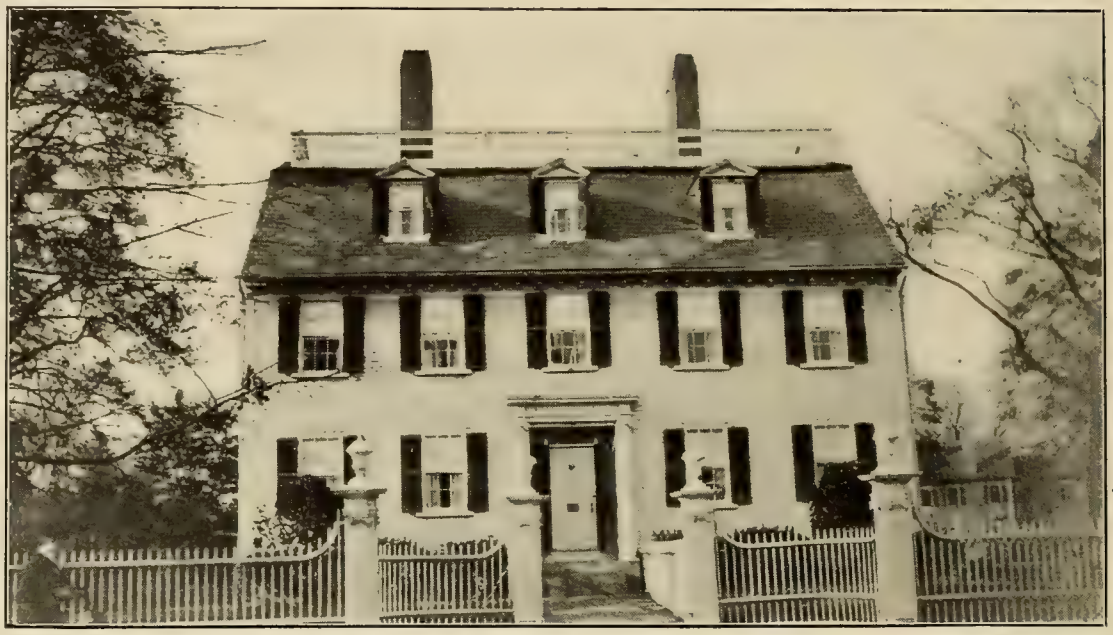
EDITORIAL 16

PERSONAL 17

EXCHANGES 20

JOKES 21

THE SUPPLEMENT 22



THE WANDERER

There was a delightful expectancy brooding over the Westport Home for Aged Men. The querulous complaints of the old man in the wheeled chair ceased, as he listened to the surmises as to what the next day would bring forth. Even the two veterans stopped in the midst of their never-ending argument as to the tactics employed at the battle of Bull Run, to tell stories of Christmas in camp. For it was Christmas Eve, and from every window of the big building would presently burn a candle to light the way of the Christ Child over the snow. Tomorrow, there would be turkey and cranberry and presents for each of them: tobacco and pipes, candy for Old Sam the hunter, who as he was fond of saying, "still had teeth like a young bear—every one a sweet tooth." In the evening, would come the crowning event, the Christmas tree, in Uncle Isaac's room. For, though bed-ridden for over twenty years now, not one of his ninety-three winters had he missed a Christmas tree. Here they all would come, eager as boys, those who could walk pushing the chairs of those who could not; those who were strong supporting those who were weak.

But one old man was restless; he was always restless at Christmas time. In the summer, he was very active, superintending the making of the garden and busying himself all day with the flowers and vegetables. When winter came, however, he sat silent for days at a time, eating, drinking, sleeping, mechanically as if he were in a daze. The others stood rather in awe of this sturdy old man with a bronzed skin in vivid contrast to his thick mass of white hair, his white beard, and shaggy white eyebrows from beneath which glowed the black eyes of an eagle—peculiar eyes they were, brilliant, piercing, searching always, searching for something which they never found.

They did not know his name, nor did he. He had been brought there one Christmas Eve by one of the trustees who had chanced upon him, wandering aimlessly about the docks and piers of the old port. His memory was an absolute blank; there was nothing in life for him but the present. But gradually this apathy wore off; he seemed troubled as if out of the utter darkness of his past, an elusive wraith beckoned him on and on, only to escape just as he was about to grasp

it. In his sleep, he saw it all clearly and cried out: "I have it!" But when he awoke, lo, it had disappeared as a mist before the sun, and he was again a lonely old man bereft of his past.

He had been in the home now for five years and the dim figures in the darkness ever came more often, grew clearer and more tantalizing. There was a ship there, a great four-masted schooner with the sail swollen by the wind; his own figure pacing the rolling deck. But whence it came, and whither it went, there he was at loss. He spoke so often of the ship and tried so hard to find out its name, its cargo, its destination, that the other old men came to call him "Captain." This pleased him; it was a slender thread thrown across the gulf of nothingness, from which he might build up the fabric of his life.

And there was a town there, a town with winding streets bordered by gnarled elms and flanked by colonial houses in all the simple beauty and dignity. Everything was shrouded with snow; all was dark and silent without. But from the houses came streams of light shining through windows decorated with holly; children's glad voices rang out in Christmas carols. There was one house in particular: a red brick house over which the branches of ivy made a brown network, some of the more ambitious tendrils reaching up to the very roof; a house mellowed by years in to a home, from which the lights seemed to shine brighter, and the voices to ring merrier. His own place in the picture he could never discover. Each year, however, as Christmas came, the struggle became stronger to find that link which would complete the perfect chain.

This evening, the doctor came around in his sleigh, looking for all the world like the jolly Saint Nicholas himself. He observed the "captain" pacing the floor like a caged animal, only stopping now and then to gaze longingly out of the window, his hands clenched, his lips compressed in the desperate effort to remember. And the doctor being even wiser than he was learned, decided that a chilled body was better than a chilled heart; so he asked the "Captain" to go with him on his evening round of visits. The invitation was accepted joyfully as a change from the maddening monotony of his thought.

They drove silently through the streets at dusk; it was too cold and raw for conversation. But suddenly, one word leapt from the lips of the "Captain": "Home!" They were in front of a big red brick house, over which the branches of ivy made a brown net-work; from its decorated windows streams of light came and merry voices of children rang out.

"It is all clear now," and oblivious to cold and coming darkness the "Captain" began to speak, the words fairly falling over one another in his haste lest the vision should again disappear.

It was the story of a boy who had loved the sea since he was a little fellow launching his tiny ships of bark; sitting for hours on the shore watching the waves pound on the sand and listening to the roar of the surf; or hanging about the ship yards and docks eager and alert, watching the great ships discharge their cargoes and listening to the tales of the seamen. His father was a stern man who had decreed that his only son should be a lawyer. But the call of the sea became too insistent and he ran away, followed by the wrath of his father.

Then came days of toil 'till after several years, he had worked his way up to be master of a vessel. At Christmas, emboldened by his success, he went home and stood in the snowy street before the house, gazing hungrily through the windows of the merriment within. But his pride would not suffer him to en-

ter without the fortune he had vowed to bring back. So he watched 'till the lights were extinguished and the house settled itself to sleep. The next morning he sailed away again.

The quest of his fortune led him far through foreign seas, to strange lands, hard tasks, and varied experiences. From continent to continent, he wandered, never satisfied, always harassed by his ambition, and ever having before his eyes the vision of home. Years passed into decades, until he was no longer a youth, but a weary, almost discouraged old man. Then in the Orient, the land of mystery, by a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, he became possessed of a marvelous jewel, a jewel that would make his fortune a thousand times over. He concealed it in a little bag hung 'round his neck, and started for home. His one thought was to hasten, hasten home, 'till his desire for speed became almost a frenzy. He told no one his name or his destination, for he wished his coming to be a surprise to those who, he learned from a fellow traveler, had long since given him up for dead.

When he reached the town, it was again Christmas, and again he stood before the house. As he stood there ready to enter, he felt for the bag, untied it to take the jewel in his hand. When he opened the bag, there fell into his trembling palm, a paltry piece of glass. The jewel had been stolen from him as he slept. Astonishment, pain, rage, swept over him as he hurled the glass away. Then a cloud came over his mind and he knew nothing more; instinct guided him to the old dock.

As the old man finished his story, there was a silence; the two men sat looking up at the house. The children were other children, the voices, other voices; but the home was the same, the lights were the same. Just then the bells began to peal: "Peace On Earth, Good Will to Men." The old man, penniless as when he first left, stepped from the sleigh, walked up the snowy path and stood for a moment on the threshold. A stream of light, a babel of voices, and the great door closed behind him. The wanderer had come into his own.

—*Margaret Frances Dohoney.*

A MODERN SANTA CLAUS

It was a bitter cold night, the twenty-fourth of December. A great storm of snow flakes had fallen and mother earth was covered with a soft white carpet. Thousands of stars were in the heaven and the moon beamed with a wonderful light. Within her tiny gray cottage, in a rickety-rocking chair in front of an old wooden table, sat Mrs. Mulligan, carefully counting her Christmas savings: "Two dollars ninety-five, two dollars ninety six, two dollars ninety-seven," she finished with satisfaction. "My, ain't that fine! What a lot of things two dollars and ninety-seven cents will buy, toys and nuts and candy and maybe a Christmas tree."

She left her seat, donned her worn jacket and coat, locked the door behind her, and started out in the night with the bulging pocketbook safe in her inmost pocket. The snow was now falling in magic shapes on her hat and coat and face, and cheering her very being. "My, ain't it fine to be alive!" she breathed. It was bitter cold but her heart was so merry and warm that she did not notice the iciness of the wind. She thought only of the bulging pocketbook and of her seven little kiddies, at that moment home in bed and probably dreaming of Santa Claus, and her heart gave a joyful bound at the thought of their merry Christmas that now was surely coming. At that moment a terrific gust of wind blew her hat from her

head. Excited as a girl, she raced after it. Her cheeks glowed and her blood fairly tingled. After a short chase, she caught it and fastened it more securely than ever. She glanced up at the stars, laughing joyfully to herself and thanking God. "Glory be," she whispered softly. "My, but it's a beautiful world."

She walked on for a space and then unconsciously her hand sought the pocketbook. She stopped short in terror. Her heart sank within her. A cold trembling seized her. It was gone! Breathlessly she searched every corner of every pocket. The pocketbook was missing and the precious two dollars and ninety-seven cents was gone! It had probably bounced out of her pocket in the mad chase for her hat. She turned back and searched, but to find a tiny black pocketbook in a snow storm was an utter impossibility; for by this time, it no doubt, was already covered with two or three inches of the freshly fallen snow.

With a heavy heart she considered the difficulty. When she was absolutely sure that she could not find her treasure, she knew there was nothing to do but to go home—home to face seven expectant little faces and to see them cloud with disappointment when she told them that Santa had forgotten to come. She caught her breath with a sob and then crying softly she turned toward the little gray cottage. She shivered now, and the cold seemed to pierce her very heart. When she arrived at her front door in front of her home, she saw a figue coming toward her, that of a man. He was singing, "Won't Get Home Until Mornin'! Mornin! Mornin! Won't get ——" when he spied her he stopped short in surprise, then noting her tears he drawled in a sleepy tone, "Whatsamatter? Whatsamatter?"

"I've lost my pocketbook, an' I can't find it," she sobbed.

"Huh?" said the man. "Well, I've lost my hat, I hev, an' I can't find it."

Mrs. Mulligan looked up in surprise." Why yer hat's on yer head where it belongs," she said, then coming closer she realized the fact that the young man was under the influence of drink.

By this time, too, she had discovered that he was in full evening dress; his overcoat, huge and fur-lined was slung carelessly open and his white muffler flapped in the wind.

"An,'" he drawled, "I'm tired, I am and I'm goin' to go to sleep. Good night!"

He made his way over to her door step and sat down. Mrs. Mulligan walked over to him. "Why don't yer go home?" she said.

"Ain't got no home," he announced. "Ain't got nothin'! Wanna go to sleep," and at this moment he proceeded to carry out his wish. Mrs. Mulligan thought quickly. He was going to sleep on her door step. She couldn't leave this very young man to freeze on Christmas Eve. There was only one thing to do, to take him inside and give him shelter. So with difficulty, she led him into her house where he fell heavily on the lounge and in another instant he was sleeping noisily, and if the bed was not so soft nor the room so luxurious, he neither knew nor cared.

This done, Mrs. Mulligan had time to think again of the seven empty little stockings hanging by the fire side. Her heart was heavy. On a scrap of paper she wrote, "Santa Claus has forgotten to come," and pinned it on the table, turned the tiny lamp low and went to bed.

II.

Midnight came! A beautiful white world lay outside. The snow and wind whirled together. The moon, big and full, stole around

the corner and peeped in through the window, and lighted the whole room with a soft glow. The sleeper on the lounge stirred, rubbed his eyes, opened them and looked around . . . Strange! . . . Why, what was that big yellow ball? . . . Oh yes, the moon. He moved. . . . Why how hard the bed was! . . . How close the walls were together and how heavy his head felt! It wasn't morning yet . . . the moon was giving light! Why everything was strange! He struggled with memory. Finally, full consciousness returned. Slowly the afternoon before came back to him. He saw himself again dining at his club, and remembered how he had left it and wandered through the streets, not knowing or caring where he went. A blush of shame crept in his cheeks . . . and then . . . a woman had appeared and had taken him inside her humble little dwelling that he might not freeze to death on Christmas Eve. And what about his own home? "I must get out of this," he said. "If I will promise God it shall never happen again. What a fool I've been!"

He rose from the lounge, put on his hat and coat which he found near, and laid a bill on the table for the night's lodging. The fire had burned almost to ashes. He started hastily for the door and found it locked, but ah, there was the key on the table. He rushed for it and . . . why, what was this? . . . . a tiny slip of paper. He picked it up and slowly read, "Santa Claus has forgotten to come." "What a tragedy!" he exclaimed. He looked farther and then spied the seven empty little stockings. He stopped to consider. The woman had been crying last night when he first met her . . . and . . . Oh yes, she had lost her pocketbook. Quickly he put two and two together and with satisfaction, he found it made four. "Ah," he said, "Santa Claus shall not forget to come. The mother saved my life and I shall save the reputation of Old Saint Nick and they shall have the merriest Christmas ever."

,He grabbed the key, locked the loor behind him, rushed out in the night, and hailed the first passing taxi. "To a toyshop at once," he commanded, jumping in and slamming the door. The chauffeur obeyed without a word as to the absurdity of a toyshop at twelve o'clock at night. In a very few minutes they stopped in front of a sleepy little building, and the man jumped out. It was pitch dark inside, but this did not phase him. He pounded on the door above which he read, "Fritz Spiegel, Toymaker." At first there was no answer; so he pounded again, this time, more vigorously and then he heard a feminine voice from within. ,

"Who ist da? What you want? I am not afraid."

(*Continued in January Leaves*)

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

"This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of Wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual
peace.

"See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out his secret altar touched with hallow'd fire."

—*Milton.*

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

The snow was falling softly on the narrow, crooked street in the West End of Boston. It was Christmas Eve, but to the unhappy face pressed against the window pane in the tall, narrow building there came no sign of gladness for the Holy Night. It was a tall, gaunt man who peered so listlessly out watching the slow falling snow flakes. He muttered, "It is no use, I shall never find them," there he turned sadly away.

John Grey had once been an earnest, stalwart man, good to look upon, but a bad habit, found among evil companions had made him the wreck he now was. He had married Ethel Sawyer when everything had a prosperous aspect. But when Baby Ethel was only five her father was a drunkard! Her mother's threat to leave him made no impression until he came to his senses one day two years ago to find that she had really gone, and with her the little girl who had been his idol in those happy days before he had fallen to temptation. Completely sobered he went to work and night after night he searched the streets of New York, where they lived, to find a trace of his lost wife and baby.

Finally, leaving New York and coming to Boston, he continued the search there, for he remembered that Ethel had only one relative in the world, an old aunt living somewhere in Boston. He lived in one mean little room in the West End, and saved his money, always saved for the wife and little child he hoped some day to find. But it seemed as if his repentance had come too late for here too he found no trace of them in all his wanderings.

He was aroused from his sad reverie by the gong of the fire team, which sounded loud in the little street. A ragged and thinly clad child was darting across the street in the path of the big grey horses. He saw her fall on the side-walk as the wagon, just grazing her foot, dashed past. And something in her little forlorn figure, lying there, appealed to his newly aroused heart, and he rushed down the steep stairs. As he stooped to pick her up she cried, "Don't touch me, I haven't done anything bad! I want to find my papa!" To his amazement he gathered up into his arms the terrified form of his own little girl, Ethel. Soothing her and talking to her, he learned that the wife he had so vainly sought lived in the next poor street, sewing days and far into the nights to support herself and the little girl. Eagerly he listened to her story and soon made her recognize him. Then, grasping her hand, he followed her to the miserable attic where he found his wife. He explained to her that, out of his great sorrow, he had risen to a nobler and cleaner life. He told her how honestly he was living now and pleaded that they, with their child, might once more have a home together. Worn out with her fight against want and her sorrow over his downfall, she readily promised that he should have another chance to redeem himself.

As the reunited family clasped hands the chimes form the old church nearby rang out, and in the father's heart found an echo — "Peace on earth and good will toward man."

Miriam C. Day.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN SWITZERLAND IN 1912.

"Joyeux Noel! Joyeux Noel!" Sleepily I opened my eyes as this greeting reached my ears. How could I have slept so late on my first Christmas morning in a Swiss school?

Christmas? Yes, surely the harmonious ringing of the church bells, sounding so distinctly through the stillness of the morning, made it seem Christmas-like. There was, however, something in the atmosphere which did not seem like this merry season.

The windows of my chamber were mostly wide open and the air was balmy as a Spring day. From where I lay I could see the green cedar and fir trees, whose foliage only partially concealed the Lake of Leman glimmering in the sun. The warmth of the air, the green trees and soft blueness of the lake were the elements which seemed so unlike winter.

Over the tree tops, rose the lovely Alps, whose peaks were covered with dazzling snow, while on their sides it lay like a pure white mantel. Here, I had found the appropriate setting for Christmas Day!

Ready and eager for the experiences I felt sure were to come during the day, I joined my companions. In every corner lay oddly shaped bundles tied with bright ribbons, our gifts for the tree that evening. What a babble of voices! What exclamations of delight as the postman appeared, his arms full to overflowing with packages and letters!

Lunch came early for we were to have a skating party to a lake, which lies high up in a mountain, near Lansanne. At one o'clock we were ready with our skates and skiis.

I never can forget the glory of that day! The lake lay like a huge sapphire, with the snow covered Savoy Mountains for its setting. The "Dent du Midi" towered majestically above its neighbors. All the mountain peaks were tinted deep blue by the sky above them.

Higher and higher we climbed, following the paths of the vine-yards, which circle round and round, spiral-like on all the lower mountain sides of Switzerland. How heartily we sang! Passing through woods we saw a number of little brooks all frozen. Now we had arrived at our destination, before us lay the lake, as smooth as glass. Below, was the city which appeared like a little miniature fairyland. Only a few minutes and we were skating over the mirror-like surface.

At about five o'clock we took the little car down Mt. Pelerin. Arriving at the small village at the foot of it, we had an afternoon tea, in one of the fascinating tea-rooms, so common throughout Europe.

After we had returned and made ready for our Christmas feast, the real excitement began. What a lovely scene greeted us as the drawing-room doors were drawn back. There stood two Christmas trees, all alight with varied color bulbs. Crowning each tree were glistening white angels holding bright stars, which twinkled most realistically. It seemed as if the decorator had caught two stars from heaven and placed them on these trees. As a back-ground for the trees were the long French windows overlooking the city.

Then, I was given the honor of distributing the gifts, for in this large family of girls, I was, then, the youngest. What fun we had opening our presents, which were little boxes of bon-bons and little leather covered books, and other equally simple remembrances. After my role of Santa had been fulfilled, the rooms were made clear and we danced.

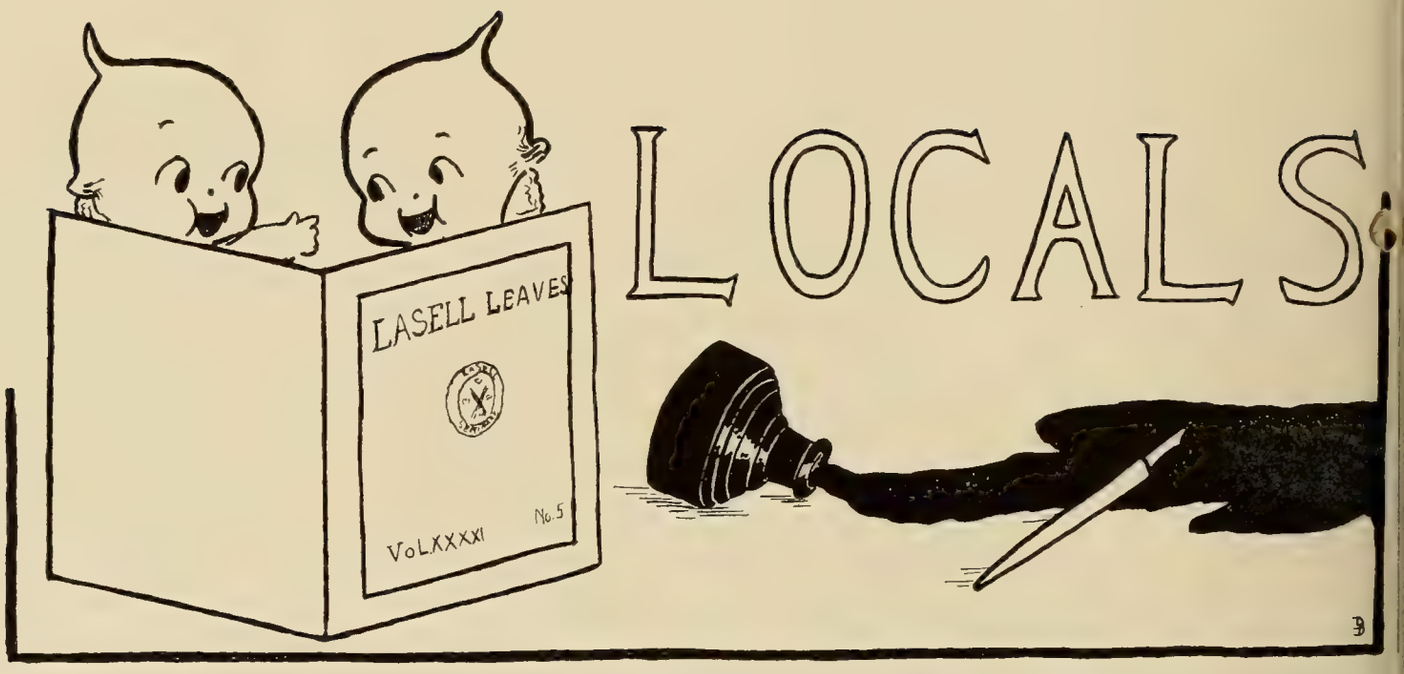
The dancing ceased abruptly for outside were singers, singing beautiful Christmas anthems. As they were about to leave we showered them with bon-bons and confetti. I had come to realize that in Switzerland no holiday is complete unless it ends in singing and in hearing the chimes ring.

Long after the house had become still and dark, I lay sleepless, my mind full of happy thoughts. The clock struck two and then came a night of dreamless sleep.

Evelyn Cate.

He (as the team comes onto the field)—Here they come.

She (enthused)—Oh, aren't they darling. I just know that that light-haired boy, with the sheep-skin under his arm, is a wonderful dancer.



LOCALS

November 14.

ATTENTION JUNIORS!!

Early one morn
A new rising gong
Awakened the Senior Class. „
The music we heard,
Not at all like a dirge,
Was sung by the Junior Class.
Your yells were supreme
And better than dreams,
Which most of us then were enjoying.
Then how surprised we all were,
When up to the door
Came two Juniors with gifts for us all.
Small turkeys with candies
And two records so dandy.
We, the Seniors, sure are grateful to you
And express our thanks, rightly due
To you Juniors of Lasell.

—*Gertrude Allen,* '17

Tune—"AT DAWNING."

Seniors dear, 'tis time to wake,
The hour is seven;
We dislike your rest to break,
But we're bidden.
Your sister class is still at home
In its bed, although 'tis morn,
Come, oh Seniors! Come, we warn you
It's time to rise.

Seniors dear, we've waited long,
Wake! we beg!
Duties numerous, shall prolong
The length of day.
Now your downy couches leave,
Come dress, breakfast, and receive
Our best wishes 'er you leave
From us Juniors of '18.

—*To the tune of "At Dawning."*

TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

You're the girls with the pep, with the push, with the go,
1917.
Who always are ready and never are slow,
1917.
You're the girls we admire, you're the girls we can trust,
You're square, you're square;
You've the spirit of "try" and of "get there or bust."
You're there, all there.
You've led the school until we have seen
You're all to the good,
1917.

JUNIOR CLASS SONG.

VERSE.

Junior class we sing to thee,
Pledge we now our loyalty;
Class of thousands, best of all.
On our mettle call.
We will keep thine honor fair,
Ever high thy standard bear;
Prove us in the darkest night,
Worthy of thy might.

CHORUS.

J-U-N-I-O-R—this shall be our battle cry,
Ring clear for red and white,
Loyalty and might;
Shout it loud in unity,
While now we lead thee on to victory;
And we will praise thy name,
As we do praise thy fame.
Three good old cheers for the Junior class.
—with apologies to *"Hartford High."*

One morning, a few days after the Junior Serenade, the Seniors were again awakened by music from outside. Upon looking from their windows, discovered the Prep Class out in force. Their songs were certainly appreciated by the Seniors.

SONG OF THE SENIORS.

We've seen you learning Bible, and every sort of thing,
At tennis, baseball, riding, you sure are just the thing;
And now we wish you luck, in all that you may do,
To the Purple and the Gold, we always will be true.

CHORUS.

Oh! We don't want to lose you, but we know you'll have to go,
For your school-life will soon be over, though we hate to admit it so.
And we'll never forget you, though you all be many miles away,
And we'll love you, cheer you, respect you, Oh! Our Seniors, so gay!
—*Tune from "King and Country"*

CLASS SONG.

(*Sweetly Sings the Donkey.*(

Sweetly sings the Prep class as they serenade.
If you don't come out soon, our songs will quickly fade,
Hurrah! Hurrah!, the jolly Prep are near.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the jolly Preps are near.

Now we're nearly through with this, you'd better hurry up,
Otherwise we'll take our songs and leave you quite abrupt.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the jolly Prep are near.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the jolly Preps are near.

We'll here you, we've drawn you out we surely do feel proud,
Please excuse us if we seem to sing a bit too loud.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the jolly Preps are near.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the jolly Preps are near.

PARTING SONG.

Happily we've sung to you, sung to you, sung to you,
Happily we've sung to you, the Seniors of our School.

CHORU..

Good-bye Seniors, good-bye Seniors,
Good-bye Seniors, we'll have to leave you now.

Slowly then we'll turn our backs, turn our backs, turn our backs,
Slowly then we'll turn our backs, on old Garden Hall.

CHORUS—Repeat.

CLASS CHEER.

Chick-a-lick-a, Chick-a-licka-
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boom-a-lick-a, Boom-a-lick-a,
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Zip! rah! rah! Zip! rah! rah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

AMBITIOUS PREPS.

(*Poor Pauline.*)

Oh! You Seniors can't you see,
We're as worried as can be,
To find something you will like
For our serenade today.
But we'll do the best we can,
Even though us you will slam,
So we'll all hope for the best,
The suspense is fearful.

Rip! Rah! Ray! We'll reach your grade someday,
Though nobody knows quite when that will be,
We'll surprise you some fine day
When you all are miles away.
There's hope, while there is life,
So they say.

On Nov. 14, 15, 16, the girls in the Household Economic classes attended the Cooking Demonstration lectures given in the Methodist Parish House, by Prof. Keith, under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Auburndale.

Thursday, Nov. 16—We had the pleasure of listening to the first of a series of four lectures by Dr. Southard. Owing to her illness, however, she has been unable to give the others.

The Lasell girls attended the Billy Sunday meeting at the Tabernacle on Friday evening, November 17. Since it was observed as "student night," the various schools and colleges, in and around Boston, had special reservations together.

Five special cars had been chartered for the use of the Lasell girls. Although when we arrived there, the immense building seemed full to overflowing, through the thoughtfulness of Mr. Wagner, we had excellent seats in the center of the Tabernacle.

Mr. Rodeheaver called on the different schools for songs and cheers, and then the wonderful chorus gave a number of selections.

Mr. Sunday gave a stirring talk on "The Value of an Education." The girls were deeply impressed both by the sermon and by Mr. Sunday's remarkable personality. Plans were made then and there by many to attend again as soon as possible.

Since that night, a number of small parties have attended the Sunday meetings and all have been impressed by them.

Sunday, Nov. 19—The Missionary Society had charge of the Vespers. Mrs. Fiske spoke to us of Dr. Mary Stone, who talked so inspiringly to us last year. She then introduced Miss Kinney, a member of the Sunday corps of workers, who gave us a very short, but interesting talk.

Owing to an error, the names of the officers of the Lasell Glee Club were omitted:—

President, Alice B. Jenks; Vice-President, Aristine Knapp; Secretary and Treasurer, Georgina Flattery; Business Manager, Edna Crane; Leader, Mary G. Rich.

Also omitted—Sophomore "*Thank You*" *Song.*

Listen, listen, listen, Sophomores,
Each and every one of you
Your serenade was fine tonight

And many thanks are due to you
We all feel grateful to old '19
The class we love the best of all
So listen, listen, listen, sisters dear,
While we thank you.

Monday, Nov. 20—A large party of girls went to Salem today. This trip through the witch-town was certainly enjoyed by all. The visits to the many museums disclosed many treasures, not only of our early times, but also curious things brought over by the early sailors from foreign parts. Perhaps the chief point of interest to the girls was the visit to the "House of Seven Gables," made famous by the book of that name. The whole day was spent in seeing the sights of Salem town, which the girls felt were well worthwhile.

Monday afternoon, Nov. 20—Through the courtesy of some friends of Senora Artesani, a group of the girls in her Spanish classes were able to go through the new Tech buildings in Boston.

Sunday, Nov. 26—Mrs. Brown formerly of Cambridge and three of her students had charge of the vesper service. She told us in a very delightful way of her work in North Carolina among the people of her own, the colored race. She and her assistants formed a quartet and sang some negro songs which were much appreciated by all.

On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving the Seniors, upon entering Gardner, were surprised to see on the table a large, green and white cornucopia filled with candy vegetables. So on Saturday morning when all had returned from our recess, the Seniors sang the following song, thanking the specials for their gift:

Tune "On the Banks of the Le Lei Wei."
We thank you, Specials, for your kind remembrance
Sent to us Thanksgiving Day,
The green and white will hold a place
In 1917's heart always.
N-o-r-m-a stands for Norm your leader,
May she lead you to success,
So once again we thank you
S-p-e-c-i-a-l-s.

Quite a number of the girls remained at Lasell over Thanksgiving, but we are sure not one of them regretted it, for much is done to make one have a very good time here. At the Thanksgiving dinner nearly every one had guests and all enjoyed the turkey and all the fixin's. Afterwards the guests and their hostesses played games in the gym, spending a very happy afternoon.

The Christian Endeavor program this year has been exceptionally fine; every meeting has proved exceedingly interesting as has been shown by the large attendance. The officers are certainly to be congratulated on their good work.

Miss Sara Snell, one of the Student Volunteers, led the meeting on October 31. She spoke of the lives of certain missionaries and gave the girls a new idea as to what missionaries really are and as to the work done by them.

Margaret Ufford gave a talk on "Appreciation," Nov. 7. She brought out many important points about this neglected virtue.

On Nov. 14, Evelyn Cate gave an interesting talk on "Thanksgiving" by telling some of her experiences in Switzerland on our Harvest Feast Day.

Dr. Butters led the meeting on Nov. 21. As usual his talk was inspiring, and helpful and was closely followed by every girl present.

December! Why Christmas comes this month and there are few places in our own country, at least, where men, women and children do not look forward to the coming of the day and all its attending festivities, with delight. For was not Jesus born on this day one thousand nine hundred and sixteen years ago, and therefore, have we not the best of reasons to rejoice? To us here at Lasell, the season means home and a chance to be with the home folks for a short visit and to pick up, temporarily the threads of home life which we dropped last September when we came to school. For weeks before, we count the days until we are home again, helping to trim that Christmas tree which is to be the best ever, and, though we scoff at the idea of a real Santa Claus, Christmas Eve finds us hunting out the largest stocking we possess to hang by the fireplace so old Saint Nick, when he comes, will have plenty of room in which to put those numerous gifts we expect. And, oh! What fun Christmas morning when we come down and see our stocking bulging in all sorts of queer shapes: our fingers never were so awkward before in unwrapping bundles! Then the surprise and delight when the gift is finally revealed! Later when the packages have all been opened and duly exclaimed over, and you have said "Merry Christmas" to every one and you settle down for a few minutes to think over how good everyone has been to you, then you begin to think of the little doll you gave to Susie, the cook's small daughter, whose Christmas will not be as happy as yours. You see her delight in receiving this little gift and away down in your heart there comes a warm feeling and you wish you could have given her one several times as nice. It is then that you realize that the old verse, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is true.

Now girls why not apply some of that feeling here at school. The *Leaves*' staff are giving you the best they can but the girls are giving the staff little encouragement. The staff are willing to work to give you the best magazine possible; but just as the the sight of the child's delight in her doll gave *you* such a good feeling, so will *short stories, poems, jokes* and *snapshots* cheer the staff and give them the desire to do better by you.

The *Leaves* extends the wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, the faculty and all the girls, both those who are here and those who have been here in previous years.

Lasell girls of former and later days will be interested alike in the wedding of Frances M. Boyd and Mr. Andrew Phelps on June twenty-third. Frances was at Lasell in 1914-1915, and her aunt, Mabel Boyd, will be well and pleasantly remembered by the students of 1889-1.

On November twenty-second Helen K. Close became Mrs. Charles A. Roult. The wedding occurred in Toledo, her home. To both of these brides and their husbands we extend hearty congratulations, and hope that they will include Lasell in their itinerary in the near future.

Writing of weddings, we cannot refrain from mentioning the double wedding celebration which has just taken place in Mildred Strain's family. On December first, Mr. and Mrs. George Astill, Mildred's grandparents, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The same day Mildred's parents celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary. This double celebration must have been a delightful occasion. Lasell's hearty congratulations go to these, Mildred's grandparents and parents.

Dear Margaret Powell! How we do miss her, and her letter made us doubly lonesome. She in turn writes "the first copy of the Leaves this year made me so homesick for Lasell. My two years in the school will always remain the two happiest years of my life. I made so many lovely friends and learned many helpful things. Please remember me to dear Miss Packard and Miss Collins. Do you remember Ella Forbes? She is a supervisor at one of the city parks here now, and doing a wonderful work in the playgrounds for the children of the poor. I am helping her in this work two afternoons a week and devote one hour one morning a week to the study of playground work under a very competent man who is paid by the city to take charge of all public playgrounds here. My aunt, Lulie Hogg, and brother are now in Pasadena, California where they expect to spend the coming year. Aunt Lulie had dinner with Dr. Bragdon and of course she is sure to be happy wherever she has friends like the Bragdons. Adolphia Garnsey and Hallie Dickey are coming to visit me during the holidays. Won't we three girls have a gay time?" Margaret has joined the Presbyterian Church choir, but declares herself a Methodist nevertheless. She enjoyed hearing of the new building, The Berkeley,

and in her usual businesslike way, adds she will try to send some girls from Fort Worth next year. Send them along, Margaret; if they are your kind. Lasell will give them a hearty welcome.

Mrs. G. M. Winslow has been entertaining her sister, Miss Grace Austin, of Orleans, Vermont.

Miss Witherbee and Miss Collins recently attended a delightful concert given in Boston, and Gertrude Tingley was one of the soloists. We are proud of the work done by our school prima donna of former days. We hope some time to have Gertrude sing at Lasell where we can all enjoy again her rich contralto voice. Congratulations to her over the successful result of these years of careful training.

Among our distinguished guests at the Thanksgiving dinner were Mrs. Charles C. Bragdon, wife of our Principal Emeritus, Miss Martha Ransom, for so many years head of our Physical Culture Department, and Mrs. Belle Brangdon Barlow, Dr. Bragdon's daughter. It was a pleasure to welcome them home to Lasell. We only wish that Dr. Bragdon had been "along".

At Thanksgiving time Amy Tuthill was favored in having her mother and sister, Ruth Tuthill, a former Lasell girl, as her guests. Ruth is now a Junior at Smith College and enjoying her work immensely. In a line received by our Preceptress since Ruth returned to college, she writes "How I did enjoy my short visit to dear old Lasell! Though this is the first time I have been back it seemed only yesterday since I had left. The faculty seem to have such splendid memories and cordial spirits and the new girls are all so friendly. I am expecting to see Carol Rice in a few moments to give her the greetings sent, and to describe every detail to her. And again in closing, I want to tell you how much I appreciate Lasell's hospitality".

Myra Stewart '08 and Irene Myer '08 surprised us recently and delighted us by declaring that they were going to make a real visit in Auburndale, and true to their promise they have settled down in our village for a number of days. They run in often but not as often as we would like. The first thing we noticed on Irene was her Phi Beta Kappa pin. By the way she had it nearly tucked out of sight (just like Irene). She has been teaching three years since her graduation from Grinnell College, Iowa. From her looks her work certainly agrees with her. Myra is busy and happy attending to home duties. Both the girls were recent guests of Lela Goodall ('08) in her Brookline home.

Frances Hunter is happy as a student at Northwestern University, but she writes "I shall always be a Lasell girl; just one year there gives one that feeling". We miss you Frances!

Esther Morey ('12), is now working in Columbia University in the Extension Teaching Department, but finds time to send "home" a real friendly message to Miss Packard, and cordial greetings to her old friends among the faculty. Her record at Lasell assures us that she will be a credit to Columbia University.

Miss Collins received word recently from Lelia Hodson who is at present at the Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr, Pa., and enjoys her work very much, but does not allow the new school to crowd out her pleasant memories of Lasell.

May Harrison Clifford and Orissa Atwell, '16 spent an hour or two with us recently. May and her husband were in Boston for Christmas shopping and also to attend the Billy Sunday meetings. She looked and declared herself supremely happy. We rejoiced to see the girls and to hear the splendid news of Orissa's work. She is now a full-fledged teacher having charge of the cooking depart-

ment in the Junior High School in Lynn. She also superintends the lunch room for the school children which is no small matter, inasmuch as there are over five hundred pupils to be fed daily.

The cleverest and most amusing Thanksgiving publication was the paper put out by the boys of the Fessenden School in West Newton. The average age of the fellows is nine, but the wit and wisdom of these boys often "puts to shame" stulents of older years. Here is a sample of their fun; the Thanksgiving paper appeared under this title:

THE FESSENDEN

TURKEY.

"Gobble" "Gobble" "Gobble"

"The Nourse-Stevens Latin Book

Principal Parts: Tardo — to loaf.
tardo, disobedere, Noursi, demeritus
Fordo — to rattle
fordo, gilmere, moori, portus
Planto — to limp
planto, coopere, kelli, wartus
Foolo — to laugh
foolo, flunkere, faculti, firus

"The New Fessenden Arithmetic

Two many remarks make	1 mark
Two many marks make	1 demerit
50 demerits make	1 exit"

Miss Ruth Hert of Sargent's School, was recently the week-end guest of Doris Bahn and Elsie Hughes.

Helen Gerrett, '16, was the week-end guest of Marjorie Morrison, Dec. 1.

Katherine Dearborn, '16, paid us a short visit the other day. We certainly are glad to see the "old girls" again.

Dorothy Stewart entertained her father and mother, Mr. and Frs. A. C. Stewart, and Miss Virginia Stewart, her sister, over a recent week-end.

Don't worry about what people say about you unless it's true.

When you borrow money, borrow from a pessimist, because a pessimist never expects to get it back.

Oswald (to shopman) — "I saw—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the red spots out of the show window for me,

Shopman—"Certainly, sir, pleased to take anything out of the window at any time."

Oswald—"Thanks awfully. The beastly thing bothers me every time I pass. Good morning."

"We laugh at our teacher's jokes
No matter what they may be.
Not—because they are funny jokes,
But because it's policy."

Another—Why don't the new Fords make as much noise as the old models?

Because they've taken the *brass band* off the radiator.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Many thanks for the following comments upon the results of our endeavors to make our paper enjoyable.

Lasell Leaves—

"You're attractive as ever,
Illustrated stories we admit are clever.
Because we are late, do not be alarmed,
But to see you again we shall be most charmed."

News, East Orange, N. J.

Lasell Leaves—Your cuts are very original and it is a pleasure to see them.—*Dickinson Union,* Williamsport, Pa.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

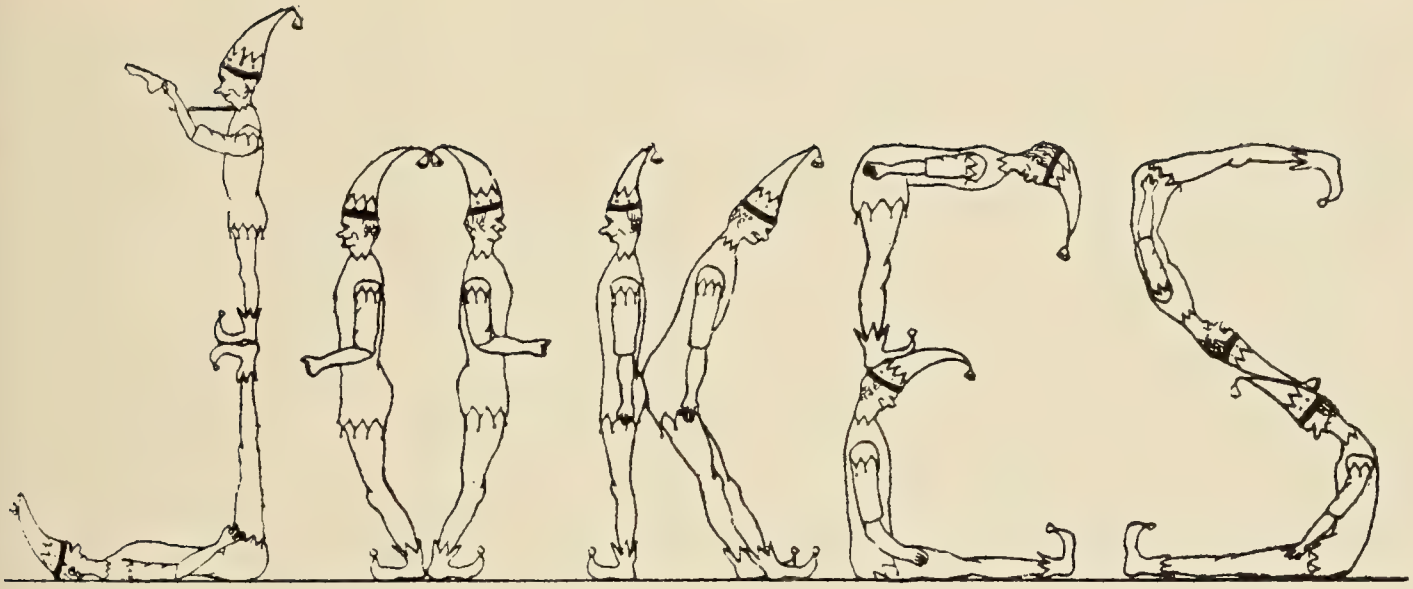
Optimist, Newark, N. J.—Your November cover is most appropriate and your magazine is rich in humor.—*Lasell Leaves,* Auburndale, Mass.

Sago, Greensboro, N.C.—Your magazine is well organized and pleasing to read. Wouldn't more illustrations be an improvement?—*Lasell Leaves.*

Echoes, Fort Lee, N. J.—Your last issue is especially pleasing, for the photographs afford an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the home of the "Echoes."—*Lasell Leaves,* Auburndale, Mass.

A recent book has been placed in our hands entitled *"American Private Schools"* by Porter E. Sargent. This we find most helpful in publishing our magazine, especially in our exchange department, as it affords the names of so many publications.—*Lasell Leaves,* Auburndale.

Thanks. *Hallock School Record,* Great Barrington; *Grotonian,* Groton; *Lawrence Bulletin,* Lawrence; *Hermonite,* Mt. Hermon; *Sassamon,* Natick; *Archon,* South Byfield; N. H. S. *Review,* Newton; *Drury Academie,* North Adams; *Golden Rod,* Quincy; *Advance,* Salem; *Argus,* Gardner; *Brimmer School Magazine,* Boston; *Tradesman,* Boston; *Echo,* Winthrop; *Central High News,* Minneapolis, Minn.; *World,* St. Paul; *Gleam,* St. Paul; *Wm. Woods College Record,* Fulton, Mo.; *Golden Rod,* Wayne, Neb.; *Keene Kronicle,* Keene, N. H.; *Tatler,* Nashua, N. H.; *E. O. H. S. News,* East Orange, N. J.; *Vail-Deane Budget,* Elizabeth; *Echoes,* Fort See; *Optimist,* Newark; *Oracle,* Plainfield; *Tiger,* Princeton; *Billows,* Ocean City; *Acropolis,* Newark; *Orange and Blue,* Town of Union; *Mirror,* West Hoboken.



ADVICE TO VACATION GIRLS.

1.—Don't speak to the dumb waiter!

2.—If you desire to drive you will find a hammer and nails at the desk.

3.—If fond of jumping and athletics, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

4.—Baseball players desiring practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

5.—If the room gets warm open the window and watch the fire escape.

6.—If the lights go out remove a feather from the pillow. That's light enough for any room.

7.—Don't worry about your bill. A hotel is supported by its foundation.

8.—Don't ring for water. There is a spring in every bed.

9.—On retiring, leave your money with the night clerk, for he will get it anyhow.

10.—If you need a bell boy, ring the towel.

A TRUE LITTLE POEM.

The school gets the benefit,
The students get the fame;
The printer gets the money,
But the STAFF, they get the blame.

IT DEPENDS.

Sammy—"Say, Harry, what's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Harry—"Dat's a cinch. Foist put your arm under her waist and gently raise her left hand."

Sammy—"Come off—she's my sister."

Harry—"Aw, shove her off de deck."

What's the difference between a sigh. an automobile and a donkey?

Oh dear! Too dear! You dear!

What are the three quickest ways of sending a message?

Telephone, telegraph, tel-a-woman.—*Ex.*

Some of our jokes, no doubt, are old
And ought to be on the shelf,
But, in case you don't like them,
Just send in good ones yourself. —*Ex.*

Miss Rand (in Study Hall)—"Now let me hear nothing but silence!"

Modified Spelling—"The house was made of *stucko.*"

"In *dew* time, we plan to try tobogganing."

"Father," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry that said, 'Let us have peace ' "

"Never!" said old Mickey. "Nobody be th' name of Patrick ever said anything loike that. —*Ex.*

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

LASELL CLUB NUMBER

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

THE SUPPLEMENT.

LASELL CLUBS

MID-WINTER REUNION. Home Gathering. Lasell, February 12, 1917. This is Your Invitation — Come.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB. Meeting held Saturday, October 27, 1916. (Reported in November Leaves).

THE NEW YORK LASELL CLUB meet at Hotel Majestic, Central Park West, February 3, 1916.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB meet March 13, 1916.

THE PORTLAND (OREGON) LASELL CLUB meet in March.

MINNESOTA LASELL CLUB. Minneapolis, November 1, 1916. (Special).

THE LASELL CLUB OF CHICAGO. Chicago, November 8, 1916. (Special).

THE CINCINNATI LASELL CLUB. Cincinnati, November 11, 1916.

THE MICHIGAN LASELL CLUB. Detroit, November 13, 1916.

Lasell Seminary
December, 1916.

My dear girls:

Since the last *Supplement* was sent to press I have had such a good time with many of you that I am anxious to tell the others about it. This fall very unexpectedly I was asked to be the New England delegate to the General Executive meeting of the Missionary Society, in which I am interested, to be held in Minneapolis. So it came about through Dr. Winslow's kindness that I was able to accept the invitation. As a by-product of this trip, I visited four of our Lasell Clubs and this opportunity gives me material for this letter. Now that I am back at my desk I appreciate the more the kindly hospitality of the Lasell girls who did all in their power to make my brief stay worth remembering. I have always found them charming hostesses and I have no occasion to change my mind.

IN MINNEAPOLIS

Shortly after my arrival in Minneapolis, October twenty-fourth, I went to the Hennepin Avenue church, the new cathedral church of Methodism, to register but before doing that a voice behind me said, "Why, Miss Packard!" and there stood Bertha Lillibridge Merrill. I should have known her anywhere. Such good times as we had during the week for Bertha was the efficient chairman of the committee of arrangements for the conference. It was Mrs. Merrill here and Mrs. Merrill there whether it was a committee room, a hammer, a typewriter, a flower or an automobile that was wanted, yet she was as calm and

smiling on the afternoon after this weekly session was closed as on the first day. I know because we went motoring, stopped at her home and later drank afternoon tea together at the Alpha Phi chapter house connected with the University of Minnesota. I wanted to look into some of the many buildings on the campus and find Marguerite Owen and Mary Taylor who are students there this year but it would have been like hunting for the traditional needle in the traditional hay-stack.

Our Girls Abroad

Among my co-workers I met two missionaries on furlough from Japan and India. From the former I inquired for Mary and Constance Chappell, our twins of 1907-08. She knew them well and gave a splendid account of their satisfactory work as teachers in Aoyama. India is an immense country but it happened that the lady from that far country knew all the Blackstocks well and had entertained them in her home more than once. I heard so much about the need of day schools in China, I was very grateful that May Chisholm Brown had written us this fall that the money the Lasell Missionary Society sent her last year had kept a day school running for six months. One of the secretaries at our New England Branch table was Clementina Butler. But this is not a missionary report so I forbear from telling you the many world wide visions which were ours during those eventful days and turn to the social side of my week in that beautiful city.

On November first Alleda Burnett came in her car and took Miss Butler and myself to Marion Joslin's home in St. Paul. So many of our girls run their own cars that I have been wondering if it would not be a good idea to teach our girls automobiling as well as horse back riding, however, those who took me about, and there were a number of them, guided me so carefully through the intricacies of city streets with apparent ease that I am confident they need no instruction of this kind. We stopped long enough to greet Alleda's mother at her home and then sped on to lunch with Marion and her mother. It was a restful hour we spent with them and over the delicious menu we chatted and gossiped. I wanted to know which dishes Marion prepared. One of her hobbies is the collection of many choice pieces of old mahogany and her pretty desk made from an old time organ, her own design, was a good example of it.

The Minnesota Lasell Club

About 2.30, having been joined by Mary Pierson Willeus we drove to the home of Myra Schofield Magnusen for the meeting of the Minnesota Lasell Club (note the change in name from Twin-City Club). This was not the regular meeting but a "get-to-gether" for my sake which I did appreciate very much. Minnie Trimble the president of the club, was kept at home by the illness of her mother and the preparation for her approaching wedding which has since taken place. Marion, the vice-president, did the honors very well, however. It was a home-like meeting and the more the girls told me of the little ones they had left that day in their own homes, the more I wished I could see each one of them. I heard of as many as twenty-five Lasell grandchildren and was in danger of feeling grandmotherly as a result. Our hostess let us have a glimpse of her three children, the little boy in brown from top to toe, ready for his afternoon outing, the dear little girl, who was putting on her white gloves because her mother was having a party and the blessed baby of two months who smiled just at the proper time. Beth House MacMillan tried to make me believe that she had a kindergarten of five in her home while Dorothy Chaffee

Stroud and Mary Porter McConn talked about the three "jewels" they had to care for and it was so with others. I really felt as though I had had a lesson in home economics. It was just these experiences that I wanted to know about. Lasell always did believe in the home. Katherine Wheeler and Ethel Vance were there. Katherine was planning a trip to California for the winter and Ethel was visiting her brother.

I wanted to bring Helen Benson back with me as a post-graduate. Eleanor Warner Salisbury lived just around the corner from our hostess but she was unavoidably detained. I would surely have made a great effort to call on Mrs. Lucy Rogers Gore '60, had I known about it in time.

In the Homes.

I had the pleasure of dining with Mrs. Potter and her daughter, Mary Potter McConn, and husband, in Mrs. Potter's attractive home. It was a real satisfaction to be in the home of three of our girls, Mary, Julia, and dear sainted Lillie, the nieces of our Miss Potter. The courtesy and hospitality I shall not soon forget. I dined also with Mr. and Mrs. Washington Yale (May Emery) and spent a delightful evening with them. Among other things, May told me of her interest in the domestic science department of the Y. W. C. A. and her husband of his experiences at Plattsburg.

The following is a list of those whom I met in Minneapolis:

Marion Joslin, Alleda Burnett, Myra Schofield Magnuson, Mary Potter McConn, Elizabeth House McMillan, Clementina Butler, May Emery Yale, Dorothy Chaffee Stroud, Katharine Wheeler, Ethel Vance, Bertha Lillibridge, Helen Benson, Mary Pierson Willius. Mrs. John Legg, mother of Bessie Legg Whatley, and Bishops Thirkield, and Hamilton, fathers of Helen, and Helene.

Visiting Schools

On Friday, November third, I left the city for Menominie, Wisconsin, where I visited the Stout Institute, of which Cornelia Stone is a graduate. I suppose this is one of the finest technical schools in the country and I packed away in my brain a few new ideas for further use. A week-end rest on a Wisconsin farm and I was ready to make my way to Chicago, arriving there on the morning of election day.

To Chicago and Evanston

I had a delightful chat over the 'phone with Mrs. Mai and Mrs. Obermeyer (Edna and Lucinda's mother) in the station and tried to get in touch with others but the lines or the friends were busy. This was the day I had planned to go to Gary that I might personally study the school system of which so much is written but this was the one plan which failed. I was entertained during my Chicago visit at Evanston at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd and their daughter Bess, friends of a large circle of Lasell girls. Here you may be sure I felt at home for I have tried and tested their friendship not only at Lasell but in two summers abroad.

Mrs. Shepherd and I went to the polls while she, in common with the Lasell girls of that section, voted for the president of the United States. One really felt a little strange to be the one who was denied the privilege but Massachusetts will get there after a while, give her time. Bess is teaching at Girton College and is at home each night. In the evening we went to the Woman's Club House to hear the returns and on the way met Frances Hunter, who is attending Northwestern University this year, and she was anxious for the

latest Lasell news. At the Club House we found Mr. McConathy, the head of the Music School held at Lasell each summer, leading the chorus in patriotic songs. Mr. Shepherd still keeps up his interest in things foreign and artistic and his den is an interesting museum.

On November eighth Florence and Ida Jones came for my hostess and me in their car and took us to Chicago along the Lake Shore Drive.

The Chicago Lasell Club

The Chicago Lasell Club luncheon was held in a cozy corner of Marshall Field's. One could hardly expect anything so quiet and cozy in such a large establishment. If I had a course in home economics in Minneapolis, I had one in secretarial training in Chicago. I loved the up-and-coming business like atmosphere of the Chicago Club as exemplified by Helen E. Carter, Margherita Dike and Ruth Ketcham, all enthusiastic and successful business women. Lucile Scott and a friend were there from Texas being in the city for the purpose of studying music with a well-known soloist. The president, Sara Hayden Carlton, a loyal member of a loyal Lasell family and sister of the president of the Connecticut Valley Club presided. Lucile Guertin, sister of our Helen, was there. She is studying art along lines of design and I modestly asked her to design us a new heading for *The Supplement* which is sorely needed. Alma Bunch had just returned from Utah and a visit to Pam Spargo but was going to be busy again with her settlement work in the stock yards. I was so glad to see Velma Voltz looking well. It was a pleasure to me to see Margaret Gregson Barker, Edith McClure Patterson and Edna Matthews Condit. One has only to listen a few moments at any one of these club meetings to realize that our girls, East or West, are all busy with their home, social and philanthropic pleasures and duties and in Illinois with their new political opportunities. While there were other Lasell girls in the different cities whom I should have been delighted to see, the wonder to me was that they were able to gather so many for an extra meeting. It was only another token of the loyalty of our girls. Margaret Jones is studying in a Chicago School of Expression so could not be at the meeting but joined us on our ride back to Evanston. Later Mrs. Jones and Mabel, who was kept away by an annual meeting of the King's Daughters called. Bess and I were guests at dinner at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon. Dr. Bragdon, a well-known physician of that community, is the brother of our Dr. Bragdon and the father of Frances who was at home and who is now a teacher of French at the University. Miss Raymond, our Latin teacher of two years ago, called on me. She is continuing the study of her beloved Latin and Greek at Northwestern University and is also in charge of the girls at Chapin Hall. I went to Chapel the next day and also into the Administration Building and the Gymnasium but looked in vain for Lavinia Fera and Frances Hunter. I remembered that this was the college home of the Mayer girls. I had the pleasure also of meeting Mrs. Long (Ariel's mother) who lived nearby.

At the Home of Frances Willard

In years gone by one of the privileges which was granted to us was the occasional visit to our school of that remarkable woman, Frances Willard and her secretary Miss Anna Gordon. There were two reasons at least why she came. One was that the Gordon home in Auburndale is in the neighborhood (it is directly opposite Bancroft House) and the other was the friendship of the Bragdon and Willard families in Evanston. Madam Brag-

don and Madam Willard were life-long friends and they and their families lived next door to one another for years. It was natural therefore, that Mrs. Shepherd, who now lives in the old home, should take me next door to see "Rest Cottage" which is now the world headquarters of the world's W. C. T. U. and the home of Miss Anna Gordon its president. We found a happy company there for whatever their opinion may have been concerning the results of the presidential election, there was no uncertain sound about their joy over the news that had been coming all day by telegraph of the temperance victories in many states. Our interview with Miss Anna Gordon and her sister Elizabeth, a personal friend of long standing, about Lasell, their home town, Auburndale, and the great temperance movement of our country was delightful and well worth while. Mrs. Gulick, whose memory we honor, the founder of the International Institute for Girls in Spain, was another sister in the Gordon family. She has also spoken in our chapel and what is better was at one time a Lasell girl herself. To this is due largely our long continued interest in this school in Spain.

The list of Lasell girls and friends seen in Chicago and vicinity follows:

Sara Hayden Carlton, Alma Bunch, Helen E. Carter, Margaret Gregson Barker, Edith McClure Patterson, Lucile Guertin, Edna Matthews Condit, Ida Jones, Margaret Jones, Florence Jones, Mabel Jones, Ruth Ketcham, Marghuerita Dike, Velma Voltz, Lucile Scott, Frances Bragdon, Rebecca Shepherd, Frances Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shepherd, Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Braglon, Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Elizabeth Gordon, Mrs. A. B. Jones.

On to Cininnati

Once more I was on my way, this time by daylight to Cincinnati. During my wait in Indianapolis, I just longed to see the group of girls in that city and had the same experience in Columbus. In both of these places, it seems to me, there is a nucleus for a fine Lasell Club. I know the girls are thinking of starting one. Reaching Cincinnati, I was met by Alice House, a classmate, and Florence Evans. Florence took us to the home of Alice in Mt. Auburn and en route we talked steadily. When in her home, I forgot I ever was anything but a Lasell girl and in front of the open fire we reminisced of the days of long ago, our class joys, our class troubles, and our first attempts at editorship in connection with the *Lasell Leaves* but we had not reached the day when reminiscing was the limit of our desires. The past was good but the present was the time for action so we donned our street apparel, got out the car, and on a beautiful evening saw the city by moonlight, stopping for a time, like children, to watch a torchlight procession pass. Alice is actively engaged in many good works in church and community but her special delight is her class of boys, now grown to young manhood.

The Lasell Club of Cincinnati

On Saturday, November eleventh, the Lasell Club of Cincinnati held its fall meeting. As varied as were the distinguishing features of each club, so were the meeting places. This time we came together in an attractive room in Hotel Sinton. As in other places we missed some of our girls but were delighted to see the group that was present. Sophie Mayer has gotten to be a real teacher of domestic science in Hamilton, Ohio. Nan Peabody Hall is the same cheery lady she always was and presided happily and efficiently. I was delighted to find she was the vice president of the Cincinnati Branch of our Missionary Society. Florence Evans is interested in the

gymnasium classes at the Y.W.C.A. Frances Ebersole is giving her family the benefit of her knowledge of domestic science. They are to be congratulated. Bernice Marx was my right-hand friend during part of the luncheon. She is a devoted aunt to the little one who has come to bless her sister Stella's home. Greta Stearns Kinsey and her sister, Sue Miles Kinsey were there. The other girls who have new names since they were at Lasell interested me much as they told me of their families and their interests but now that I am at a distance, I find it somewhat difficult to classify my knowledge. While the girls themselves are clear in my mind, I am not quite sure in each case which club or which philanthropy, or which line of work or study belongs to each one. This I do know, that each one seemed to me to be making good. The new officers elected were:

President, Florence Evans '15; Vice-President, Nan Peabody Hall '91 (Mrs. Wm. A.); Secretary-Treasurer, May Davenport Spingler (Mrs. E. R.).

It was decided to hold the annual meeting hereafter in the fall the exact date to be decided. The luncheon was delightfully informal and we had such a good time that we almost made an afternoon of it. Later in the day we visited the Deaconess Training School and there met Lou Richards, here in the eighties, and her mother who are connected with this ever widening work. We rode through the grounds of the University of Cincinnati at which several of our girls have been students, among them, Lillian Swartz and Edith Blair. We thought of Miss Mullikin in her studio as we passed the homes dear to her in this beautiful city. The following is the list of Cincinnati girls whom we met:

Florence Evans, Nan Peabody Hall, May Davenport Spingler, Judith Dollings, Greta Stearns Kinsey, Sue Miles Kinsey, Ruth Christie Holters, Amy Lothman Murdock, Marie Howald Suhngen, Sophie Mayer, Frances Ebersole, Alice House, Bernice Marks, Edna Dice Robertson, Lou Richards.

But wanderer that I was, it became necessary to let my Cincinnati experience become a memory. I am still grateful to Florence for chaperoning me to the station in her car. I then turned northward and by night made my way to Detroit.

On to Detroit

About five o'clock on Sunday morning we stopped at Toledo for an hour. Had it been another hour and another day, I should have been strongly tempted to have taken a stopover there but even the good nature of a Lasell girl is not to be taxed at such a time. I wanted to see Molly Taylor Rathborn and her family and the other Toledo girls. I did not forget that this was the home city of Josephine Clapp Bellows.

Though the Michigan girls had been most cordial in offering to meet me, when I arrived in their city I thought it an imposition to get them up early and so long in advance of the luncheon so I did not let my presence be known until afternoon. In the meantime, I chaperoned myself with more or less success for a half day which was quite a novel sensation. I enjoyed it, however, but am still thinking rather regretfully of that delicious dinner which Eleanora Stroh Cole prepared for me and somebody else ate. Had I dreamed I was expected earlier, I would have 'phoned her. Once the girls knew I had arrived, Eleanora and her husband, Lurella Krentler and Ella Puchter Knight, her husband and small boy, and friends came for me. We went to Eleanora's own home. She is a bride of six months. Her sister Irene came shortly after and later over the tea cups we talked again of school days and the ears of some of

you must have burned. My hostess was cook as well as hostess and the dainty meal daintily served did credit to her and to Lasell. Irene took us in her easy-riding and attractive electric car for a ride in the evening through the well-lighted Belle Isle Park and some parts of the city and then to her home that I might meet her mother who is not very strong and gets out but little. I was pained to hear of the illness and death of Mr. Stroh the past year. After a restful night in the attractive guest room with its dainty hand-work and linen, I was ready for the eventful day for which I had come. Irene took me to see a glorious chrysanthemum exhibition in the morning and later Lurella Krentler, in the mate to Irene's car, took us to the reunion.

The Michigan Lasell Club

The Michigan Lasell Club entertained at the Detroit College Club House which was most attractive. Very graciously the annual luncheon due later in the month was given at this time, November thirteenth, for my convenience and it proved to be the largest of the four luncheons. Edith Watkins Dunk, president, received us cordially and soon the room was buzzing with the stories of school life which never grow old. Much credit is due to Margaret Henning, the secretary, who not only persuaded us all to come but had a Lasell house party of six or more girls who otherwise might not have been there. This reunion differed from the others in the fact that the majority of the girls present belong to this decade. Isabel and Naomi Bradley came from Ann Arbor, where they are at college this year. Irene Bezner has not been well but is much better now and threatens to come back to Lasell. I promised her a welcome. Edessa Warner, sister to Helen, at school this year, takes up the honors that Mrs. Dunk lays down. By the way Mrs. Dunk is the president of the Political and Civic League of Detroit, and is very active in many community interests. Margrethe Bauman was glad to hear direct news from her sister Helen who is at Lasell this year. Many of those present are busy with their share of home duties. All were eager for the accounts of Lasell's prosperity and the changes which have occurred since they were here. Letters were read from Molly Taylor Rathburn, Mary Robb, Hilda Nauman, and Maud Dunlap. The Detroit roll call was as follows:

Edith Watkins Dunk, Grace E. Lawrence, Agnes Erdman Guider, Margrethe Bauman, Isabel Bradley, Marion Jackson, Naomi Bradley, Hilda Jackson, Naomi Greenwood, Margaret Henning, Eleanora Stroh Cole, Cora Nicholson Gray, S. Edessa Warner, Lurella Krentler, Ella Puchter Knight, Florence Hovey, Harriet Lawrence Wren, Jennie Hamilton, Irene Stroh, Irene Bezner.

Officers elected—President, Edessa Warner; Vice-President, Ella Puchta Knight, '10 (Mrs. W. E.); Secretary-Treasurer, Lurella Krentler.

Though the courtesy of Mrs. Dunk, who is a member of the College Club as she is an alumna of Wells College, we were invited at the close of our meeting to hear Mr. Guest of the Detroit Free Press, read from his own writings. They were bright and human and appealed to us all. Here my Lasell Club experiences ended.

Through the announcement in the daily newspaper, a pupil of mine in my first year of teaching among the New Hampshire hills, discovered my presence in the city to which she had come to live and hunted me up. I was kindly released from a previous plan and spent my last few hours with this friend and her husband, the principal of one of the private schools of the city. We talked much of that one year in which I have always

felt I gained much for my future years at Lasell.

HOMEWARD BOUND

My journey home was uneventful, but my mind and heart were busy with the review lesson of my holiday and the anticipation of once more being among the present day girls who will ere long join your company. I am more determined than ever that we shall make life mean as much to them as possible for the last three weeks has taught me that the world has need of them.

With gratitude to all who had a share in my vacation, I am

Ever your friend,

Lillian M. Packard.

At the annual State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Rochester, N. H., in October, Miss Annie Wallace, Lasell '83, State Regent, presided. A report was read by Mrs. Carrie Wallace Huzzey '82, written by Mrs. Josephine Wallace Sweet '88, State Chairman International Peace Arbitration Committee. In the audience sat Mrs. Annie B. Shepard, President State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Dr. Goodrich of Epping whose daughter is now in Lasell and Mrs. Mary Packard Cass '89.

QUERY? WHO?

A prize was offered sometime ago for the one hundred best limericks to be used for advertising purposes for Lewando's Dyeing Establishment. 15000 were sent in. Somebody at Lasell was one of the successful contestants:—

There was a young girl named Sophia
Who fell in Boston's black mud and mire
Her clothes tho' a sight
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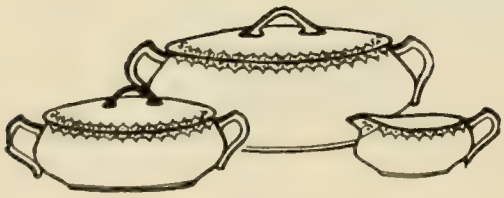

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Vol. XXXXIII LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., JAN., 1917 No. 4

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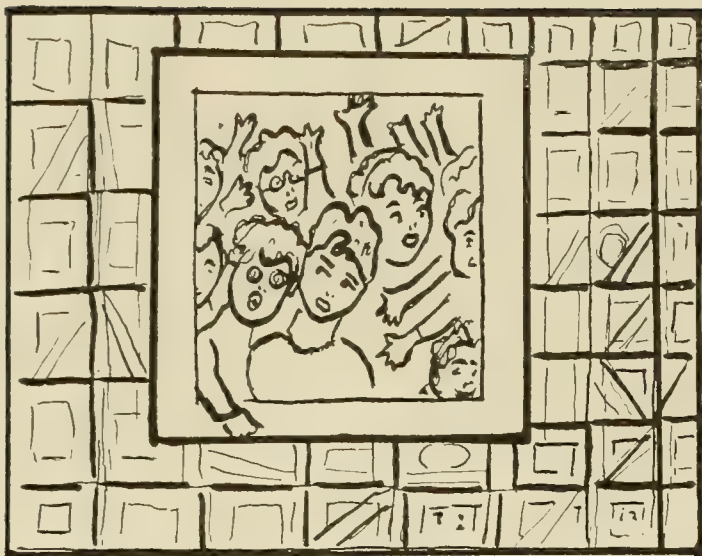
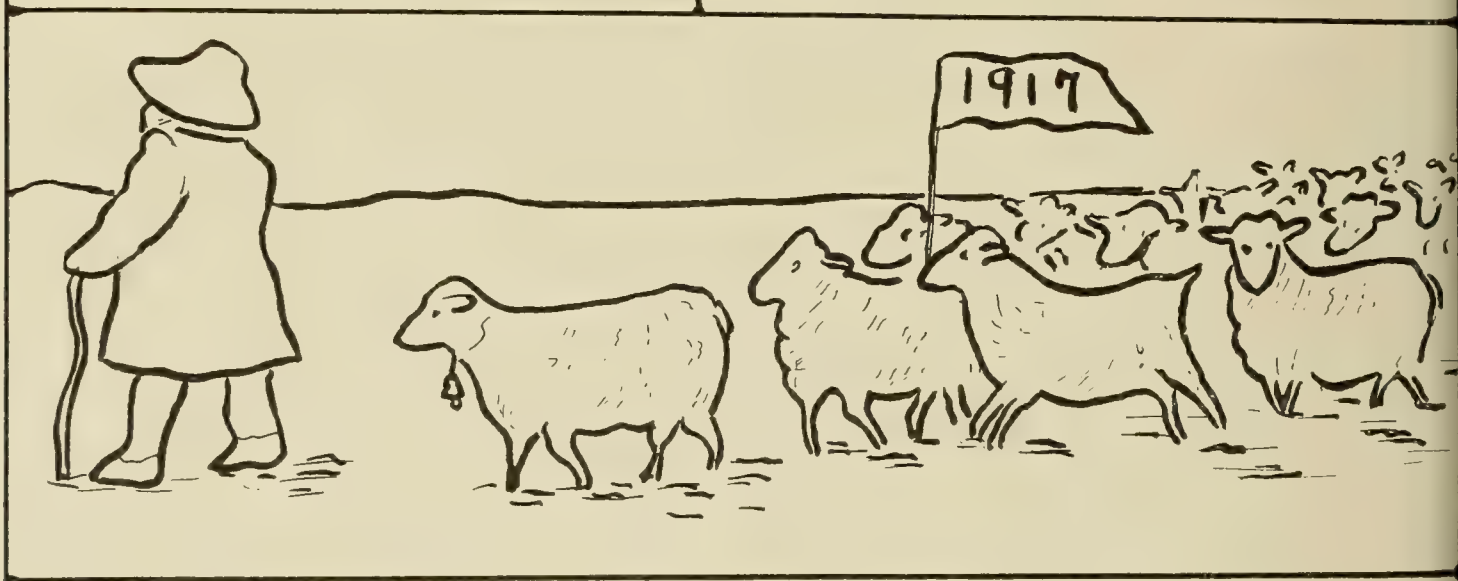
CONTENTS

		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	*[Illustrations]*	4
LITERARY		
The Hazing	*Olive Chase*	5
Leaves of a Diary	*Evelyn Cate*	6
How It Came About	*Adele Chaffee*	7
A Modern Santa Claus	*Doris E. Bahn,* '18	8
The Little Room		9
A Reverie	*F. A. C.* '19.	9
The Road to Heaven		9
Signs of the Season		10
Gifts		10
LOCALS		11
CHRISTMAS DINNER		14
EDITORIAL		15
PERSONAL		16
EXCHANGES		18
JOKES		20



ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT AT 8.50 A.M.

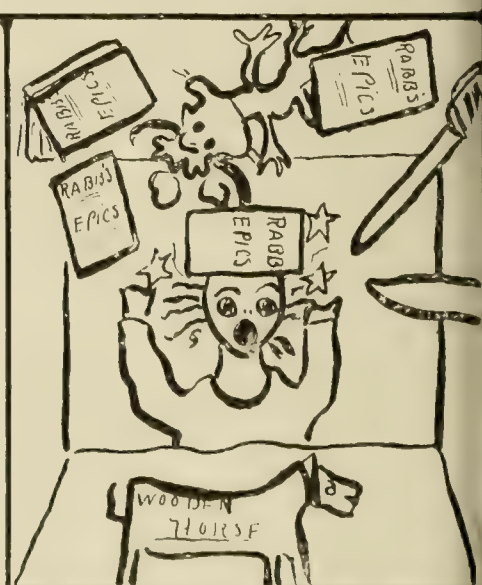
LASELL OFF TO BILLY SUNDAY.



THE SENIOR CLASS AND THEIR SHEPHERD.

BEFORE COMING AND AFTER LEAVING LASELL.

BEFORE DEC. 19th.



A SENIOR'S DREAM.

D.D.

THE HAZING

(A True Story.)

A normally strong and healthy boy of ten years is not generally troubled with soft, feathery wing sprouts on his shoulders, nor does he sit with folded hands and say, "No thank you ma'am," when cake or candy is offered. Instead, his only wings are scrawny shoulder blades, made thin and sharp by constant and violent exercise, while the amount of food which he unceremoniously consumes makes one believe his stomach is brick-lined and absolutely unfathomable.

Yet, who could love a perfect child? The more mischievious the child, the more interesting and adorable he becomes to the true lover of children. I don't believe I was ever fonder of my young nephew, John Arnold, than at the very moment when I discovered him in the midst of one of his wildest pranks.

It happened in early autumn when I was visiting John's parents on their large farm in northern New England. John and Frank were both lively youngsters of the ages ten and seven, respectively; but John was the natural born leader. I admired and, indeed, stood in awe of the remarkable talent which he possessed for creating plans, pushing them through to a startling climax and then getting caught in the act red-handed. Frank, though not so clever, was a willing follower of his brother whom he loved and served constantly — often to his own sorrow.

On this particular day I was awakened by most peculiar sounds issuing from behind the barn and distinctly disturbing my morning nap. The sounds increased momentarily; at times they reached alarming heights and then descended to low gutteral grunts and groans. At any rate, distress of a most woeful nature was evident; so I arose, dressed hurriedly, and started to trail the sounds.

Without difficulty, I traced, and finally located the noise in the pig-pen which was directly beneath the barn floor. Gingerly, I picked my way down the rickety stairs, determined on a thorough investigation. I reached the barn cellar and peeped over the wall of the pen. Such a sight greeted my eyes! In the middle of his slimy abode sat the pig on his haunches, his head extended into the air, bellowing as a dog might bay at the moon.

But, was I possessed by some demon, or

was the eighth wonder of the world before my eyes? The pig in question, appeared to be entirely bright green, from his uplifted nose to the tip of his frantically wiggling little tail. On each bristly eye-winker and whisker glistened what looked like a tiny green head, while all about was a pool of sticky green liquid in which he seemed to have difficulty in moving.

Startled and some what upset, I looked sharply around the place—but a suppressed giggle had already given away the culprit. From a dark corner emerged young John, the very picture of suppressed mirth and roguishness. Behind him was the faithful Frank with a pail of paint over his arm, and incidentally a good deal over his clothes as well.

"Aw, don't scold, Auntie," explained my incorrigible nephew, "the pig just came yesterday and we were only hazing 'im!"

—*Olive Chase.*

LEAVES OF A DIARY

January 1st, 1912. It has been a most beautiful day for the New Year of 1912. For the girls here at Villa Ariane it has been a sleepy day; last night the whole school helped to usher in the New Year! Such a welcome as was given, this New Year of 1912! I know the Old Year must have felt saddened, we were so gay in bidding it good-bye, but I am sure this year cannot bring me any better fortune than has the year just past; for 1911 has been a wonderful year to me and has found me here in a Swiss school among such interesting companions.

Yesterday seemed so long. It was so hard to recite lessons when our minds were filled with the visions of how we were to appear in our costumes. What a dive we made for our rooms and after firmly locking our doors, (for no one must discover our identity before hand), how eagerly I tried on my costume!

At last the eventful hour arrived and what excitement! For me it was a real Red Letter Day for I had never witnessed such a wonderful scene!

The rooms were brilliantly lighted and the girls seemed very much like black masked human flowers and birds. It was such fun to guess who was who!

Finally we danced. It was my first experience in dancing continuously in Swiss fashion. Around and around we spun, until I grew dizzy and the lights became one big blur, while the many colors seemed one monstrous blotch of color. My partner, a French boy, to whom I had very little to say for the simple reason that my ability to express myself in French, was very limited. At last, noticing my daze, he led me to a near by chair which had seemed far away as I looked at it through a mist of dizziness.

One of the most effective features was the huge cornicupia which hung from the center of the drawing-room. As the bells rang out the Old Year and welcomed in the New, we all gathered about this symbol of prosperity and pulled the streamers. In a shower the streamers with tiny favors attached on the ends, fell upon us and then we went for refreshments. Such dainty cakes as only the Swiss know how to make and such delicious cream!

Suddenly we all stopped our chatter and listened, for from outside came some very lovely singing. Looking out upon the moonlit yard and lawns we saw a group of choristers. How beautiful their singing was! There could be no lovelier ending to our celebration.

To-night I am very tired but happy, for I have seen one year beautifully greeted and an old year befittingly bidden farewell.

—Evelyn Cate.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

Celia Flemming was unquestionably the most popular girl in her set. By this, I mean that she had more beaux than any of her friends, and was universally envied, admired and copied by them. There was one, however, who did not covet her success in dealing with the other sex; this was Blanche Hubbard, her most intimate and all-confided-in friend.

Strictly speaking, Blanche was Celia's social inferior; for her father was a mere "transfer man" on the train of which Celia's father, Michael, was conductor. Since this particular group of society is extremely exacting in matters of rank, and since Blanche, though by no means unattractive, was by far the inferior of her friend in beauty, and wit, Celia's admirers often wondered at her unswerving loyalty to her chum. However, either because both girls were motherless, or because they had some hidden instincts in common, the two were inseparable.

"Well Cel'," Michael said to his daughter, as she entered the room, one evening, in unmistakeable gala array, "Not going out, are you?"

"Yes I am," she answered a bit sharply. "Why shouldn't I? All the work's done, and Frank —."

"I thought it was George, last time." He interposed gently.

"Well what if it was. A girl likes a change sometimes." Then a little more affectionately. "G'Night Dad."

Her father sighed. She *was* pretty, and after all he couldn't blame the boys for liking her. But somehow, Frank Reynolds had never appealed to him — he was too well dressed, too self-confident, and vastly unworthy of Celia. Now George Harding—good, steady, honest, hard-working George — was just the man for her, and besides the latter adored her.

"Well never mind," he told himself, "It's only a passing fancy. Let her have her fling. She'll have to settle down soon enough, poor child, and then she'll find how fine George is. I'm sure of *him* at any rate." With this philosophical reflection he turned resolutely to his pipe, and his paper.

Only a week after this, as Celia was returning from a shopping expedition, she was confronted at the door of the little flat which she called "home," by a white-faced, tragic-eyed, Blanche.

"Why, Hon!" she asked a bit startled, "Anything wrong?"

"Celia," stammered her friend, "There's been a wreck, and dad — and your dad —. They say ——."

"What's the matter with our dads?" Celia cried. "They're not — not — Blanche, tell me quickly. They're not — dead?" The last word came out with a gasp. The memory of all the hard things she had ever said to him, all the nights she had left him alone, came over her in a great, blinding surge.

But Blanche only knew that there had been a wreck, and someone had been killed. That was all anyone knew.

The hours dragged interminably for Celia. She knew vainely that George had been there trying to comfort her. And somehow, although he hadn't been able to say much, the clasp of his strong, sympathetic hand had helped — oh so much.

And then the first real news came, and after all, it was Blanche, not Celia, who found

herself facing the world alone; for Michael was safe, with only a few bruises to tell of his experience.

"Daddy, dear." Celia whispered as they sat together before the fire the night after. Blanche's father had been laid to rest—"George was here today."

"Well?" he prompted, noting her bright color.

"Well, and we — we think maybe some day, very soon, we'll be married, and — and have a little home of our own, and you're to live with us Daddy, and try to forget what a selfish, thoughtless daughter I've been."

"There, there." He chided gently. "We aren't going to talk any more."

Then as the full significance of her plan came over him he murmured—"poor Blanche."

"Oh, but Daddy," his daughter continued eagerly. "You haven't heard the best of it. Blanche is coming to live with us too. George thought, and so did I, that when we were so happy, we wanted everyone else to be happy. And so — and so — " and her voice trailed off into a happy silence, as they sat together in the fire-light, dreaming of days to come.

—Adele Chaffee.

A MODERN SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from December Leaves.)

"It's a friend," said the young man. "Please do not shoot. I would like to buy some toys, lots of them, enough to fill seven stockings and a taxicab. Won't you let me in?"

The door opened cautiously and the young man faced a picture. A kindly little German lady stood in the doorway with a revolver in her hand and behind her bright kimona, stood a still smaller man, bravely holding a candle. The young man swallowed his amusement and entered. "The bright array of toys dazzled his eyes. The whole place made him feel rather dizzy. "I want," he said, "I want. What do I want?"

"Maybe," said the little lady. "Maybe you want a doll."

"Yes ,that's what I want a doll, lots of them," and then gaining his bearings again, "and drums and balls and skates and a Christmas tree and . . . everything." In twenty minutes he had about bought out the store, piled the things in the taxi, and had driven back to the little gray cottage. In another instant he was inside, had rekindled the fire and quickly and quietly had gone to work.

A half hour later he viewed his labor with pride and satisfaction. The dreary little room had been changed to a fairyland. A wonderful Christmas tree fairly groaned with splendor. There were toys everywhere, all sorts and kinds. The stockings were bulging with joyful surprises. The whole room breathed Christmas cheer. He turned the lamp low, put on his overcoat and prepared to leave. "Merry Christmas," he whispered to the doll and teddy bear making love under the Christmas tree, "A Merry Christmas to you all." He started toward the door, then turned back, took the slip of paper, scratched off Mrs. Mulligan's message and underneath wrote, "Santa Claus did not forget to come." Then quietly he left the house and went home.

The next morning the Christmas sun glowed over the earth. With joy it stole to a tiny gray cottage in the outskirts of the big city and there beheld the Mulligans enjoying the merriest Christmas they had ever known. Then with satisfaction it stole to a handsome mansion on the broad avenue and beheld the "Santa Claus" of the night before, a wiser and better man.

"Glory to God in the highest," it beamed. "And on earth peace, good will toward men."

—*Doris E. Bahn*, '18.

THE LITTLE ROOM

What matter if my room is a bit small for my roommate and myself, if the table does take up a good deal of room, if its window has no great expanse of shining plate-glass? It is cosy and gay, with its soft curtains, varied pictures, and bright colored banners. We could not possibly dispense with our table — that table upon which are put all the miscellaneous items of a school girl's possessions. Hardly! And that window — that is the greatest treasure of all. From it one has a clear view of the picturesque little valley, farther, the blue, misty mountains, and, farther yet, the sky. Sometimes the sky above my mountains is a clear heavenly blue, and again gray with storm clouds; but on clear mornings it pictures all the glories of the sunrise, the beautiful, tinted cloud effects, the clear, rose colored sky, or the sun itself, appearing above the horizon.

This room, too, has been associated with very many of my happiest moments as well as my grayer ones for the past three winters. When a particular spell of the blues, for the happiest of us will have these spells, has come upon me, I have sometimes looked out of my little window over to the dim mountains, and the infinite sky far above and had comfort in their beauty, and their inspiration. If I have received a very delightful piece of news, so delightful that I could not possibly keep it to myself, I have confided it to my roommate under the ceiling of this little room. Then again, when I have happened to be alone, I have had many a good hour of quiet thought all by myself, lying on my small rug covered bed; or perhaps it would be a rose tinted day dream into which I would love to drift, far beyond the worries and vexations of everyday life.

Yes, my little room has constituted a large part of my school life and means a great deal to me, indeed.

A REVERIE

It was a golden day! The waters of the lake, sapphire-tinted, sparkled and dimpled in limped pleasure under the smile of the sun. The great bowl of the sky, only a little less blue than its diamond-strewn mirror, smiled down as if in ecstacy at being the home of such a great potentate. The trees on the shore were apparently seeking to rival one another in brilliancy of coloring, although no two could seem to agree on the same shade of orange, red or yellow, and an occasional one, still in its summer garb, tried to shrink out of sight in the throng of its more revelrent and fashionably clad neighbors. Through the forest a tiny breeze was flitting; cocqueting with a clump of golden rod here, breaking a twig there, and ever turning in its capricious path to shake some feeble leaf from its hold— and send it whirling and twisting frantically to join its fellows on the ground below.

As I stood ankle-deep in the rustling leaves, and breathed the dry fragrance of the pine needles; a sudden, strange sense of reverence and awe overcame me — Then I understood.

"Why, it's October!" I cried, and the forest murmuring faintly with its million tongues, whispered back to me—"October — Octo-be-e-er." —F. A. C., '19.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

Yesterday
Has slipped away;
God has got tomorrow.
Take today and do your part,
As your part is given —
That's the way to gladness, Heart;
That's the road to heaven!

SIGNS OF THE SEASON

The idly drifting, whirling leaves
Of red and golden brown,
That flaunt their brilliant splendidness
As they come floating down.

The nimble squirrels that dart about
To fill some hidden nest.
That winter's lack shall pass them o'er,
Nor mar their tranquil rest.

The pungent, bracing, cooling air,
The frosty nights that numb
And kill the flowers. And then—
We know October's come.

—A. C., '19.

GIFTS

"If you have the gift of song,
Use it, use it, all day long!

If you have the gift of mirth
Let it gladden all the earth!

If you have the gift of cheer,
Let it echo loud and clear!

If you have scores of content,
Be its joys on others spent;

And your Christmas dividend
Will be good will without end!"

—J. K. Bangs.

Gert Allen (translating Spanish)—I received a letter from my brother besieging me to come and visit him.

Boss—"Well Jimmie, insomuch as your grandmother died four times last year, I don't see how you'll manage to get to any of the ball games this season."

Jimmie—"Oh, that's all right. Grandpa married again, though it was much against the wishes of the family."

Mr. Amesbury—"What are stocks and bonds."

Beulah C.—"They are things which go up and down."

"What kind of a time did you have talking over your neighbors yesterday?"

"Ripping."

Binks: Well, I have just obtained a position in a munition factory.

Jinks: Ambitious for a rise, aren't you?

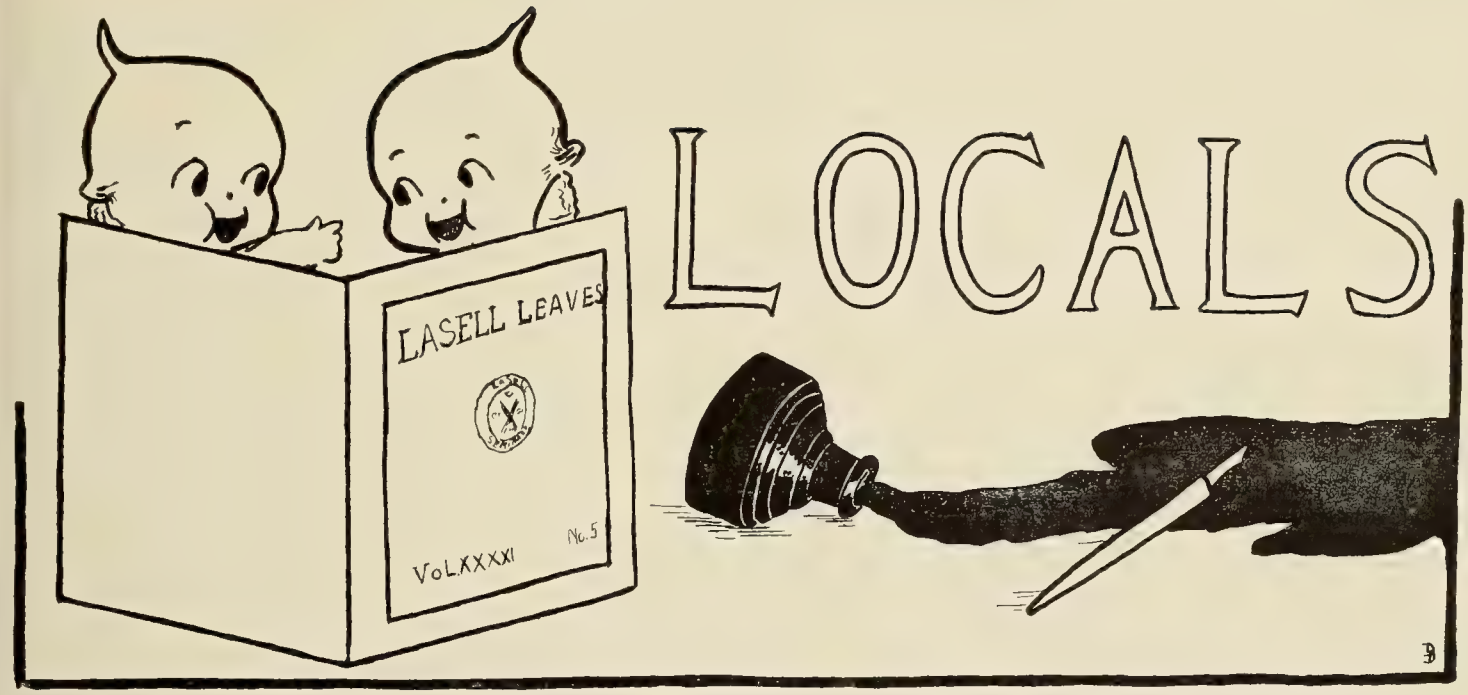
"Say Jones, how are you going to sell your new novel—in book form?"

"No, I'm going to call it 'Grape-nuts' and sell it as a serial."

Ruth Burnap—"If I ever get home so I can wash my face and comb my hands!

Coll: Was Dick surprised when you told him he had flunked Math?

Isimo: Yes; he said it never entered his head.—*Siren.*



LOCALS

Sunday evening, December third, the girls attended Vespers at the Congregational Church where they were most privileged in having the opportunity to hear the Rev. Brewer Eddy speak. Mr. Eddy, only recently returned from Europe, has studied conditions in England during the war and was able to give us a most vivid description of "Tommy Atkins, in the Camp and in the Trenches."

He told of the remarkable work being done by the Y. M. C. A.'s of this country to relieve the awful conditions in the war-devastated countries. Through them, the mail service has been adjusted, food stations established, the soldiers have been brought out of themselves and given things to occupy their minds and hands; good cheer and good will have been made to prevail among the soldiers, where moroseness and gloom abounded before.

Mr. Eddy, together with his brother, the Rev. Sherwood Eddy, has been engaged in evangelistic work in England. He mentioned the comparatively few doing that work, and spoke of the boundless opportunities for helpers. He said that the soldiers needed the individual touch of American people, and urged all to give not only of their substance, but also of their prayers. The girls returned to school, filled with the desire to help make life in these camps less sordid and miserable.

We are all eagerly looking forward to December 17, when Mr. Eddy will speak at Lasell.

December 7—The Mandolin Club was organized and chose for its officers the following girls: President, Alice Jenks; Secretary and Treasurer, Georgina Flattery; Leader, Margaret Ufford; Leader of Mandolins, Mildred Carey; Leader of Ukeleles, Mary Vivian Thair.

There are so many new players this year that we hope to have a good showing in the numbers rendered by the Mandolin Club at the Glee Club Concert.

The club chose for its accompanist Ruth Malley.

Thursday, December 7—Mr. Alexander Hollis of Allston gave us a very interesting talk on "Heraldry and Insignia," a subject which he has studied as a hobby since 1853. This theme was particularly valuable because the most of us knew so very little about it and because Mr. Hollis had a good many rare cuts and designs for illustration.

Vespers, December 10—Mrs. Johnson of Brookline gave us a very vivid account of the suffering of the French women and children. Her earnestness was so great that we were all very much affected and we resolved to do what we could to aid them.

Tuesday evening, December 12, under the auspices of the Mother's Club of Auburndale, Miss Margaret Slattery spoke at the Congregational Church. Through the kindness of the Club, we were invited to attend, and thus had the privilege of hearing Miss Slattery for the second time.

The subject taken was, "Making A Living and A Life." She brought out the fact that people are so busy making a living today, that they are prone to forget their mission in the world, that of making a life. In a most forceful way, she emphasized the supreme importance of a life as compared with a living.

Miss Slattery also spoke of the deplorable conditions existing in many of our cities today, and strongly urged, not only the citizens of Auburndale, but the citizens of every city and town, to make their streets clean and safe, and their amusements uplifting for the young people and children. 'While they are young is the time to set before them high ideals, for this is the formative period of their life. What they are and what kind of things they choose when they are young, the same kind of persons and the same kind of things they will probably be and choose when they are older.'

For over an hour we were entertained and inspired by her talk. Sometime in the future, we hope to have Miss Slattery speak at Lasell.

Wednesday, December 13—We enjoyed another lecture at the Congregational Church. The speaker was the well-known Dr. Max Eastman, who spoke on the subject of "What Is Humor and Why?" He called a joke a disappointment and divided jokes into two classes. The first came under practical jokes—in which it is expected that the jokes will be on somebody else, but instead they are turned and received by the joker. The second class he called poetic jokes. These involve pure, liquid humor. He said that a joke is like a bee because it loses its sting the first time you find it has one.

The students and townspeople were all greatly entertained by the informal but lively lecture.

December 17—At the Christmas Vespers a splendid address was given by the Rev. Brewer Eddy, the text being taken from Luke 2:7, "There was no room for Him in the Inn." After dwelling briefly upon the apparent failure of Christianity, Mr. Eddy brought out in a very telling way the unseen victories of Christ. Although crowded out from places of great power and wealth, he has always found room in the hearts of devoted followers. 'He has never touched a life but to beautify it.' Mr. Eddy closed with an appeal to us to make room for Christ in our lives, for American womanhood has been specially blest by his coming.

Appropriate music was delightfuly given by the Glee Club under the direction of Miss Goodrich. The entire program follows:—

Part I

Prelude ..... *Organ*
Miss Marjorie Morrison

Processional. Hymn 111
Scripture
Hymn 112
Prayer
Holy Art Thou..... *Handel*
Glee Club

The Shepherds.....*Cornelius*
Solo, Miss Flattery
While Shepherds Watched.....*Praetorius*
Glee Club
No Candle was There.....*Lehmann*
Miss Morse

Part II.

Cradle Song .....*Gavaert*
Glee Club
Address
Rev. Brewer Eddy
The Christ Child.....*Cornelius*
Miss MacMillan
Hark the Herald Angels Sing.....*Shelley*
Glee Club
Recessional Hymn 114

On Tuesday morning December nineteenth about five-thirty, everyone was awakened by the jingle of sleigh-bells, followed by the S-E cheer from the Seniors which brought all the lower classmen to the windows to see what was happening. Out there, in the cold grey of the winter dawn, stood the Senior Class making a weird picture in their newly acquired caps and gowns. These treasured possessions they announced to us in the following song:—

Cap and Gown Song

Today in caps and gowns we come before you all
With pride to show these symbols of our Seniorhood
We hold these as ideals high
For the work in years to come
And we hope we'll ever loyal be
To our Alma Mater fair.

No more had this song been finished, than little flash-lights were brought into view and flashed on the tiny Senior class pins of which they told us in this song:—

Seniors gay now come before you,
Happier today,
Than in days gone by
Wearing these emblems with pride
So each little lamp of knowledge
Spells but one word for us
S–e–n–i–o–r–s
Seniors of Lasell.

At breakfast the Juniors lined up in a double row and when the Seniors entered in double file they were each presented with a lovely rosebud. They sang as they entered:—

Sing your song girls,
Sing your song girls
We know you have one
We want to hear it
And we hope that in the future
You will hurry just a bit.

Then after all joining in the singing of "Alma Mater," breakfast proceeded in the usual fashion, although the Seniors at the heads of the tables experienced some difficulty in pouring as their sleeves persisted in getting in the way, but we hope that through time and experience this difficulty will be overcome.

The Seniors wish to thank the Juniors for their thoughtfulness and good will in presenting them each with the rosebuds which helped to make this a day remembered for all time by the Class of 1917.

Dec. 16—In the gymnasium, the Christian Endeavor Society gave a charming Christmas pantomine in three acts. First, we were given a glimpse of a happy home where a wonderful Christmas tree was being trimmed by a small child and her fond parents. Secondly, we were led to the poor home of a widow and her child, by Santy and the first little girl acting as guides. The third scene showed them

all happily united in the first home and enjoying the delights of giving and receiving.

The parts were admirably taken by the following:—

Santa Claus.....Norma MacMillan
Child of wealth.....Irene Lederer
Father.....Alice Jenks
Mother.....Dorothy Barnes
Widow.....Dorothy Stewart
Her daughter.....Dorothy Packard

On November 28, the meeting was led by Miss Packard, who spoke about expressing in words our thankfulness to God. At this meeting instead of using the usual hymnals, the girls sang those used by Billy Sunday in his campaign.

If you want to boom your magazine
Write an article or two
Don't leave all the work for others
Help a little — this means Y O U !

Man: Much dust on me porter?
Porter: Bout twenty cents wuth, sah.

During Christmas Vacation

Mrs. Brown: Now Tommy, you must go in and wash yourself.

Tommy: Ma, if you keep up this washing business you'll spoil my whole vacation.

Miss True: "Some adjectives, such as dangerous, meaning full of danger, and hazardous, full of hazard, come from nouns."

"Can anyone give me another example?"

E. Vance: "Yes ma'am, pious -- full of pie."

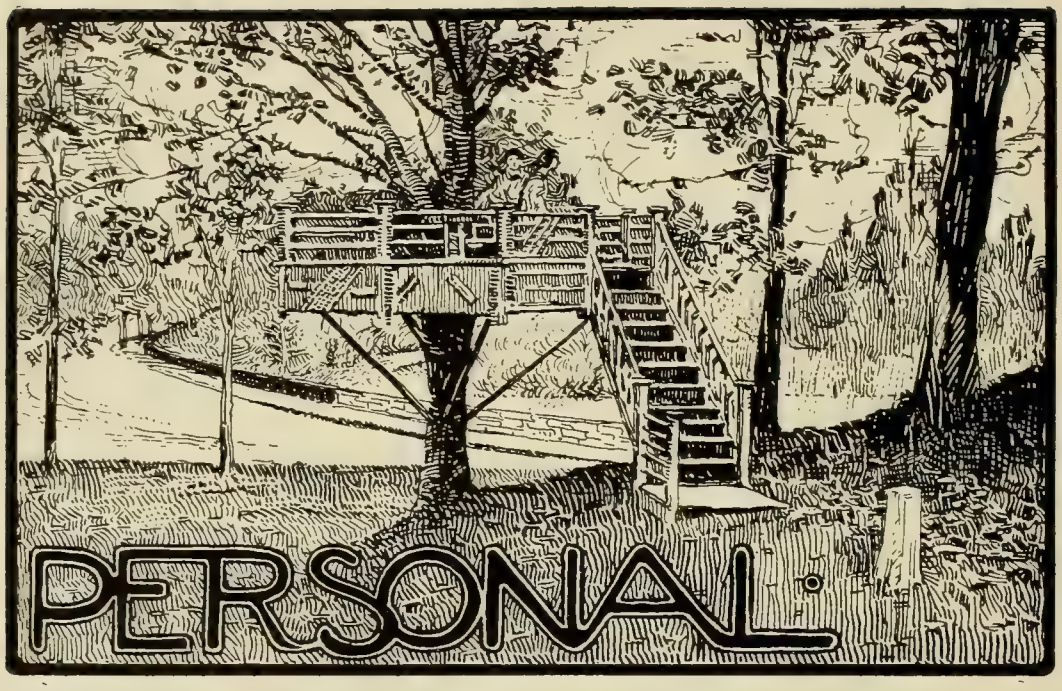
CHRISTMAS DINNER

The evening of Monday, December 18, we had our annual Christmas dinner and exchanged our "slams" all of which were very clever and amusing. The tables, which were decorated by the ingenuity of the Seniors at each table, were all very attractive. The gaily tied, tissue paper wrapped boxes and bundles containing the mysterious "slams" gave a very festive appearance. Towards the close of the meal, Gertrude Buettner, rigged out in a splendid Santa Claus suit brought the mail down to each table. The "slams" were given to the Christian Endeavor Society who are going to distribute them to the little children of Auburndale who in turn may get some fun from them.

"I understand that Mrs. Flubdub entertained some of her neighbors informally yesterday."

"Yes, she and her cook had a quarrel on the front porch."—*Kansas City Journal.*

1916 has past into the land of memories and the little new year 1917 has come to take its place. This little new year has practically the same situation to face as 1916 had a year ago. Although there is talk of peace, the great war in Europe is till waging, and not all the credit for the saving of the nation's honor is due to the men who are at the front bearing the brunt of the battle, nor to the men who are directing them, but a *great* deal is due to the women. It is the woman who must stay at home and endure that awful suspence of not knowing whether that big handsome boy who went off so gaily, is still alive and well or not "somewhere in France," or in any of the other countries where the fighting is going on. Not many of the women, however, stay at home and brood over what cannot be helped by them, but those who are able go forth and take the places of the men in the business world, for a war cannot go on without money, food and munitions. By their unceasing and unselfish toil, the women are producing all of these. Many of our American women, used to all the comforts that wealth can bring, are showing their sterling worth by nursing the wounded soldiers at the front. No one can tell when the time will come, when our fatherland may cail upon us, its women, to come to the front and aid in upholding our nation's honor. Our country may never need us, but it can never harm us to be prepared for that possible time, and by such preparedness we may be saved many a trying experience. So self-reliance is an asset that no modern girl can afford to be without. A few years ago, it was considered a matter of impropriety for a woman to enter a hotel and register for herself, especially at night, but one woman, a former teacher in our own Lasell did that and because she was self-reliant and independent, she demanded respect for herself and received the same courtesy as though she had been escorted by a man. Necessity made her meet the situation in a strong, womanly way—and she opened the door for other women, similarly placed. As there may be such opportunities awaiting many of us, to establish a new custom for womenly women, let us all resolve here to make our New Year's resolution to learn preparedness for any situation.



Happy New Year to the Lasell brides and grooms and to the dear young Lasell girls who are on the way to their wedding day.

On November fifteenth Minnie May Trimble became Mrs. Charles Philip Waldron. After February first they will be at home at Brown Apartments, Des Moines, Iowa.

Florence Gates and Milton Sternberger were married on the fifth of December. Their address is 290 Stonewall Place, Memphis, Tennessee.

December twelfth was Jean Humbird's wedding day when she became Mrs. James Frank Dickason. The wedding occurred at Spokane, Washington.

The wedding of Hannah Perot Morris and Charles Leslie Crouse occurred on the twelfth of November. They will be at home at 514 Luzerne Street, Westmont, Johnstown, Pennsylvania after February first.

On the fourteenth of December Hazel Bailey Drew became Mrs. Robert Miller Adair. After February first they will be at home at 1126 Bryden road, Columbus, Ohio.

December twenty-seventh Florence Lane, '07, became Mrs. Frederic S. Staebner.

The wedding of Eleanor E. Smith and Allan Irving Dean occurred on the sixth day of January.

The engagement of Ruth Elsbeth Trowbridge, '13, to Stuart Franklin Brown has been announced.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Gertrude Mae Baker, '16, to Ray Martin Davis.

On Christmas Day the engagement of Ruth Vollrath, '12, was announced to Hugh Ross of Evanston, Illinois.

The Christmastide brought to Lasell many dear girls who brightened the closing days and their presence made us feel that they "still belong."

Among these most welcome guests at the close of the year were Maud Wetherbee, '15, and Susan Tiffany, '15. Maud looked so "rosy and rested" we could hardly believe that she is a "hard working business woman" but we must take her word for it and this time Maud was not joking as the attractive menus of the Food Shop would indicate. When we saw the pictures and read the enticing quotations as well as the list of goodies, we felt very much like starting back with Maud to taste for ourselves her wares. Susan

was talking a little about spending part of the winter in Washington, D. C. We shall probably hear more definitely of that plan later.

Edna May Beaver made a New Year's call and reported a very successful art sale at the Christmas time. She has a large business plan for the future and we wish her all success.

Mary L. Cummings, '13, favored us with a call. She has been taking a business course at Burdett's in Boston; we only wish she had come home earlier and oftener.

Kathryn Patterson has had several calls from her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Viot. They cannot come too often. We like Kathryn for her own self because she is so likeable, but we are glad also that her being here brings her aunt (Laura M. Case, '94) back to Lasell at least occasionally.

Among the four new girls to enter Lasell at mid-year are Dorothea Strain, a cousin of our dear Clara Strain, from Great Falls, Mont., Helen Patten from Brewer, Maine, and Ruth Young and Vernice Hartpence from Newark, New Jersey.

We are glad to report Mademoiselle Le Royer as just about well. She expects soon to resume her school duties. We shall certainly be very glad to welcome her home.

We have just learned with pleasure that Mrs. Mullikin, the mother of our Art teacher, will be a resident of Auburndale for the remaining months of the school year.

Among the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow the last of the year was Mrs. Miriam Loomis, the former head of our Domestic Science Department.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and our preceptress take this opportunity to thank the host of loyal friends among the Lasell girls who remembered them with Christmas greetings. They would be glad to send a special letter to each girl, but for fear they will not get round the long loving list, they beg to extend their word of appreciation in this way and also send best wishes for 1917.

Auburndale this year for the first time rejoiced in a Community Christmas Tree. (By the way, our Mr. Wagner was the prime instigator of this custom here.) One of the dear incidents of that evening is so clearly connected with Lasell that we want to share it with the girls who are friends of Dr. Winslow's little folk. For the first time wee Donald was allowed to stay up and go to the Tree. He was greatly impressed and although a very sleepy little boy, was filled with the Chrismas spirit, and begged his mother to allow him "to make his own prayer." She consented, and Donald prayed:

"I am so glad it is your birthday dear God and I hope you have a very, very, Merry Christmas. Amen."

We feel sure that this prayer was one of the acceptable ones offered at this blessed Yuletide.

The glad Yuletide was saddened for our dear Mrs. Winslow and her family by the rather sudden passing away of her mother on December thirtieth at her home in Orleans, Vermont. Those of us who had had the privilege of meeting and knowing Mrs. Austin could appreciate the tender and beautiful tribute which appeared in the Orleans County Monitor. She was indeed one of those sweet, rare souls, the passing of whom is a great loss to the community, as well as the circle of close friends. Both Mrs. Austin and her husband, the late Judge Austin, were actively identified in the forming of the Congregational Church in their home town. Mrs. Austin's help and interest will be sorely missed. Our tenderest and most affectionate sympathy is extended to our Princpal, Mrs. Winslow, and the family in this hour of bereavement.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Our exchanges are increasing
Books from far and wide are here,
If you're weary, look them over;
They will banish care and fear."

—Exchange.

Lasell Leaves—Your excellent cuts and photographs help much toward making yours an interesting paper.—Keene Kronicle, Keene, N. H.

Lasell Leaves—Your literary department excels. The personal editor is doing good work. "Touchdown" is something new in college stories.—Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.

Lasell Leaves—Out of twelve members of your staff, five have the name of Dorothy. It seems to be a favorite name with you.—Headlight, Richmond, Ind.

Lasell Leaves—We notice in several places such as the Personal and Supplement departments, your endeavor to keep in touch with the Alumnae and former students. Keep it up! It is a good idea, for none of us want to drop into oblivion, when we leave school.—Imp, Brighton, Mass.

Lasell Leaves—Your cuts and photographs are an attraction missed in most exchanges.—Hallock School Record, Great Barrington, Mass.

TO OUR EXCHANGES

At this merry season its easy to find.
The best in your jokes, your prose and your rhyme,
Accept as a gift our praises sincere
From us, you'll have, this time, no comments Severe!

The Quill, Staten Island Academy—Your December number is most entertaining! It could well be more "Christmasy." Your very good jokes help to make up for the lack of Christmas cheer.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Aegis, Beverly High School—Yours is a dandy little paper — we might say — "It's little but what it lacks in quantity it more than makes up for in quality.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Ye Harcourte Mayde, Harcourt Place School—Your last issue shows us that "Ye Harcourte Maydes," surely are gifted with a fine sense of humor.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Iris, Philadelphia High School—Greetings! Iris! We think you are first rate. Your cuts are very original and add greatly to your paper.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Hallock School Record, Great Barrington, N. Y.; *Folio,* Flushing; *Owl,* Middletown; *Quarterly Tatler,* New York City; *Clarion,* Rochester; *Shucis,* Schenectady; *Guill,* Staten Island; *Recorder,* Syracuse; *Academic Observor,* Utica; *Lit,* Watertown; *Ramble,* Cornwall-on-Hudson; *Student,* Rochester; *Commerce Caravel,* New York City; *Bluebird,* New York City; *Sunnyside,* Tarrytown-on-Hudson; *Oak Leaves,* Saratoga Springs; *Optimist,* Buffalo; *Hillbilly,* Asheville, N. C.; *Tatler,* Elizabeth City; *Universsity School News,* Cleveland, Ohio; *Ye Harcourt Mayde,* Gambier; *Mirror,* Bethlehem, Pa.; *Leo Collines,* Philadelphia; *Iris,* Philadelphia; *Scroll,* Washington; *Raduorite,* Wayne; *Wise Acres,* Ambler; *Garnet and Gray Review,* Swarthmore; *Academy Monthly,* Philadelphia; *Dickinson Union,* Williamsport; *Villa Marion,* Frazer; *Columbian,* Columbia, S. C.; *Cerberus,* Charleston, S. C.; *Comet,* Austin, Tex.; *H. S. News,* Beaumont; *Tatler,* El Paso; *Maroon and Gray,* Dallas; *Prism,* Brownwood; *Missile,* Petersburg, Va.; *Student,* Portsmouth, Va.; *Dial,* Brattleboro, Vt.; *Student,* Manchester, Vt.; *Ward Belmont Hyphen,* Nashville, Tenn.

1

"What's the use of knocking
When everything seems to go wrong?
Just keep on a shoving
And lighten the way with a song.

2

The world has no use for the knocker,
The man with a tale of woe;
For he is proclaimed as a mocker
Who deserts to the side of the foe.

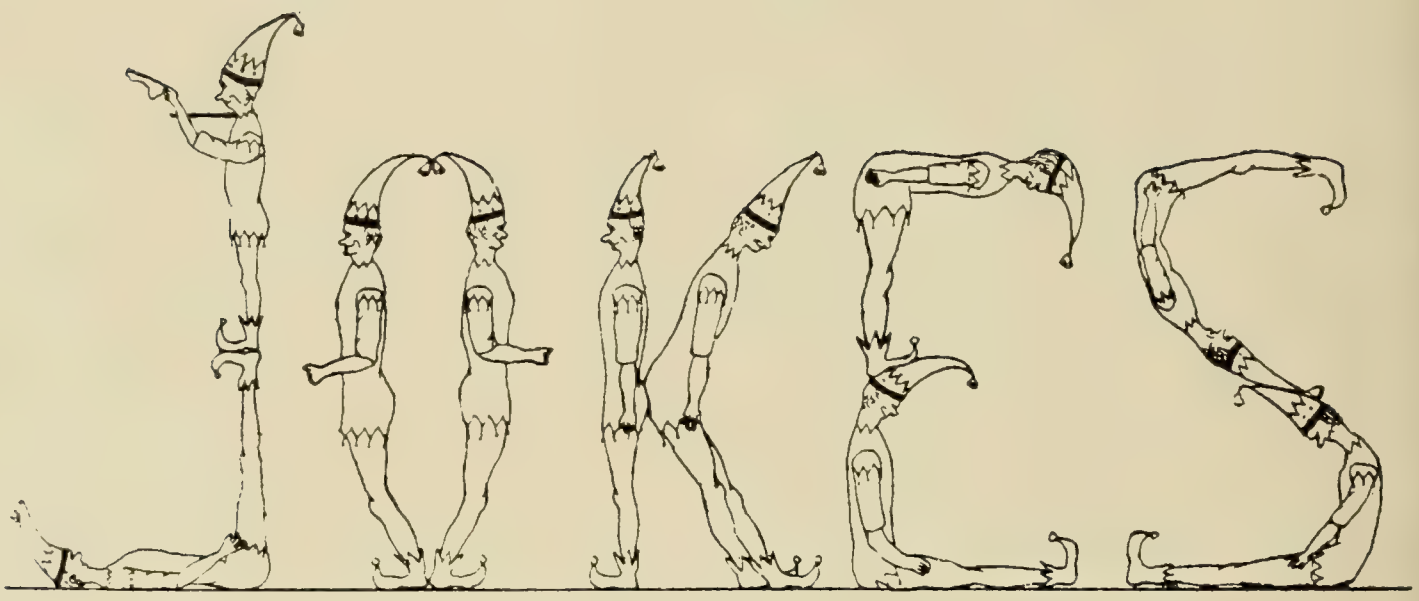
3

But the world admires the booster,
The man of strength and might,
For he's honored as a helper
Who makes others see light.

4

What's the use of complaining
When cares beset the brow?
Just keep on a pushing
And resolve to do it now."

(by permission).



"One of those days is none of these days

Nobody ever accomplished anything tomorrow.

A soft answer turneth away wrath but never a zero.

A pessimist is one who, of two evils, chooses them both.

Look before you sleep.

All is not bold that titters.

That it is better to make fast friends than friends fast.

What is home without another?

Could you Imagine?

A fire drill during a test?

The period bell as you are called upon to recite?

No lessons assigned for Tuesday?

Every student on the subscription list for a year? Neither could we.

Miss Witherbee: What is the difference between to behold and to see?

G. Allen: The spelling.

ANOTHER

"Why don't the new Fords make as much noise as the old models?"

"Because they've taken the brass band off the radiator."

Superstitution

D. Stewart: "Do you think dreams are unlucky?"

B. Reagen: "They certainly are if they come in school hours."

Miss Rand: (Correcting bible papers) But where do you get the word pointly.

A. Long: I just coined it.

Miss Rand: Then it's a counterfeit

We would like to add "a word to the wise is sufficient," but we don't get the point.

A Query Answered

No, Eleanor, current literature does not necessarily treat of currants.

Dick B.: I was reduced from a millionaire to this condition in an instant.

Joe B.: How?

Dick B.: Alarm clock!

After the Ceremony

Tom: Have you seen the wedding gifts, old man.

Dick: No, not yet. Well, wait a moment, I'll get one of the detectives to escort you thru.

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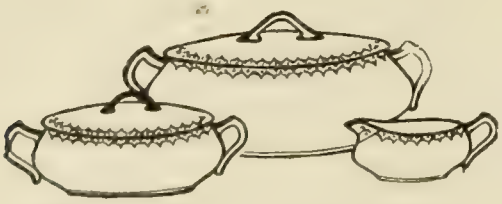

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Vol. XXXXII No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1917

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CONTENTS

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

A Letter ..... *Nellie Wong* 5

The Test ..... *Elizabeth Carlisle* 8

Two Days with a Pennsylvania Dutchman's Diary 9

At Midnight 11

LOCALS 12

EDITORIAL 15

PERSONAL 16

EXCHANGES 19

JOKES 20

South Pasadena High School,
South Pasadena, California.
March 31, 1915.

My Dear Cornelia:

The trip here has been a lonely one; there was a terrible storm just before reaching Golden Gate. But the sun shone brightly on the day of our arrival. I could see the street cars coming and going even far away from the harbor, and the houses beyond on the hilltops. The buildings in San Francisco are similar to those in China, all being very high, constructed of bricks and trimmed as it were with window boxes, in which grow bright colored flowers.

I stayed a week there with the Gaults, who were very dear friends of Mother's, having many strange experiences and seeing many strange sights. Although my visit was very interesting, yet I decided I didn't like San Francisco, because some of the people are not kind to the Chinese. Here there is a school for the children of our people only, for we are not permitted to attend the public schools for the American children. This school is in a very unattractive section of San Francisco, being situated in the very worst part of Clay street, where "The Tong Wars" occur. I could not help thinking how the lives of the children are endangered when these wars happen almost daily and many of the Chinese are either killed or injured.

The school itself is a very unpleasant looking building, for it is nothing more than just a large gray rectangular box surrounded with the awful ruins of the San Francisco fire. There is no play-ground at all, the children being obliged to cross the street to play on the Mission School yard. The boys and girls are in separate rooms. They look very old-fashioned, for they still wear the loose jackets and pantaloons, the boys retaining the pig-tails and the girls combing their hair up into a coil as did those a half a century ago in our own country.

Because of this ill feeling of the Americans for the Chinese in the Bay cities, I left for the south where you see I am still living. I reached my destination on New Year's Day and was surprised to find everything still and not a sound of fire-crackers to be heard any-

where; nor was there a dragon parade on the street. I was told that people of America do not make much of the New Year. How different it is with us in China, when the ground is all covered with bits of paper from the burning of fire crackers which have been shot off to drive away the evil spirits of the Old Year. There in the garden are the likey corenut trees laden with golden nuts, looking down to the many kit gonfare growing at there feet in great profusion with their turkey red blossoms and dark green, oblong leaves mingled with the large chrysanthemums, which seem to be smiling to their friendly neighbors, sue sinfare (chinese lilies). These sisterly flowers around the feet of these trees, set out with out plan, bore in their very carelessness of arrangement the New Year's symbol of care-freeness. And there, playing and dancing under these trees, are the little girls in their red silk, loose jackets richly embroidered with gold threads to form a round yoke and fastening on the side with gold buttons, and wearing the little pantaloons to match. I can even hear the tinkle of the bells around their ankles as their tiny feet, no longer than three inches, trip in very gladness for the holiday.

Here all the rich and poor are alike in having just the first day of the year from work. In China there is considerable difference between the two classes; I can picture to myself the rich girls as they spend their times in playing cards till far past midnight while the only living thing that breaks the stillness of the night is the peddler out in the dark street calling out "Wanten-Mie Yat Wantentmie," (Noodle soup, hot noodle soup) which tells the girls that bed time has long since past. Then all throw down the cards and come to the door with soup bowls and a few cents to wait for the peddler to come by. Slowly, but surely he comes. First they see the wooden buckets, one on each end of a bamboo stick, which rests on his shoulders; the bucket in front contains a little burning charcoal stove, with a light which serves as a lamp to guide him through the darkness of the street and to keep warm the pot of noodle soup; the other bucket behind contains the food and dishes for later wanderers of the street.

At broad daylight the poor girls with weary and hungry looks carry a shallow, square, wicker basket, containing bits of cloths, needles, threads, and various sewing materials. From one end of the street to the other they go hoping that some passerby may give them some mending to do, so that they may earn a cent or two. They go about the streets on their small bound feet, some no longer than two inches, all wearing black jackets opening at the left side and their hair smoothly combed back in a coil from their forehead. It is hard for an American to understand the New Year customs in our country at this holiday season, even if he lives in China, because he has not been accustomed in his own country to such gaiety as we have. The American women have just as many duties as the men do. Their responsibilities are great as mothers, and wives. Then too, domestic help is so expensive that only a few can afford to keep constant help and therefore it is impossible for them to celebrate the New Year as we do in China.

I have been especially surprised at the way the men and women are married here in America. Theirs customs are far different from ours. The boys and girls here generally meet each othr first at some social function or through school. Then the man thinks he likes the girl, goes to the girl's home to call, takes her out to parties, theaters and various places, and brings her flowers and candy, etc. At last they fall in love with each other and the

man asks the girl to marry him, and she accepts his addresses. Thus they are engaged, the girl wearing on the third finger of the left hand the diamond ring, which he gives her. Then she gets ready to marry, tells her friends about her future husband, and talks about him almost hourly. After all the preparations have been arranged they go to a church to be married by a priest, then off to some place by themselves for some time, which experience the people call a "honey moon trip."

I wonder what the American girl would think about Chinese marriage customs where the girl and man never see each other before the day of the ceremony. Only the match maker, whom the bridegroom's parents send to the bride's house to arrange the match sees the bride, and then only a glimpse of her; for she runs for dear life to hide in some closet for fear of being seen. The date for the marriage is set, and in the meanwhile the bride-to-be must remain in the confinement of her room for fear any man or even her brothers or father may see her. During these months she is obliged to cry over all her relatives both of the dead and of the living in order to show her respects to them for her bringing-up and to show how sorry she is to leave her old home. At last the wedding day comes. Dressed in a simple dress, her head covered with a red handkerchief she is carried to the wedding chair which conveys her to her husband's home. Fire crackers are burned just as she leaves her old home and just as she arrives at her husband's place. She is conveyed by the match maker over the flame of light in a pan, lest by any chance she be accompanied by evil influences. Then the bridegroom comes into the bride's room and takes the red handkerchief off her head. He sees her now for the first time, but goes away without saying a word to the bride. If an American girl should find herself in such a situation, I am afraid there would be an unquiet evening in that house and I am positively certain that she could not endure the following nights when all the friends of her husband come to tease the bride. She wears a gorgeous and elaborate costume of red, with huge open work collar, loose jacket and long ribbon-like arrangement of skirt, and a glistening red and gold bridal crown on her head with a veil of pearls looped back from her face; she appears arch and smiling. Then all the men when they see her coming into the room, demand that the groom and the bride walk around the room together and hold each other's hands, and that the pearl veil be hooked back in order that all may see her face. She is made to ask her husband what he gains by marrying her and other similar questions. Then she has to go around the room saluting and offering tea to the various gentlemen, and in all this teasing she must be quiet and gentle even if they are rude to her, because all these actions are to prove the test of her character, cleverness and patience. Only one of these teasings would put an American girl all out of temper and I think the men would run pretty fast so that there would be no chance of their staying till three o'clock in the morning.

My letter is pretty long now, but I must tell you about the American dress and the school. Here the styles are always changing making it very hard for me to picture them to you for by the time this letter reaches you the fashion may have changed six different times. There is usually this much about them, however, they are tight around the waist, which causes uncomfortableness and the skirts are often long, so that they gather filth and dirt from the streets. Of course I should like our comfortable jackets and pantaloons to wear to school, but I am afraid

they would not be considered proper here; so I wear American dresses.

The school that I attend is composed of three large separate buildings, all covered with evergreen, with wide play-grounds in the back and sloping green lawns in the front. The only objection I have to the American schools is that the students must be watched by the teacher, for once they are let loose they talk like magpies. But here goes the sixth period bell so I shall have to tell you of my studies some other time. Good-bye till I hear from you.

Yours ever,

Nellie Wong.

THE TEST

This was to be the best game of the season, the one to give victory in the intercollegiate games either to Pennsylvania or Princeton From early spring, as soon as the weather permitted, the men had been practicing faithfully, going out every day and often neglecting their studies to keep up in baseball. Among the many who tried out were the two good friends, Dick Randolph and Bob Hardman, now in their Sophomore year. They had long known each other, having gone to high school together and been room-mates in college. Dick had played first base on the school team one year, while his chum had played left field, and had been made catcher the next year, a fact which caused Dick just a little jealousy and discontent; for that had always been his own most cherished ambition. Baseball, though, was really only a small part of their school life and the end of the season found them just as good friends as ever.

The next fall they started in at Penn together and had made the winter on the whole, a successful one. Bob had gone down in his work once or twice, and Dick, too, but each pulled up again, and they were always ready to help each other out of difficulty. When spring came, and baseball started up once more, they were early out on the field. Unfortunately both played at the same position, that of catcher. Day after day, week after week of steady practicing followed; but neither proved strong enough for the team. It was hard for them at first, because they had been among the leaders in high school; now, at college, they soon found themselves not so important. They bore their disappointment well, however, and waited hopefully until another year should give new opportunity.

There were many other things happening at the University to occupy their time. With their work pressing, the days passed quickly enough and it did not seem long before they found themselves starting in on a new athletic year, and beginning baseball again. When the coach asked for candidates, these two men were among the first to offer. They must have been more determined this year, for they worked harder than ever before, neither one willing to let the other get the better of him. So evenly matched were they that it was hard even for the coach to decide which one played better. In spite of their work the team was chosen and Dick and Bob were only subs; this fact, after all was not entirely discouraging, for they could still entertain hopes. The first game of the season was with Dartmouth, a successful one for Penn. Then followed various game, some smaller and some bigger, but all preparing the team for the final one—with Princeton. Few years pass without someone's being injured, and this time the team was suffering the loss of its catcher whose leg had been broken in one of the games. This meant that either Dick or Bob would probably take his place.

As the day drew near, each waited eagerly to hear; for the coach had told them both

merely to be ready and had said that he could not decide immediately which one it should be. Of course they practised harder than ever now, each trying to outdo the other. The day came, and Bob was chosen. When Dick heard that, his first thought was that it mustn't be; he simply couldn't let Bob get ahead of him like that. The thought seemed almost unendurable; he even felt as though he would like to get rid of Bob on the spot. The morning passed with but few words between them; but all the while Dick was thinking, thinking, planning. In the afternoon the team went on the field, and in spite of his disappointment, Dick went with them. Hardly had they arrived, however, when Bob received a telegram saying, "Come home immediately, father ill." Now, of course, Dick had his chance, but with it a guilty conscience. Mr. Hardman was at his office as usual, when his son arrived home after the long and anxious journey; then it was, that he realized the trick that had been played on him.

The following year when Bob returned to the University, it was not to room with his former friend, in whom he had once had so much faith; no, nor even to speak to him again. He found other friends who were too true to be corrupted by so small a thing as the ambition for a place on a baseball team.

Elizabeth Carlisle, '17.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon aid.

Editor *Lasell Leaves*.

Dear Miss:—Having seen in one of your worthy numbers the notice of a short story competition, I have taken the liberty of sending you this little essay which reached my hands while teaching school in a country town in Pennsylvania. The work is very well done, and, although not of any special literary value, the essay is very amusing. If I do not intrude on your good will I would like to add that the author is very much in need of encouragement, so that to print this essay among your splendid works would, indeed, be an aid to the ambitious.

I'm ever your humble Servant,

Ichabod Crane.

TWO DAYS WITH A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN'S DIARY

By Villiam.

May 8.—Ches dere it vas our Sally alvays sait she vouldt gif me such an invitation to there dantz und now alreaty she id done had. Ach, but such thrills wot it me gived dere it vas in dat liddle vite enwelope a liddle kart wot red—

Lasell Seminary
June 7, 1916
R. S. V. P. Dancing

Of korse I knowed it vas our Sally wot it an me sent, shur and who else vould on me think. I could read id, ma alvays said dat I a good lerning get must, so I went to that there willage school fur three years afore I made start for Pap on the farm to help. Vell, now weren't that just like our Sally she vould never a friend ferget; so I run to Ma. "Ach Ma. Guggle mal es ist for Sally ankom." "Ja aber," says ma ven she grabs it from my hands out. "Villy but vot does do R. S. V. P. stand for, ain't it just like dese here highbrow joints to put vot a body can't understand. But go run it by dy Pap once und see vot he says it makes."

But I already understoot vot dot ment, I

wasn't to school for nichts, so I told ma dot it an answer wanted. "So, I gif you right," she says, "und now must ve must you some goot duds get, out before the house vill you the horse find, tie him loose und this mummidog vill ve by the willage go und und you the scheckegohouse und hogh hut bezahlen; donnerwetter of mein son vill I be sehr proud.

Thus I got ready for the dance with Sally.

June 7.—Here I have since 6:00 o'clock this morning by the Zug been going und you can bet that I have tired. But here I be back in my room in that ther park in Newton. The hop iss ofer und for that auch I am truly thankful. Such a dizziness I nefer haf had und nefer again. But I tell you later now must I get to the beginning once.

Here I come mit the Zug at half past fife by the station at this here Newton place. Sally iss there for me to meet so of korse I ain't bothering were we are to go next, und anyway who vould vorry ven they iss looking into such a purty face as she has a smiling at me up like as tho she vas a kissin' that old horse the vay she did when she vas back home by us.

"So you haf come for me to meet Sally," dot iss mity fine. Yes, but don't you try to kiss me that way here, she says, she vas gettin uppy like already yet unt not in that a school a whole year yet. But I say nothing und ve go to this here hotel place where she leaves me to get dressed fur the big party.

Vell now onced I seen Pap get into a rig like vot I must put on, but watching ain't just the same as putting on those there things and I gif you right, I had sometime to enclose myself in that rigamarole.

So now had I mein toilet completed unt I sauntered 4th for to meet mein Sally. I had not wery far ge gotten when I found I had myself gelost sein so up I vent to a guy who by the corner stood und asked him polite like vere I this here Lasell Seminary find could. "G'wan," he says, "you don't want Lasell Seminary, you want Matawan." Vell now I don't know vot iss Matawan but I knew I didn't want do such place so I tells him polite like, "Your a lier I vant vot I first says. You know that there rough feller just took a stick from out under his coat with the blue buttons and hit me till I landed in such a pudmuddle und got all over with dirt becovered.

Vell after going many streets over and many corners round I come by such a large buildings where there vas fine music out coming from one of them. I vent up to the feller vot must haf owned the dance fer he vas in such swell clothes und opened und closed the door for everybody vot vanted in or aus to go. Vell I sais I must polite to him sei for Ma hat mich saght anjederman polite zu werden, so I says to him "Gute efening, it iss to me a great pleasure for your acquaintance to be making." Now who could be more polite than that and vould you think it that dumbkopk only looked at me und vould not one sinkle thing say. Vell then by comes Sally with on her face such a vorried expression that even I vould her hardly know. I takes off my hochhut and to her goot efening says but she nefer efen me notices. This makes me wery bad feel but not so worse as ven this here owner feller me right into the street out pushes und me all the vay from Penna. for that there party gekommen hed too.

So I pockets my emotions and comes back here by the hotel place vere I write in my book all vot happens ist. I still lofes my Sally und before I her tomorrow morning leave vill I her some wiolets mit this poem give. I lof this here poem it iss so sweet it makes like this:

I send to you these Wiolets
In token that we two haf met,
Und hope dat we already yet,
Once more again togedder get.

AT MIDNIGHT

Poets and artists are inspired by imagination. Yet did you ever stop to consider what a ghastly thing imagination may sometimes be? Did you ever wake up in the dead of night and imagine?

One night last summer, when all the men in the house had gone to Poughkeepsie for the boat races, we decided to take advantage of the situation and get to bed early. By ten o'clock, the house was in absolute silence.

It seemed to me like years afterward, when I was awakened by the shrill sound of the door-bell, echoing throughout the large, still place. I looked at my watch and saw that the two hands were colliding with each other on the number twelve. The twelve seemed larger and more impressing than ever, by the dim light of the last quarter. I recalled that in all the ghost stories I had ever read, the awful, wierd things occurred at exactly twelve.

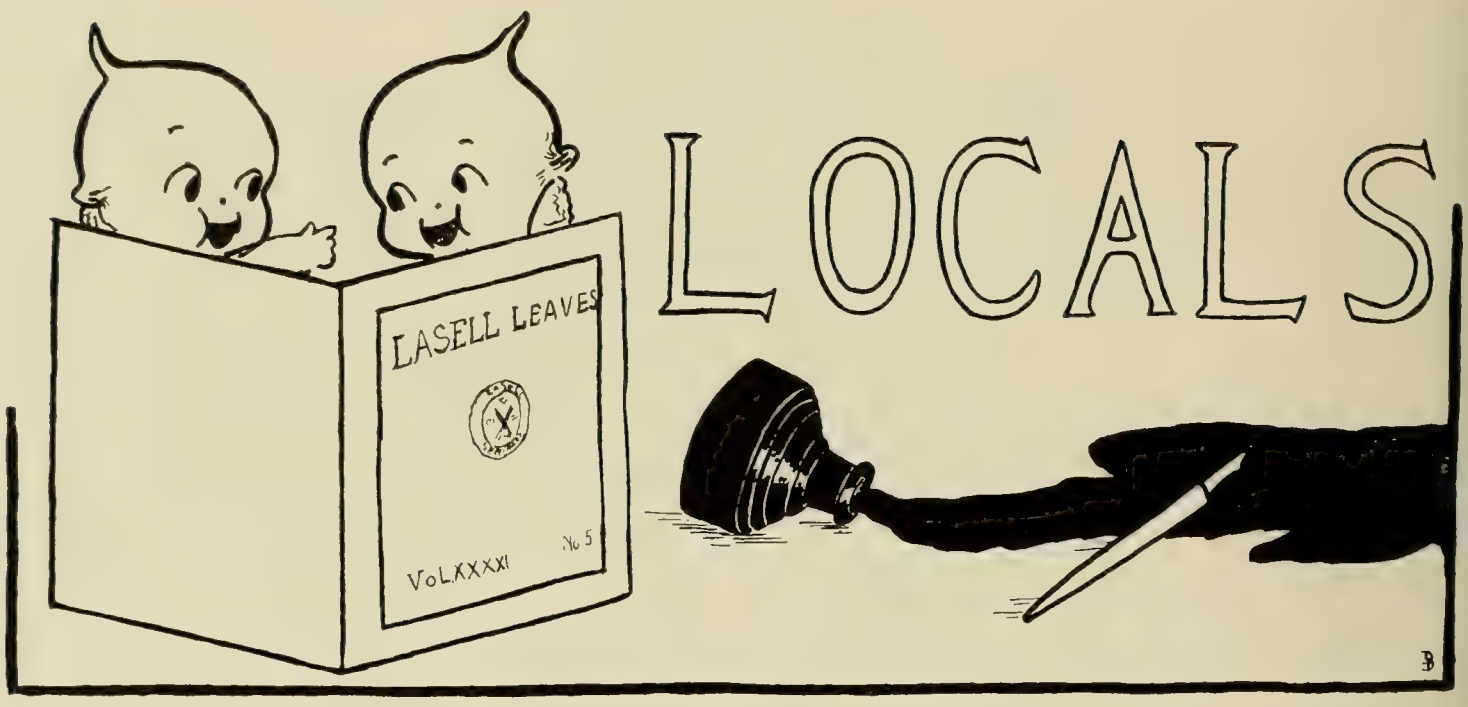
Would the ringing never cease? I lay on my bed, scarcely daring to breath, freezing and smothering by turns. Why didn't someone go to the door? Then it occurred to me that some one, a lunatic from East Islip had broken in and murdered every one. If I dared to venture into the dark hall, he would surely jump out on me, too.

Now, I could trace the foot steps of some one going around the house, stopping at each window, fumbling at the locks. A little sigh of relief and satisfaction escaped me at the assurance that here was one way at least, by which he could not get in. Then the ringing began again.

All of a sudden, I sat up in bed. How ridiculous to let my imagination get the better of me. No burglar would be polite or gentlemanly enough to inform us ahead of time, of his coming. Then with a start, I remembered what sound sleepers my mother and aunt were. Someone evidently was anxious to get in, and I would have to be the one to let that someone in, or at least, to find out what was the trouble.

In the reaction from this new-born courage, I flung open my door, rushed wildly down stairs, threw open the front door and stood foolishly blinking at—not a burglar—not a lunatic from East Islip—but Father and Brother, who had unexpectedly returned!

—M. Wallach.



Saturday, January 13—Today the Bible classes were omitted and in their place the whole school was instructed in Bible study by Miss Grace Saxe, one of the members of the "Billy" Sunday party. She gave us the acrostic of the Bible as God's gift,

B lessed
I nformation.
B ringing.
L ife.
E ternal.

And this as to what we should do with it:

B ehold the Book.
I nvestigate the Book.
B elieve the Book.
L ive the Book.
E xtend the Book.

Miss Saxe then gave us a unique way of studying the Bible which has since aided us much in the preparation of our Bible lessons.

Friday, January 19—The new members of the Student Council are:

Senior Representatives—Dorothy Redmond, Julia Lipps, Marjorie Morrison, Virginia Anderson.

Junior Representatives—Dorothy Barnes, Marjorie Kunkle, Harriet Fera, Grace Tredway.

Sophomore Representative—Edith Vance, Margaret Ufford.

Freshmen Representative—Elizabeth Moyer.

Special Representatives Evelyn Cate, Aristine Knapp.

Preparatory Representative — Katherine Tufts.

They chose for their officers—President, Dorothy Redmond; Secretary, Virginia Anderson.

January 21—We attended the Congregational Church this afternoon in place of the usual Vesper service, to hear the representatives of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of Alabama. The teacher of mathematics gave us a very clear account of the life at Tuskegee and of the purpose of the Institution, after which five of the old students sang several of the typical negro slave songs.

We all enjoyed this opportunity provided for us by the Missionary Society and by Dr. Winslow

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January 25—Dr. Rogers of the Episcopal

Church at Chestnut Hill, spoke to us at Vespers this evening. His subject was "Faith," which he developed in a very logical manner, giving many good illustrations.

MR. WATSON'S STORY OF THE TELEPHONE

Mr. Thomas Watson gave a most interesting talk in the Methodist Church, January 17, in regard to his experiences while working with Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, during the early 70's, when the telephone was in its infancy.

Mr. Bell's favorite working hours, it appears, were during the usual time for rest and quiet. Mr. Watson, his mechanic, therefore, found it necessary to snatch what rest he could, between his daily and nightly labors. But what a trivial matter that must have seemed when the baby telephone uttered its first cry. It was not an extraordinary cry—just the simple words, "Watson, come here! I want you!" But what a thrill those words conveyed! They gave new life to a somewhat weakening faith, through which was to come the telephone we now hold so indispensable.

Mr. Watson related many amusing experiences he had while travelling through New England with Mr. Bell, proving to the sceptical people that it was actually possible to speak through miles of wire and be heard at the other end. In demonstrating this, Mr. Watson was always the one to do the speaking. He varied his messages by singing some of the popular songs of the time; such as "Yankee Doodle," and "Ladies, Do Not Believe Him," and "Hold the Fort." Despite his acknowledged lack of musical preparedness, he was enthusiastically forced by his appreciative audience to repeat his entire repertoire.

At the conclusion of the talk, Dr. Bates in the audience, who had been present at one of the telephone demonstrations, told us a little of the sensation Mr. Watson's songs had caused, coming so miraculously from a box on the wall.

Mr. Watson was one of the favored few who heard the first words spoken from Washington to California at the Panama Exposition.

Mr. Watson seemed to live over again some of his many trials and pleasures in telling his story, so simply and vividly. Hereafter, we shall always think, that our telephone is something more than a cold, lifeless machine.

The last of Dr. Southard's lectures was delivered on Thursday evening, February 1. The entire course proved very interesting and instructive.

On Friday evening, February 2, a most delightful and timely lecture was offered to the school, when Mr. Nightingale, warrant master in the United States Navy, gave an instructive talk on our Navy, touching upon the efficient work being done by some of our boats and also upon many of the present needs along the line of new equipment and new boats of all kinds. At the present time we have only five hundred boats to our credit, this number including cruisers, coal barges, tugs, etc. Since the talk was in the form of a stereoptican lecture, many clear and beautiful pictures were shown on the screen. Coming as it did at an important time in our national life, the talk was rendered doubly interesting and valuable.

In the midst of the many pleasures and good times at Lassell, there has come one great disappointment. Miss Williams, the head of the Home Economics Department, has resigned,

and is now teaching in the University of Indiana. We, the Lasell girls, miss her very much and look with envy upon the students who are now to have her for their teacher.

"We constantly think of you, Miss Williams, and wish you success in your new work.

BETTER THAN NEVER

To the Sophs.

Sisters dear: We the Seniors, thank you for your kind remembrances which we found quietly reposing on your little Christmas tree. It was very thoughtful of you and we desire that you all know that we appreciate it.

To the Specials.

Sisters dear: We the Seniors, thank you one and all, for your most kind congratulatory note at the Christmas tide. We surely appreciated your thoughtfulness.

To the Preps.

The Seniors wish to express their gratitude and heartiest thanks for the two beautiful ferns you gave us just before we left for home at Christmas time. They was just what we desired for both houses. They are both growing well and every time we see them we think of the "Preps."

Heard In Freshman Bible

Teacher: The sons of Esau were
Pupil: "Cain and Able."

After a doubtful week-end Miss Potter received the following excuse:

"Dear Miss Potter: Please excuse Ruth for her grandmother's death. Mrs. X."

"When first I came to college—
I, of economic bent—
On taxis cars and carriages
I never spent a cent.

Then they made war in Europe;
Abroad went so much hide,
That now the price of boots and shoes
Makes it cheaper far to ride." *Ex.*

He: "I passed your house the other day."
She: "I hope you always will."

Success Secrets.

"What is the secret of success?" we ask.
"Push," said the Button.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Take pains," replied the Window.
"Always keep cool," replied the Ice.
"Be up to date," replied the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Be spicy," said the Nutmeg.
"Be sharp," said the Knife.

And finally: "Do not let people stick you every place," was the reply of the Spearmint Chewing Gum.

Received by a Senior.

My dear Dorothy: What does "fare-mindedness" mean? Please tell me. Was Brunhilda a street-car conductor, or a cab-driver? This is a puzzle.

Anxiously,

M. P. W.

If in doubt as to treatment of mice in waste basket or behind the radiator, ask Helen Stephan—*She* knows.

"Eve was made out of the back-bone of Adam."

February gave to us in years gone by, two baby boys, one born in the year 1732; the other in 1809. These two small boys were destined upon reaching manhood, to do great things for their country. We all know that it was George Washington who, by being so wise and far-sighted, saved us from the tyrany of England, who cared for and fondled the little new nation of thirteen colonies, who was their first president, who saw them on their way to success and, who by his uprightness, his loveableness and his other wonderful qualities, deserved the title, "Father of his Country," by which epithet we all love to call him.

Nearly a century later, in Kentucky, in a little log cabin, the other baby was born to very poor parents. As this boy grew to manhood he had little chance for an education; but so great was his desire for one, that he would walk for miles to borrow a book and then read it by the light of the fire. Later when he had become a man grown, he became a lawyer and debater of some renown. To this tall, gaunt youth, laurels were not brought, but ever and anon he strove his best to earn them and when success was won in one thing, he never stopped, but pushed steadily on to something greater and higher until in 1860 he reached the height when he, Abraham Lincoln, was elected president of these United States However, a test soon came such as to try the sterling qualities of any man, but this one met the situation of the Civil War with coolness and calmness. In his capacity as commander-in-chief, he brought the country safely through the conflict, once more a united nation, with the cause of the war satisfactorily settled, no more slaves and a country truly free. as a result.

Since February, although the shortest month in the year, has given to us the "Father" and the "Saviour of our Country," so perhaps we can look to it to help our present president in this crisis through which our country is passing today. May he, too, bring us through with flying colors.

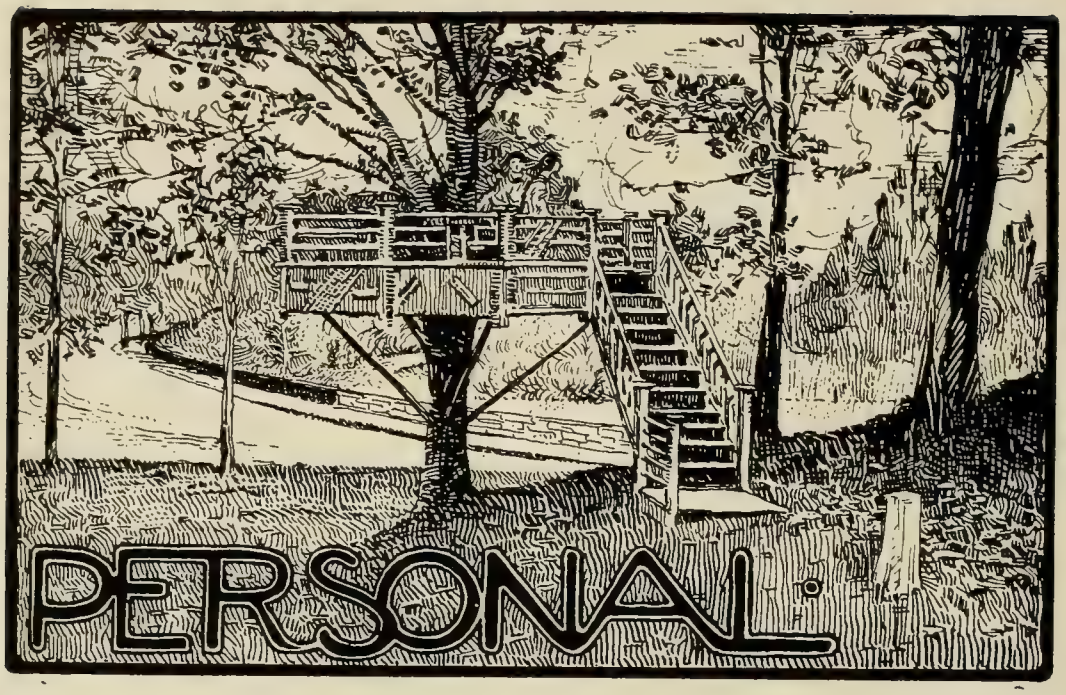
PRIZE STORY CONTEST

The *Leaves'* staff wish to announce the result of the Prize Story Contest. Many stories came in and we were delighted with the interest shown. It was difficult for the judges to decide which were the two best stories handed in, but the decision finally reached was:

First Prize—Frances Dahoney, "The Wanderer."

Second Prize—Gertrude Shaw, "A Double Adventure."

The staff wish to thank also the judges for their kindness in deciding this contest for us.



Announcement is just received of the marriage of Maude Loftus Freeman to Mr. Willard Price Lombard on Thursday, February the eighth, at Chelsea, Mass. Our hearty good wishes are extended to them.

The many friends of Florence Rogers Hilton, class of '09, will join with Lasell in extending hearty congratulations to her and her husband, Mr. William Hilton of Bangor, Me. The marriage occurred at the home of Florence's brother, William F. Rogers, whose wife (Mabel Wyman Sawyer), by the way, is also a Lasell girl. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton will live at 77 Broadway, Bangor, Me., after their bridal trip. They are at present in Philadelphia.

Florence's husband is in charge of the forest engineering department of the Great Northern Paper Company. He is a graduate of the University of Maine, class of '09.

Irene Apfelbaum has announced her engagement to Mr. Leon L. Livingston of Fort Wayne. We hasten with our congratulations to these young people.

Away from sunny Cuba comes a dear message to our preceptress from Clara Graham She sends an attractive picture of Habana, and declares that there are many places of interest in that beautiful city, nevertheless, she is sorry not to be back at Lasell, and sends loving greetings.

Word has been received from Marion Ordway Corley, giving us a charming glimpse into her new home at Johnson, Vt. She likes the place and the people and wishes that we might see the beautiful country and the many mountains surrounding this little town, and adds, "We get splendid views, particularly from the hilltops where our snowshoe tramps take us." All of Marion's good wishes for Lasell are warmly reciprocated.

Nell Jones Yoeman is delighted at the addition to her family circle. A daughter was born January 24th. We welcome this new little Lasell girl, Eleanor Leseure, and are waiting for her dear mother to select the room.

Early in the new year, Captain and Mrs. Floyd Kramer (Dorothy Bevans) welcomed a little daughter, Charlotte, on January 4, 1917, and, we in turn, welcome her to our list of Lasell grandchildren and hope later to have her on our "Roster."

On January 18th, Mr. and Mrs. E. W.

Vance (Helen Baird), rejoiced in the birth of their little son, Sheldon Baird. We cannot very well add him to our waiting list, but we hope he will select Harvard or Tech as his training ground, and in this way keep in touch with his mother's Alma Mater.

We are delighted to have so many of the "Old Girls" visit us and hope we shall have as many next month as we did this.

Ruth Griffin, '16, was out one day in January and January 24th, Alma Sweet, '16, and Pauline Ray, '16, spent the afternoon at Lasell.

Marian Beach, '16, visited Merville Gratz, and January 26th, Mabel Straker, '16, and Florence Baker came for the week-end.

Helen Brooks and Helen Nichols dropped in the other day and engaged places for the Commencement tide. Helen is talking of going later to visit her father in Siam. We envy her this extraordinary trip. Very few girls have such a unique home-going. She also secured places for Marie Houghton and Mildred Libby for Commencement.

From Fort Fairfield, Me., Elizabeth Richards writes that she and Hazel Palmer, '16, are coming to Lasell together for the Commencement in June and, like a number of her classmates, are making their reservations on the campus if possible.

How rejoiced we are over every girl who sends word of her intention to return for the June festivities.

Mr. Paul Anderson of Andover, dined at Lasell with his sister Virginia, Sunday, January 28th.

We had a number of guests over the week-end of February 10-13. At this time, Orissa Attwill, '16, was the guest of Mary Taylor and Carol Rice, '16, was the guest of Dorothy Redmond.

Agnes Swanson of Smith College, was the week-end guest of Virginia Anderson.

Flavil Barnes and a friend were the guests over Sunday of Dorothy Barnes. Miss Barnes is the president of her class at Emerson College of Oratory. This seems to be a family of presidents, as sister Dorothy is president of our junior class.

Dorothy Moore of Smith College spent the week-end with her cousin, Virginia Moore.

Ruth Warren, one of our old friends, and Madeline Howe, both of Worcester, Mass., and Mrs. Antrien of Boston, were the week-end guests of Edna Crane.

Florence Skinner regrets her inability to attend the reunion and in her note speaks of a recent visit from Ruth Tuttle and her own visit to Providence, where she met Mildred Smith and talked over Lasell to their heart's content. Florence is keeping up her music and at the same time is a very busy, successful teacher.

Miss Edith Williams, head of our Domestic Science Department, has been called to a fine position in Indiana State University. Lasell was indeed loath to part with this efficient leader and congratulates the school which has placed her on its faculty. Miss Davis of Simmons College is supplying Miss Williams' place in part while some of her classes and duties have been taken care of by Misses Nelson and Mount.

Dorothy B. Smith of White River Junction, sends a pleasant message along with her regrets at being unable to attend the Alumnae Reunion. She closed her message with the very best wishes for Lasell. Our best wishes always go to this dear former pupil whom we still hope may some day return to Lasell to finish her course.

Reta Ober, is making a visit in West Virginia, and speaks with enthusiasm of the country and the people. We shall look for her at Commencement.

Carrie Kendog Kellogg, '19, sends a card of

greetings to the Alumnae Luncheon. She is spending the winter at Wilbur-by-the-Sea, Florida. She and Mrs. Adelaide Steward Catlin, (special student in '78,) of Topeka Kansas, are having a delightful winter and she expects to be back in time for the June festivities.

Rose Hoefflin writes from East Dubuque, Ill., having changed her residence from Dubuque, Iowa, which is only a stone's throw from her former home. She regrets leaving Iowa, but writes that the one advantage of her new location is that Illinois has a Lasell Club and she intends, quite properly, to unite with it at once. She also adds, "I wish I could join Marie Klenze and Gertrude Korn on their trip to Lasell for Commencement and I would also like to see my first room-mate at Lasell, who is a stately senior in the place of a freshman.

Sometimes when I am homesick for Lasell, I comfort myself by singing Alma Mater, especially the verse:

Bright school-days are quickly past
Enjoy them while we may,
Memory still shall them outlast,
When we are far away.

I wish all girls could attend Lasell and be benefitted as we girls have been by her teachings. I know every one of our Iowa girls can't give enough praise to Lasell, and I hope my two younger sisters will some day become Lasell girls."

"In a recent letter, Cora Griffin wrote me of the death of her mother." We are sorry to receive the sad tidings.

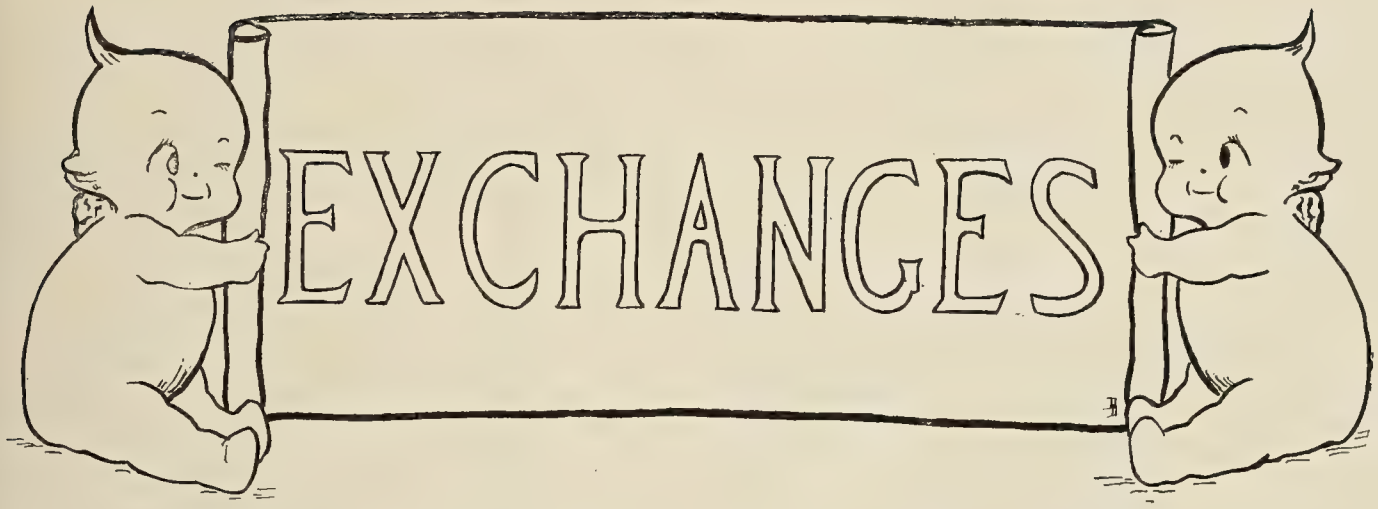
"Poor Rena Caldwell always speaks of the Canadian brothers and the sacrifices they are making for their country."

"At Christmas time I heard from Hortense Hoffman." We wish she would send some word back to Lasell.

Many thanks for this newsy, friendly letter

Friends of Grace Douglass Murray will be shocked and pained as we were, to learn of the death at the Christmas-tide of her little two-year-old son, Douglass Murray. He was one of the few little Lasell grandchildren who had visited his mother's school and we remember so distinctly this winsome child. We extend to dear Grace and her family, our deepest and most loving sympathy.

News comes from Harrodsburg, Kentucky, of the passing away of Mr. D. W. Grubbs, a prominent citizen of that city, and the father of Mrs. Lafor Riker, mother of our Marie Riker. Mr. Grubbs was one of the most successful business men of the state. He was especially generous with his contributions to the cause of benevolence and charity. A fine tribute was paid him by the press of his native town. Our tender sympathies are extended to the bereaved family, especially to those who at one time were members of our school home.



AS OTHERS SEE US

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—"Once more we greet thee." The Literary department of the November issue is especially interesting. The cuts are delicate and artistic.—Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale.—Very well done. Good cover but why not make your stories a little longer?—Recorder, Syracuse, N. Y.

Lasell Leaves from Lasell Seminary is indeed a well developed magazine. The literary department of the Christmas number contains some good short stories. "The Wanderer" is appropriate and interesting.—Columbian, Columbia, S. C.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—It is a pleasure to read your well edited magazine. Your literary department contains fine material, but we would suggest that a few more stories and poems would strengthen this department. There is a beautiful thought in the little poem, "I Thank Thee Lord."—Centralian, Conway, Ark.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.—The pictures in your magazine make me much interested in you. We hope you will always have them.—La Bagh Chronicle, Lucknow, India.

Lasell -Leaves, -Auburndale, Mass.—Your paper is always eagerly looked for. The numerous cuts are very entertaining. Ditto for the stories.—Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

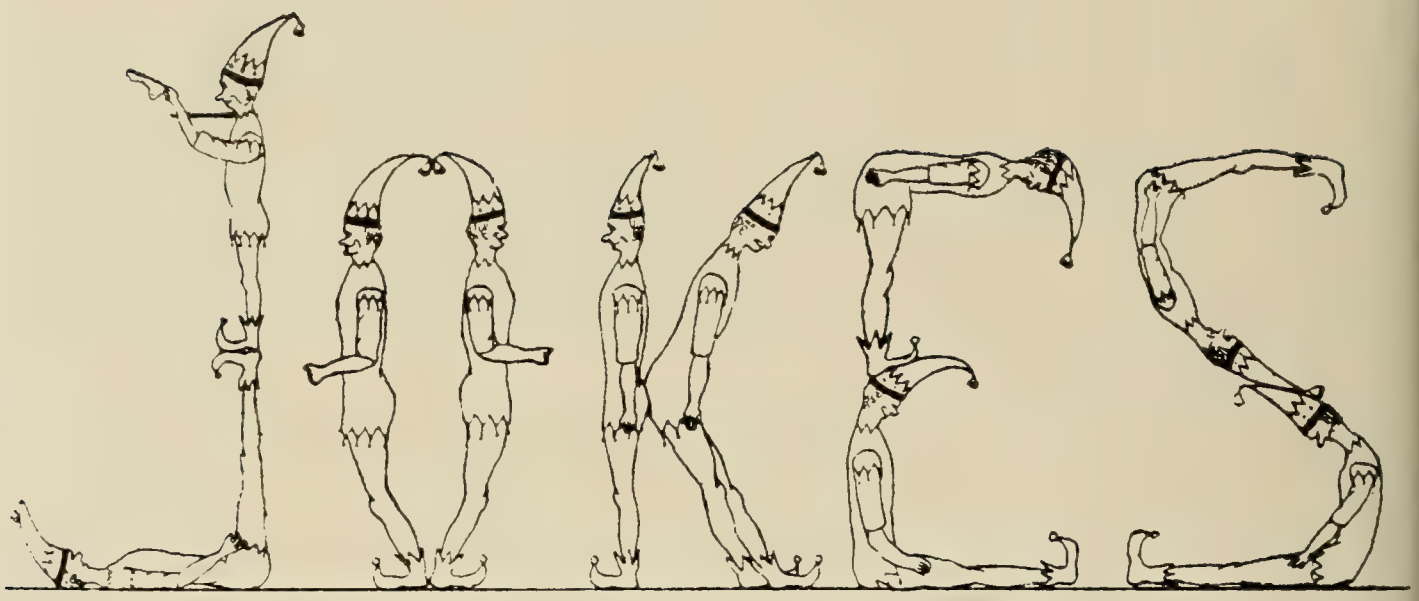
The Lotus, Dover, Delaware.—Why not add a few cuts to your paper to give variety. Then enlarge your departments of Exchanges and Locals and you would have a splendid magazine.—Lasell Leaves.

The Messenger, Durham, N. C.—Your Christmas issue was interesting from cover to cover, especially the Literary department. But where are your cuts?—Lasell Leaves.

Facts, Charlottesville, Va.—Your jokes are unusually good and the poem "My Longing," has a beautiful thought.—Lasell Leaves.

Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—What is more interesting than a large edition of a school magazine in the form of a year book. Pictures and drawings are all most appropriate. Congratulations—your magazine is a splendid one.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Recorder, Springfield, Mass.—Although a new exchange, we find it a very interesting one. The departments are all well formed and the various pictures give a pleasing appearance to your magazine.—Lasell Leaves.



Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
By asking very simple questions,
To take up teacher's time.

Education is knowing what you want, knowing where to get it, and knowing what to do with it after you get it.

Don't take things for granted! If you have a little piece of news that you think would interest the school hand it in. Your neighbor didn't do it!

I swore to her that nothing e'er
Could tear me from her side,
And as I spoke the sofa broke
And then she knew I lied.

WHAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

"Now Harold," said teacher, "If there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, yes, there would."

"No," he persisted, "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

1st Speaker: "Do you support 'The Leaves?'"

2nd Speaker: "I don't have to, it has a staff."

Dot Redmond (to floor-walker in Jordan Marsh's): "Where is the ribbon counter?"

F. W.: "Aisle C."

D. R. (after a ten-minute wait): "Where is the ribbon counter?"

F. W.: "Aisle C."

D. R. (after another ten minutes): "I guess I'll see for myself."

Miss Rand: Elizabeth, read the next sentence."

E. C.: "Washington was born on February twenty-second, A. D."

Miss Rand: "Elizabeth, what does A. D. mean?"

E. C. (shyly): "After dark, I guess."

RIGHT.

Dad: "Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their nickle in the Sunday school plate?"

Willie: "Yes, sir, to the movies."

Johnnie: "I looked in the window when sis was in the parlor with her beau last night."

Father: "What did you find out, my son?"

Johnnie: "The lamp, sir."

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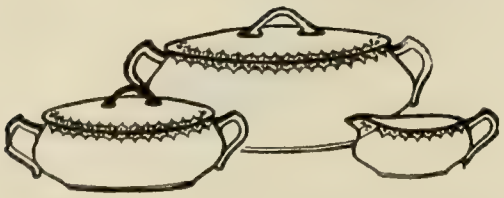

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LASELL LEAVES

Vol. XXXXII No. 6

MARCH, 1917

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Vol. XXXXII LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., MARCH, 1917 No. 6

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4
LITERARY
The Bluff ..... *Adele Chaffee* 5
Leaves from the Diary of an English Soldier ..... *Gertrude Shaw* 8
LOCALS
The White Mountain Trip 12
Sophomore Party 14
EDITORIAL 16
PERSONAL 17
EXCHANGES 20
JOKES 21
THE SUPPLEMENT, Life Secretary Number
A Word With You 22
Class Reunions 23
Class Notes 23
Lasell Club of New York 26
Lasell Mid-winter Reunion 26
A Class Letter 29
In a French Hospital 29
One Saturday Afternoon 30
An English Point of View 31
Young Woman Sells Inter-state Cars 31
Fatherless Children of France 32

THE BLUFF

Jack London stalked moodily along beside the girl whom he was mentally terming "the only one in the world." She was chattering gaily, and occasionally smiling up at him in the sweetest manner possible, while her hand clung to his arm as they stepped over some particularly rough or muddy spot. In short, her whole attitude should have met with some sort of a response; but on the contrary his face maintained its gloomy expression. With his eyes fixed doggedly on the path ahead, he seemed determined to ignore her charms.

He had been the happiest fellow alive that morning, for the day had lain before him with its program of a straw-ride, picnic, and the possibility of meeting his chum's newly-arrived cousin, Anne Barkley. The first blot upon his pleasure had been the sight of that aforesaid, very pretty, young lady, in gay conversation with his particular aversion, Bob Graubert all through the straw-ride. When the picnic grounds were reached, Anne had laughingly motioned the odious Robert to a place beside her, where he might enjoy the wholly undeserved smiles and remarks flung to him, far too frequently for Jack's peace of mind. His day was spoiled he told himself. To be sure Anne had been introduced to him shortly after the luncheon was consumed, and after the first formal remarks had been exchanged, she had actually accepted his invitation for a stroll. By rights he should have been overjoyed at that moment, for his rival was far away. But distressing thoughts filled his mind. Suppose she were thinking of Bob, wishing he were there. Hadn't her smiles been merrier for him, her chatter more spontaneous? He grew more and more gloomy as he trudged along, trying to dispel these mournful reflections, and to listen to Anne's comments on the weather, the lovely trees, that cunning squirrel over there, or the "tiny bits of" flowers scattered along the path.

Of course Anne could scarcely be unconscious of her companion's pre-occupation. For to a girl accustomed to boyish attention, his sober face, and the absent-minded answers

he gave to her wittiest sallies seemed strange to say the least. She was piqued—but bravely chattered on, occasionally leaving his side to examine some bright flower, or peep into a bird's nest.

It was during one of these side expeditions that Jack, waiting impatiently by the path, felt a sudden drop of something cold and wet fall on his cheek, and tickle uncomfortably down inside his collar. Another fell on his hand. Glancing sharply at the sky, he saw that great, black clouds were fast obscuring the sun. Then the sound of the wind, moaning through the top most branches of the great trees about him, smote his ears. The drops were beginning to fall thick and fast. His companion came running toward him, an expression of dismay on her face, as she thought of the impending rain that threatened her dainty attire, wholly unsuitable for picnicing, but as charming in its way as its wearer was in hers.

"Why Jack." She gasped. "It's chiffon, and it won't wash!"

Jack regarded her thoughtfully for a moment, then, waking to sudden life, he spoke authoritatively. "Come on. There's a cave around here somewhere, and we can make it before the storm breaks, if we hustle." And not waiting to hear the fair Anne's protestations, he seized her arm and urged her through the bushes.

They found the cave, and dashed within its welcome shelter just as a blinding flash of lightning rent the sky, followed by a clap of thunder that seemed about to topple their refuge about their ears. After the thunder came rain, so heavy that the landscape was fairly blotted out.

Anne sank upon a convenient rock, flushed and breathless, and began to arrange her scattered locks with trembling fingers, while she watched the progress of the storm in alarm, Jack began to explore the cave, and was just becoming interested in building a fire with some dry branches he found there, when a frightened exclamation caused him to turn around.

Anne was standing in the mouth of the cave, her face white with fright. One trembling finger pointed at some object waving among the trees.

"A bear!" she gasped, her eyes wide with terror. "I saw him when it lightened. A big, black bear, with a white spot on his chest!"

"A white spot? Why, it must be———" Jack caught himself just in time, for an idea had struck him. "It couldn't have been a bear." he assured her. "We don't have them in this part of the country."

"Oh, but it was." She sobbed, frantic in her terror. "He was right over there. Oh! There he is again. Can't you see him coming toward us? Jack, don't—don't let him come here."

For a minute her companions vision was blurred by a rosy mist that covered his eyes. She had called him, "Jack." She depended on him to protect her, and, by hooky, he would.

With a reassuring hand he patted her shoulder. "Don't worry," he soothed," I know all about bears, and this one isn't going to touch you." Then swiftly disengaging her clinging hands, he dashed forth into the storm, to what seemed almost certain death.

The rain was blinding, and a deafening clap of thunder shut out all sounds for a minute; but she could vaguely see that the bear was retreating, occasionally turning, and rearing upon its hind legs, forepaws raised in a begging attitude that would have sent Anne into peals of laughter at any other time.

"He acts almost as if he were tame," she

thought. "But a tame bear wouldn't be wandering around in a storm like this."

She listened intently. Jack was shouting something that sounded ridiculously like—"Hi Petro! Go home! Petro, home, I say!"

That was foolishness. Jack wouldn't be saying that unless he knew the bear, and if he had known it, there would have been no reason for his going out into such a storm.

Anne watched breathlessly until the great, awkward beast had disappeared and her knight had returned; his once immaculate suit, was dripping wet, but his smile was that of a conquering hero. And surely any hero would have been well satisfied with the reception that waited Jack. She couldn't say enough in praise of his valorous conduct. Why, he might have been killed and eaten! His return was nothing short of miraculous in her eyes. The bear hadn't even touched him.

"Oh, it was nothing," he stammered, trying to look easy and natural, and failing utterly. "It's all in the way you look at them. They know."

He glanced out of the doorway, and saw that the clouds were breaking, the rain had almost stopped, and the storm was virtually over.

With light hearts they made their way back through the woods. Jack was no longer silent. His face was radiant, as he led his conversation with tales of his other valorous deeds. Anne was wide-eyed. She had found her hero, her admiration knew no bounds.

Just then they spied two figures coming toward them. As they drew nearer the girl could see that one was that of an aged Italian, his old felt hat pushed back on his dripping white locks, and his gold earrings shaking as he scolded his great black bear who rolled along beside him, whimpering and shaking his ponderous head from side to side.

"Jack," Anne exclaimed, "It's got a white spot on its chest. Why, it must be *our* bear!"

Jack's heart failed him. All the joy, that a few minutes before had filled his being, oozed away leaving in its place black dispair. His bluff was "called," glumly he watched Anne run toward the approaching couple. She was talking excitedly to the old fellow. As he drew near Jack could distinguish his words—

"Him ver' bad bear. Run 'way all time. Run 'way in rain. I all time got to chase him. Bad, bad, ver' bad bear."

"Why it's a tame bear, Jack." Anne called and to Jack's surprise her voice was not one bit less friendly. "The man says he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Fly? No, him no hurt en'thing. Him no bite." Then eagerly— "You like see him dance?"

Oh course she would. And spurred on by her praise, the old fellow put his pet through all its paces, and was rewarded by a half dollar; the last coin in Jack's pockets, which Anne appropriated quite simply.

The Italian's words failed him at such munificence, and they left him bowing and scraping his thanks.

Jack was silent, wondering just how to begin the conversation, when he felt a shy hand slipped through his arm, and heard a sweet voice say: "I don't care if he was tame. You didn't know it, and anyway I'm sure if he had been just as wild as he could be, you'd have chased him just the same. You're so masterful, Jack."

And the strange part of it was—that Jack believed her.

Adele Chaffee.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

July 16, 1915.

I am writing this in a dug-out by the dim light of a candle. Outside the darkness has fallen and there is a steady downpour of rain which has continued for some time. The sound of firing is incessant and a shell has just burst within a few yards of me; but after months of hardship in the trenches one becomes accustomed to these things.

After nearly two weeks out of the trenches, our regiment received unexpected orders this morning to replace the men in the first line trenches. At five A.M., we were all astir, and after a hurried breakfast of hardtack and coffee, prepared by the men themselves, we soon found ourselves on the road in marching order. As we swung along through the devastated country which had once been smiling Belgium, desolation and ruin met our eyes in every direction as far as we could see. The only sign which showed that the country had recently been inhabited, was here and there a shell shattered building, once a happy home, now nothing but a wrecked mass of fire-blackened bricks and mortar. Occasionally we passed a dead horse lying by the road side, a gruesome object even to men, hardened to these constant sights.

About noon as we were marching along under the sweltering hot sun, we came upon a Tommie sitting by the road side. About his head was a blood stained rag; his right arm hung limp at his side. As we came up to him our captain called a halt; I hailed him with a cheery "Hello, Mate, I see you've done your bit." His answer was a groan. Rex Griswold, my great chum then stepped forward to the wounded Tommie and forced some brandy down his throat. Then he bound up his wounds with some bandaging which he happened to have in his knapsack.

After Rex had settled him as well as he could under the circumstances, the Tommie who had until now remained silent, raised his left hand and gripped Rex's right one. "Thank you, old fellow, you've done me a good turn which I shall not soon forget. I am waiting to be picked up by the red cross division of our regiment." With a cheery good-bye, we left him comforted and resumed our weary march which we had only half completed.

During the afternoon the weather suddenly changed, dark clouds appeared, and finally a storm came upon us through which we had to make our way. After a bit it died down somewhat, but the rain has continued ever since.

We arrived here at seven P.M., dead beat, mud-bespattered and dripping wet. We were all glad to get in and have a good meal of "bully beef," bread and coffee, after which we all turned in to try and snatch a few hours' sleep; for tomorrow we have to enter the trenches at six A.M., to relieve the poor fellows who have been there for over three weeks. I shall have to stop writing now, as Rex is waiting for me to turn in; also I can barely see to write these few words down as the candle has burnt very low.

July 17, 1917.

Another day has passed. Rex and I have been in the trenches since six A.M., fighting side by side. It hasn't stopped raining since yesterday morning; the water is nearly up to our knees; the noise of the artillery is so terrific that sometimes we cannot hear each other speaking. About ten o'clock this morning a heavy mist fell, obscuring everything to within about three feet distance. Therefore through the greater part of the day we have been fighting against an invisible enemy.

Through the air I hear the whir of an aeroplane, most likely returning as observation on a day of this sort is practically impos-

sible. Late this afternoon a slightly wounded German sniper was brought in by a scouting party. He was soaked through and his uniform torn in several places. He looked hungry to say the least, poor fellow. He couldn't have been more than twenty-two or three. After he had been given some food he was questioned by our captain, but no information would the loyal Fritzie give. He was then sent under guard to the headquarters behind the lines. Not long after this incident one of my shots was greeted by a yell. I have done for at least one poor fellow today. It is ghastly work—this human slaughtering.

July 18, 1915.

Yet another day has come and gone. The day broke with a clear sky, the sun casting its burning rays down on our sorrow stricken world. If only we could peer down from that height for but a short time with all the world beneath us, we might perhaps realize the vast panorama of a desolate country, dotted with immense mounds, all that remains of the flower of the nation's men. It is too terrible to think of, and, thank God, we have no time to contemplate the awfulness of the horrors that exist all around us.

The daylight revealed a dead German lying between us and the enemy trenches. Evidently the one I had shot, poor chap, I wonder what his object was. This morning a squadron of four aeroplanes flew over on their way to reconnoitre the enemy's positions. A few hours later two of them returned; a bit later the artillery fire was greatly increased; this evening we heard that an enemy field battery had been put out of commission.

August 15, 1915.

It is over a month since I have had time to write anything in this book, but as opportunity has come my way, I had better make the most of it; so once more I take up my pen. A week ago a new regiment turned up here to reenforce us, for an expected attack. Rex and I were both surprised and delighted to meet again the Tommie whom we had helped by the road side. He was no less pleased and astonished to see us, as he said that his regiment had expected to be sent to an entirely different section of the battle front. He introduced himself as Bill, and Bill we shall always call him.

We have had a hot time today, for our regiment has been through its first trench raid, in which I nearly lost Rex. Early this morning we were told to hold ourselves in readiness to attack. All the morning the artillery kept up a withering fire. A short time before the raid, Rex and I had been talking to Bill and making jokes to try and take our minds off the war if only for a few moments. We little thought that it was to be our last talk with him. Even though we had known Bill so short a time we had become very fond of him.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon we were finally warned to be on the alert. Suddenly there was a shout; our captain gave the order and shielded by a terrific fire from the artillery, we were up and over the parapet of the trench, bayonets drawn, the only thoughts in our minds being to kill. Oh, it's awful, this blood lust which grips one's very soul and seems to blot out all that's human and good in a man. I can remember nothing very clearly. I only know that I heard shouts all around me and saw my comrades falling on every side. I struck out wildly with my bayonet, driving it with all my force into whatever it came in contact with. During the fight I lost sight of Rex and wondered vaguely where he was at. At last we found ourselves in the enemy trenches which were 700 yards from ours, with 34 prisoners, including an officer. Yes,

we had taken a trench and prisoners, but at what a cost. The dead and dying lay all about us.

I had come through with a slight wound in the head, even though I had done for a number of poor unfortunate fellows. When the roll was called, out of 150 men, only 90 answered. My other brave comrades had died doing their duty. I looked around for Rex, in sudden fear. Had he gone, too? Presently he came crawling up stealthily, and dropped into the trenches. Through a miracle he had come through the fight unscathed. Then he told us of the glorious heroism of Bill, that true friend who didn't forget to repay a debt, though a small one.

"Bill and I kept close together through the thick of it. As you know, I soon lost sight of you, Frank, but I managed to keep with him. Suddenly I stumbled and fell headlong. Bill, who was ahead, could have escaped, but instead he returned. I had no time to rise before one of the enemy was upon me. He almost had me as Bill came whirling back and shot him. Then to give me a chance to regain my feet he stood there in the midst of that awful slaughter and warded off bayonet thrusts. Just as I regained my feet and we were beginning to fight our way on again, the terrible point of a bayonet came swiftly down, aimed at Bill's broad back. I made one frantic effort to avert its course, but too late. With a stifled gasp, he sank down. I threw away my rifle and with all haste possible, dragged him behind a small embankment which afforded us a slight protection. I revived him with a drink of water from my canteen. Soon he opened his eyes, trying to smile. Then with an effort he raised his right hand. I grasped it tightly. "Good-bye, Rex, old chap, I'm done for. May you have better luck." A choking cough shook his fast failing body, then with difficulty he continued: "Tell Frank to look after you and you take care of him." Those were the last words he spoke. He was at rest at last, a hero whose heroism was unseen, a truly fine spirit who died unknown to the world as have many others. With a heavy heart I left him out there alone unburied, but not unmourned. After careful maneouvering, I managed to get back here safely."

When Rex had finished his story the men were all visibly impressed; our captain said that he would give Bill special mention in the despatches. So perhaps his family will receive the medal which, had he lived, would have been pinned on his coat. Will it bring them comfort?

August 17, 1915.

With a heavy hand and a still heavier heart, I take up my pen to write the last record, but one of my diary. I have experienced one of the greatest losses a man can know, the loss of a dear chum, a friend of many years' standing. This afternoon while Rex and I were in the trenches, he forgot for a moment the ever present danger, and in his haste to reach for his cartridge belt, stood upright. A bullet on its mission of destruction found its mark in his body. With a groan he staggered back; his rifle fell from his nerveless fingers; and he crampled up in an inert heap. I flung down my rifle and gently pillowed his head on my knee. He tried to smile as his eyes met mine, though his poor pain-stricken face made it a pitiable failure.

"Well, Frank, old pal, I'm a goner this time. Bill might have left me to die; for fate will have her way."

His voice, growing feebler, trailed off into nothingness. I eased his head and added a spark of life to his nearly exhausted body with brandy which I poured down his throat.

After a few moments he began to speak in

a steadier voice. "Just one thing I want you to do for me. I can entrust it to you, as a chum, knowing you will not fail me."

"Painfully he put his left hand inside his blood-stained tunic and brought out a small packet tied in oilskin, which he kissed reverently, then handed to me." Frank, I want you to send these to her; you'll find the address inside. Give me a pencil and paper."

I tore a page out of my note book and gave it to him with a pencil. With great difficulty he slowly wrote a few lines of farewell to his sweetheart back in sunny Cornwall. As he finished the pencil fell from his hand. He remained with his eyes closed for a few seconds; then he moved his lips slightly. I had to bend low to catch the words, "Tell her I died game, proud to go for my country. Good-bye, old boy; don't feel too bad about me. We all have to go some day and why not now?" His voice trailed off again, then his right hand groped for mine, I took it in a strong grasp. "It isn't good-bye, but only au-revoir," he said faintly.

"Yes, only au-revoir," I replied huskily, only trying to control my voice. There was no answer. I stooped down and listened; the heart of my chum, Rex Griswold, had ceased to beat.

Tonight at midnight when there is a lull in the firing we shall bury him as best we can.

(Continued on Page 15)

Courtship Pointers

When he says his watch is correct,
He is neutral, we suspect,
When he says his watch is fast,
You are making time at last.
When he says his watch is slow,
You are done for. Let him go!

—Ex.

Up among the branches, plucking apples red
Fanned by whispering breezes,
Fanned by August sun,
Swaying, if one pleases—
Bless me! this is fun,
Up among the branches, plucking apples red!

Beautiful the sky is, up above our heads,
Flecked with fleeciest, whitest
Clouds in little troops,
Floating in the azure—
Fleets of fairy sloops,
Beautiful the sky is, up above our heads!

See, there flows the river, like a silver thread
Off there in the distance!
Boats upon its bosom—
How much like a tree 'tis,
Every skiff a blossom!
See, there flows the river, like a silver thread!

Oh, the rose-red apples, hiding mid the leaves,
Packed with juicy sweetness.
Wooing eager teeth!
When you're crowning fruits, pray,
To apple give the wreath.
Oh, the rose-red apples, hiding mid the leaves!

Height of country blisses—in the apple tree!
Happy legs a-dangle,
Hands with apples filled,
Eyes a-roving everywhere
Thro' the sunny earth and air,
Every wish fulfilled.
Height of country blisses—in the apple tree!

Empy Dubb.

Jack: Some people call me stingy. Do you thing so?"

Phyllis (pushing him away): Well Jack, I must say, I think you are a little close at times.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

Friday morning, the ninth of February, with Miss McKay as chaperon, we had an early breakfast at 6.45 and started on our annual frolic to the White Mountains, to get a taste of real winter sports. We crossed from the South to the North Station in taxis and climbed aboard our private car. At last our much anticipated journey had begun. At Haverhill, Mr. Bassett, the conductor of the trip joined us, bringing with him a large number of snow shoes, the sight of which gave us anticipatory thrills of the fun to come. About noon our lunch, consisting of bananas and crackers, was brought in. We were made to understand that this was but a relish before the real meal which we were to have when we reached our destination. At 2.30, a very famished crowd, we reached Intervale and were taken to the Belleview Hotel in a large sleigh drawn by four horses. We surely did enjoy that first dinner and all the meals that followed, for we were a very hungry bunch of girls then and always. Directly after dinner we were shown to our rooms, where we donned bloomers, sweaters and moccasins. Then everyone made a rush for the snow shoes, skiis, sled and toboggans, of which we made good use until supper time. That night around the roaring fire place, we toasted marshmallows to our hearts content.

The next morning we occupied ourselves with individual sports until time to start on our bacon bat, one of the events most enjoyed by the girls. As the snow was too deep for horses, the girls all went on snow shoes up through beautiful Cathedral Woods, past the Wizard Birch to the foot of Mount Surprise. Here the camp fire was built. Oh, wasn't that bacon toasted on sharp sticks over the fire and put between bread or rolls good! And the piping hot coffee! And the doughnuts! That night we went to the movies at North Conway. In two big sleighs we drove along roads drifted with snow. The fir trees, upon which the newly fallen snow lay heavily, were very beautiful in the moonlight.

Sunday morning many of the girls climbed Mount Surprise to obtain the beautiful view from the summit. In the evening we had a sugaring off party, big pitchers of maple syrup being brought in and poured over pans of snow.

Early the next morning we started back

for Lasell. The day was so beautifully bright that the mountains stood out against their background of blue as clearly as cameos. We reached Boston a tired but happy crowd of girls, who had enjoyed every minute of the all too short stay in the White Mountains.

February 12.—By the courtesy of the Auburndale Women's Club we were invited to attend a lecture at the Congregational Church by Dr. Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Yale Divinity School. His subject, "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," was one appropriate to the day. Some years ago when assigned this topic by *The Twentieth Century Club*, Dr. Brown had without hesitation chosen Lincoln. A thorough study, since that time, of every available biography and manuscript only confirmed his choice.

Dr Brown defined a great man as one "who makes history different from what it would otherwise become." He spoke of The Civil War as the greatest crisis in our history because it involved the preservation of the union. To Abraham Lincoln belongs the highest place of honor because by his wise foresight and unceasing vigilance he kept 'all the stars together in one field of blue.'

On Thursday, February 22, one of the most delightful social affairs of the school-year took place. The occasion was the celebration of George Washington's birthday.

At six o'clock, guests and students entered the dining room, to the strains of a lively patriotic air. On either side of the main aisle of the dining-room stood a row of Seniors. They were gowned in the most unique costumes of red, white, and blue, with tiny blue hats, set jauntily on one side and tied under the chin with black school ribbon. All held American flags, with which they made an arch for the girls to pass under.

The dining hall was charmingly decorated in red, white, and blue. There was a large picture of George Washington over the balcony and flags were in pre-dominance everywhere. The girls were all in costume; the powdered hair and old-fashioned gowns making one wonder if, after all, the old colonial days were over.

Throughout dinner, the orchestra played popular and patriotic songs. At the end everybody stood and united in the singing of "America." Dancing was enjoyed in the gymnasium later in the evening, and the last waltz came all too soon. Although this party is an annual affair, never have the girls more enjoyed the 22nd of February than this year.

The first basket-ball game was played in the gymnasium of the school on Saturday evening, February 24, by the Juniors and Seniors. The different classes gave their songs and cheer, until the gym. fairly rang with their enthusiasm.

From the minute the whistle blew at the beginning of the first period, until the final signal to stop, excitement was at topmost pitch. The teams were so evenly matched, that the game was well fought and well won. Every player did work worthy of mention. Amid cheers and songs, the victorious Seniors rejoiced, while the somewhat disappointed but hopeful Juniors vowed they would win next time.

On Monday, February 26th—Mrs. Barris chaperoned a party to the Sorosis Shoe Factory in Lynn. At the factory the party was furnished with a guide who took them through all the departments and explained the making of shoes from beginning to end, even

to the making of the "lasts" on which the shoes are fashioned.

Although it was raining Mrs. Barris took the girls to a delightful tea room for luncheon and afterwards to the shore for a glimpse of the ocean, a novel sight for some of the girls and an enjoyable one for all of them.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

On Saturday night, March 3rd, at 7.30, the Gardner Gym was bombarded by the Senior Class arrayed in sport costumes, eager to discover the nature of their mysterious "Hawaiian" invitation from the Sophomores for that night. When the door was opened enthusiastic squeals and cries of delight and surprise were constantly heard, for this was Hawaia indeed. From the ceiling hung crèpe paper moss; over in the corner by the piano was the most desirable "Curtis Orchestra," foretelling in advance the nature of part of the evening's entertainment. It took some time to discover everything, but finally all was accounted for. Cocoanuts peeped from the most unexpected places; in fact, you had a nervous feeling that one would land on your head at anytime, aimed by the hand of a mischievous tropical monkey. Indeed, this unique touch was not lacking, for suspended from a pole was a delicious looking bunch of bananas guarded by a peaceable looking monkey who hung by one hand from the pole and helped himself to bananas with the other; but he was only stuffed. Ferocious, grey cambric alligators were perched here and there while high above this tropical scene a huge, yellow, cheese-box-moon, shed its light on a cushioned cozy corner. Now for the fun! No Sophomores were to be seen until all the guests were seated, when, the orchestra struck up a Hawaiian one-step and down the stairs from the one-time-hay-loft came the hostesses gaily attired in brown crèpe paper Hawaiian costumes, giving the last touch and making the picture complete. In most informal and Hawaiian style each one fairly leaped at a Senior, claiming her for the dance. Those who were left took the cue and the dance was in full sway. From time to time the gayety was stopped by a feast on bananas, by the serving of delicious punch, by a tenor solo or two by the drummer in the orchestra. But, the crowning event was the impromptu dance artistically given by Georgina Flattery. After a while the cocoanuts were also eaten and soon it was time to stop, for it was 10 o'clock. The Seniors then sang their song to their sister class and made this adieus to Mrs. Barris, a most delightful chaperone, indeed, and the most naive party that any of the guests had ever before attended came to an end.

?

Senior's Song to the Sophomores.

"Tune—"Old Bill Bailey."

When dear sister Sophies
Give us lovely parties
Down in our gymnasium,
Oh, how we do love 'um!

Tune—"Higher in Hawaia."

For it makes us think we're in Hawaia,
Dancing, singing, playing, in Hawaia,
On the beautiful beach at Wa-Kai-Ki,
Can you think of any place you'd rather be?

Tune—"Beach at Wai-Kai-Ki."

For when it comes to all your pep and joy
You're right there now all the time,
And we want to thank you Sophomores
For all you've done tonight.

Tune—"Down Honolulu Way."

If any time you need the help or aid
From us, your sister class,
Just call on us,
Don't make a fuss!
We'll be right there on the spot!

Tune—"Alohoe."

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Oh sisters dear the time draws nigh to leave thee.
So now good night, we wish thee well.
So now good night, may sweet dreams e'er be thine!

(Continued from Page 11)

August 18, 1915.

I am taking up my pen for the last time. Now that Rex is gone, I feel no inclination to record the daily events. One day is the same as another to me. Oh, you people who have not yet lost any of your loved ones, take heed, and appreciate God's goodness to you in sparing them. Be loving, kind and thoughtful to them, for who knows how long it will be before you also are deprived of their presence. Only those who have experienced this great sorrow can realize the poignancy of it.

Last night at midnight, by a feeble light of a few torches, we buried Rex. In the distance could be heard the rumble and roar of the cannon; now and again the sky was lighted by the brilliant flash of a trench rocket. There was no time for a prayer, as hurriedly and silently we laid him in his last resting place, beneath the open sky. His grave marked by a rough wooden cross, is not far from the trenches. I sent the packet of letters to his sweetheart. Poor girl, I hate to think of her grief, but she is only one of the millions of others who are suffering as she will have to suffer.

—*Gertrude Shaw.*

Our School

To her we sing, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what, come may,
The Blue and White forever.

The other day the remark was made that Lasell girls showed a great deal of school spirit. But to come down to facts, what is school spirit? Patriotism is defined as love for one's country. Why not define school spirit or school patriotism as love for one's school? This does not mean that one shows school spirit by saying "Oh, yes, I love Lasell." No, not by any means. To show school spirit is to do something for your school, to stand by it, whatever happens, whether you consider it right or wrong. Our president might be severely criticized were he to declare war, but probably those self-same critics would be among the first to enlist in order to uphold their nation's honor.

Do something yourself for your school. Don't leave all of it for your neighbor. The school needs the support of everyone of its students. Perhaps you may say to yourself "Oh, my room-mate will do thus and so, so what's the use of my doing it, too." But did you ever stop to realize that your room-mate can do her share but she can't do yours in addition? Support *all* the school activities. When the call comes for candidates for basket-ball, track, baseball, crew or any of the athletic sports, be sure your name is up for one of them. Perhaps you have never played basket-ball or any of the other games, have never been on a crew but are anxious to learn. Then go out and learn. To be sure you may not make the team or crew the first year. Failure ought not to discourage anyone but should urge one on to do better and win out the next time. If you are not partaking in the event which is taking place, be sure you are on the side lines and urging the players on by letting them know you are backing them up. If the decision is unfavorable to your side and it seems unfair to you, try to be true sports and remember that one side had to lose and that the best side would naturally win. You should then make up your mind to aid the team in every way possible, to win next time.

Athletics is not the only way by which one can show school spirit. Your standard of scholarship should be raised to the highest. There is no need of being a grind, but just see to it that each lesson is prepared as well as you can, every day. This the teachers will certainly appreciate. The people outside, who are interested in the school will have to say then, "Lasell must be a fine school, the girls there maintain a high scholarship and yet they are strong for athletics and good times." If you heard someone make a remark like that, wouldn't your heart thrill to realize that you were one of those Lasell girls? Then when we have left our school home, let us still endeavor to live up to her ideals so that in years to come those who follow us may say with pride, "Yes, she was a Lasell girl of the Class of ———."

Somehow we have taken it for granted that weddings belong to the fair June days. Perhaps that is the viewpoint of a resident of bleak New England. Evidently the habitues of fairer climates find January as pleasant as June. It was certainly so on Saturday, January 20th, when Marie Starr was married to Mr. Edward Samuel Powers at Riverside, California. Mr. and Mrs. Powers are now at home in Douglas, Arizona.

On March 3d, Helen Swan Rollins, '14, was united in marriage to Mr. J. Britton Fisher at Cleveland, Ohio. Helen is now at home at 201 Broad St., Tonawanda, New York.

Martha Caroline Schumann's '15 wedding day was February 14th, a very appropriate day for a wedding. The happy groom was Mr. A. Raymond Laubenstein, brother of our dear Ida Laubenstein, '15, one of Martha's classmates.

Lasell has no more faithful volunteer field agent than dear Barbara Jones, '11. She has recently sent the names and addresses of two splendid girls, one from her own home town, and the other from Indianapolis, whom she hopes to influence to enter Lasell next fall. That was good work you did, Barbara, for the Red Cross at Christmas time, raising the contribution one hundred and ten dollars above the last year's account.

Betty Love Macey, '08, expressed her delight over the Lasell Christmas card which, as many of you know, contained a photograph of the four dear little Winslow children, declaring that the sight of these little ones made her homesick for dear old Lasell. She writes: "I am constantly thinking of the two wonderful years I spent in Auburndale, especially the last one which was spent in the principal's home." Betty has a home of her own now and has in it not only her husband and dear little son of two years but a grandfather. She has recently had a visit from her twin roommate, Grace Emerson Cole, '08, and her husband, Mr. H. M. Cole. "We spoke so frequently of the good times that our husbands asked if we did anything else at Lasell but have good times! We have several girls here who have been to Lasell and when the Indiana Club gives its luncheon, Indianapolis will be well represented." Grace and Betty hope to be at Lasell next year to celebrate their tenth reunion

Hannah, '14, and Katherine Bingamon, '15,

are both devoting themselves to their kindergarten work and enjoying it immensely as a significant sentence or two from Hannah's letter suggests. "It doesn't seem like work when one enjoys it as I do." Hannah spoke of Lena Vee Kelley's, '14, wedding and we hope she will send to the Leaves a full account of that important occasion.

Alleda Burnett, '14, with her mother and father are on a trip to Cuba and will later be in Florida. She was in New York last fall and how we did enjoy her."

In all her good wishes for Lasell and loving greetings to its faculty sister Katherine joins.

In his last letter to our Registrar, Dr. Bragdon wrote: "Bertie Steell Hyde of Omaha telephoned me from Los Angeles. She had come for a visit but had just been recalled and had to leave at once. Lulie and Nan Hogg are here for the winter. Lulie has Julia's boy here and Nan her own and they like only pretty well. Kate Vail, Barbara's sister, is teaching Domestic Science in the Marlboro school in Los Angeles: likes it and is liked. She is an attractive girl.

The Warnock's of Urbana, Ohio, are here again. They come every winter and get better looking all the time. I believe this is their 13th season. I always straighten up when I see Judge Warnock.

Katherine Wheeler, '09, of St. Paul is here and inclined to stay a while for the climate and voice training.

Edith Anthony Carlow, '06, was a flying visitor but most welcome. She was with a "party."

Mrs. S. M. W. Parker, daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel Lasell, with her son are here eight months and charmed.

Helen Huntington Berryhill who now lives at 2950 Magnolia avenue, Berkeley, is in Pasadena with her husband and two rousing boys for a visit. I warrant those boys keep mama Helen moving!

May Emery Yale of Minneapolis and Mr. Yale are here on a visit. Both look well. Everybody looks well and I am proud of all my "girls" and theirs.

South California is rosy and sweet in her winter loveliness.

Was there ever a Mary Thomas at Lasell? We do not recall but perhaps some reader of the Leaves can help Dr. Bragdon locate this old girl.

We never dared to "doctor up" our Principal Emeritus' message. His old girls and new always enjoy them his way. The racey text cannot be improved upon.

Our Helen Foster, '16, assures us that her thoughts turn often Lasell's way and wonders what we are doing. Helen is looking forward to being with us at the Commencement time. She is enjoying her new home into which the family moved early in the fall. We will be watching and waiting for you, Helen, when the June days come.

Dora Maxwell, a present pupil, enjoyed recently a visit from her father who had come directly from their home in Japan. We were very much interested in his emphatic denial that Japan's attitude towards America was unfriendly assuring us that this was altogether a newspaper scare.

In a recent letter to Miss Packard, Bess Emerine, '15, closes her message with the assurance that she shall always be a loyal supporter of Lasell and do everything in her power for its success.

Edna Woolson Bean had just begun her visit at Lasell (she was here for the midwinter reunion) when she was suddenly called home on account of the illness of her husband. In a recent message to our Preceptress, she writes, "Lasell's hospitality is certainly true

hospitality." "She hopes the next time she will have better luck in returning to the school and be able to complete her visit. That was a dear glimpse we had of you, Edna, and we surely shall hold you to your promise to finish out your visit in the near future. We are thankful that your husband is now convalescing.

Marie Houghton, '16, writes of an interesting class letter which she has just received. She enjoyed her school work and had, it seems to us, a pretty full schedule having taught seven classes in commercial subject but she is now secretary in one of the Fitchburg business firms. We rejoice in this report of her busy and successful life.

Hazel Palmer's, '16, friendly letter made us homesick for the sight of this dear graduate. She has been spending the year at home assisting her mother in household cares and taking piano and vocal lessons, is a member of the Woman's Club and we feel sure is making good in all these varied interests. She is planning to be with us at Commencement time.

Through Mrs. Nesbit Chambers we learned some interesting facts concerning Katherine Elizabeth Seeyle who was at Lasell in 1906-07. Mrs. Chambers' daughter is the wife of Katherine's brother. At present Katherine is living in the suburbs of New York and is the organist in her brother's church and also a successful teacher. For several years she worked in the mission field in Peking and was very successful. We are glad of this good report and would like very much to welcome her back again to Lasell.

Anna Conant, '09, Elizabeth Richards, '16, and Esther Roberts, all returned to Lasell at the same time this month and gave us a glad surprise. Anna is resting after having served very successfully as a private nurse and was visiting a sister in Boston. Lucy and Elizabeth are not following any special profession but we know they are busy and helpful in their respective homes.

We have learned indirectly the sad news of the death of Lillie Reincke Kley. We wish very much that we could obtain particulars of this unexpected passing of our former schoolmate.

The friends of Mary Dodge Whittemore will be indeed pained to learn of the passing away of her dear father on February 26th. Mr. Dodge was a staunch friend of Lasell and we join with friends in extending very tender sympathy to dear Mary and her brother.

We were glad that our principal kindly gave us some interesting news received in a letter recently from Marie Riker '09. The first bit of good news is that Marys sister, Martha, is planning to enter Lasell next fall and we are hoping that Mary, our former graduate and teacher, will chaperon this new Lasell girl when she comes.

Another item of interest is that Marie's aunt, Mrs. John Lafon (Avila Grubbs) is rejoicing in the birth of a little daugther named Patty, born on February 16th.

We certainly hope that Marie's plans for returning to Lasell will be carried out. She will receive a most cordial welcome home.

On February 7th, Dorothy Payne Whiteway rejoiced over the coming of a little daughter into her home, Dorothy Eve Whiteway. We only wish Philadelphia were nearer Auburndale so that we might catch a glimpse for ourselves of this dear little new Lasell girl.

While at the reunion in New York, Miss Packard learned of the arrival in Mary Goodwillie's ,'12, home of Frank Herrick Townsend. By the way, he was born on sister Dora Goodwillie's '14, birthday.

We were sorry to hear that our dear Dora

Goodwillie is at present in the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago. We hope to learn soon of her convalescence.

Miss Dunning, who was our temporary Gymnastic teacher last year has left her position in the Young Women's Christian Association at Providence and is now in charge of the Physical Training in the public schools of Niagara Falls and enjoying her work very much. She sends cordial greetings to old girls and teachers.

This note is a bit delayed in publishing but well worth the attention of the loyal readers of the Lasell Leaves.

Detroit, Michigan.

Dear "Everybody" at Lasell:

We, the Michigan Lasell Club girls who have just finished our fourth meeting wish to extend thru Miss Packard our greetings and best wishes to each and everyone of you. There were twenty-one of us present and enjoyed more than can be written Miss Packard's account of her travels and the customs in vogue at Lasell now.

Sincerely,
The Michigan Lasell Club.

Ada Cadmus, Maud Mayo, Ethel Lasell, Emma Goll, Blanche Goll, Carol Case and May Peters had lunch recently with Ada Cadmus and tea with Carol Case. (You must look in the Register for the married names of these girls).

Mrs. E. F. Carpenter of Rumsey, New Jersey, was at the New York luncheon. She was a student at Lasell in 1868 and is sending one of her friends to us for next year.

Among the recent welcome visitors at Lasell have been the following relatives of the new girls; Mr. and Mrs. Hartpence, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Poole, Mr. McCausland, Mrs. Bausch, aunt of Doris Bahn and Elsie Hughes.

The Lasell Methodist girls have recently enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Butters.

EXCHANGES

"Lasell Leaves"—Auburndale, Mass. It is a pleasure to read your well edited magazine. Your literary department contains fine material, but we would suggest that a few more stories and poems would strengthen this department. There is a beautiful thought in the little poem, "I Thank Thee Lord." "The Centralian," Conwary, Ark.

"Lasell Leaves"—You have a particularly well planned paper. The story, "A Modern Santa Claus" promises to be a good one. "Academe,"—North Adams, Mass.

As We See Our Exchanges

The kindly compliments or kindly criticisms as the case may be are both very welcome to the "Lasell Leaves." We thank you!

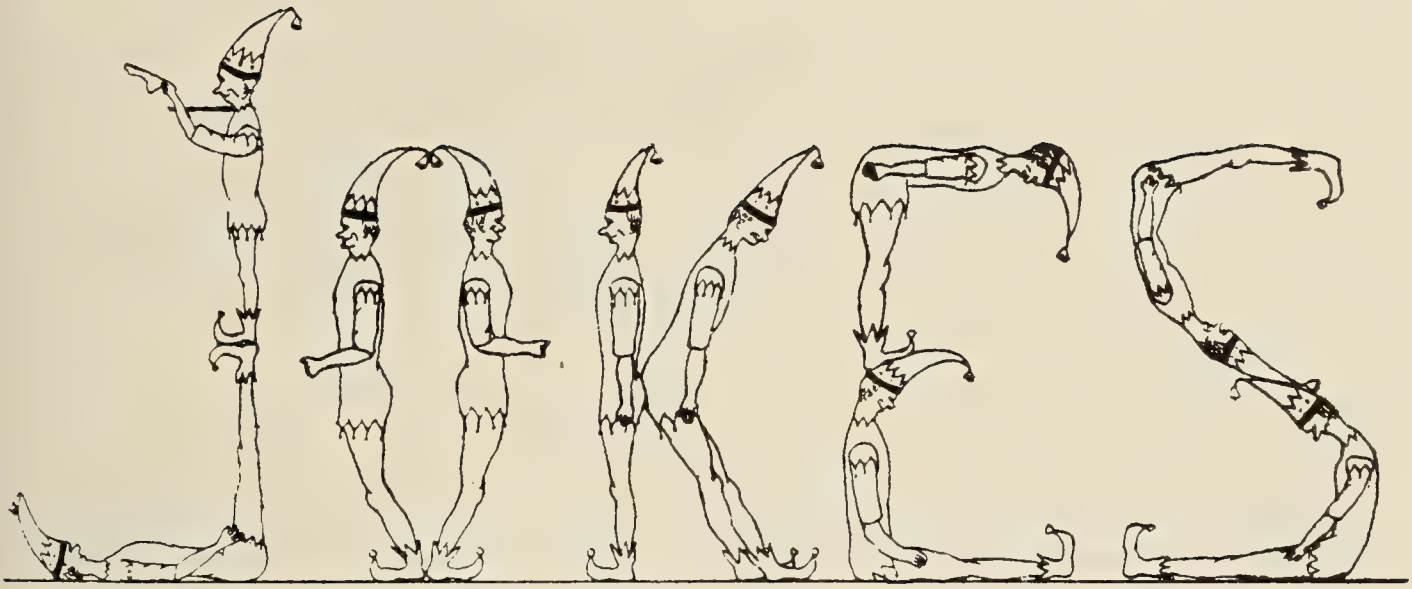
"The Tradesman"—Your cover for January is very effective! Yours is a very pleasing magazine.—"Lasell Leaves," Auburndale.

"The Magpie"—The February number of "The Magpie," is very nicely planned! Your cuts are clever, but wouldn't a few more add to the attractiveness of your paper?

—"Lasell Leaves."

"The Franklin"—Your last issue is witty but somewhat lacking in the literary department.—"Lasell Leaves."

"Cerberus"—A pleasing magazine. Shows a real interest on the part of members of Ashley Hall! "Why I Love Her" has a fine sentiment.—"Lasell Leaves."



Teacher: What effect has the moon on the tide?

Jonnie: "It hasn't any on the tied, but it makes the untied spoony.

Hans: I don't feel preddy well, August. I haf a horse in my throat.

Gretchen: Dat is not right. You mean you haf a colt in your head.

Freshie (at book store): I want ten cents worth of laboratory tacks (tax).

Mary had a little rat
One day it was spied by her cat.
Then the darling little rat
Disappeared down Mary's little cat
Finis————rat.

Bob: How do you find a girl out?
Ray: Call, when she isn't in.

Teacher: James, if ten tons of coal are sold at ten dollars a ton, what would the dealer receive?

James: One hundred ten dollars.

Teacher: Why, that's wrong.

James: I know it, but they all do it.

What's the difference between a brave soldier and a fussy lady?

One faces powder, and the other powders face.

'Twas in a restaurant that they met,
This Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas there, that he first fell in debt
For Romeo'd what Juli-et. —Ex.

SEND IT IN

If you have a good suggestion, send it in;
Or a joke without a question, send it in;
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from Y-O-U! send it in.
If you have a tale of woe, send it in;
Or a bit of news that's so, hand it in;
Do not try to look wise
Or stand aside and criticise
But tell us what you could advise, send it in.

A MODERN LOVE STORY

Chapter I — Maid One
Chapter II — Maid won
Chapter III — Made one. —Ex.

Yes, indeed!

A small boy with his first watch has the time of his life.

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

LIFE SECRETARY NUMBER.

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

CROW'S NEST. Taken by Mae Chan

LIFE SECRETARY NUMBER

The number of LIFE SECRETARIES continues its slow but steady growth and to those of 1913, 1915, 1911, 1916, 1882, are to be added the following:

Class of 1908: Lela H. Goodall, 18 Willard Road, Brookline, Mass. (Winter address, 912 Boulevard, Miami, Florida.)

Class of 1906; Edith Anthony Carlow (Mrs. H.), 60 Church Green, Taunton, Mass.

Class of 1896: Lena Josselyn Lamson (Mrs. F. E.), 284 Park St., Newton, Mass.

Class of 1889. Grace C. Huntington, 194 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A WORD WITH YOU

To our Life-Secretaries.

My loyal friends:

I have been asked several times what the pleasures and duties of a life-secretary are supposed to be and this letter is to answer the question as far as I can. The primary aim is to keep the members of the class in touch with each other and with their Alma Mater in whatever way seems best to the individual secretary. I have seen this method worked with great success through many years. I offer a few suggestions which I believe would be worth trying.

1. Keep the membership list of the class with addresses up-to-date.

2. Know the present activities of your mates, recording in a note book as in Lasell days those who are at home, in business, studying, in philanthropic work, etc. If any one has become famous as an author, a musician, a red-cross worker, a regent of the D. A. R., an officer in a woman's club, or something else worth while, be sure and note it. A list of the class children and the date of their birth and, if possible, their pictures would vitalize

your class history. This would be a wonderfully interesting book to bring back to reunions.

3. Advocate and promote the five-year reunions at Commencement and encourage the representation of each class at the mid-winter club luncheons.

4. Once in a while set in motion a class letter.

5. Secure as large a percentage as possible of the class as paid-up members of the Lasell Alumnae Association. Remind them that the money is largely used for scholarship purposes.

6. Add as associate members non-graduates who were one-time members of the class. Invite them back on your reunion years.

7. Important! Send items at least semi-annually to the editor of the supplement.

Greetings from your old home,
For you our hearth fire burns
Glad be your days and joyful
Wherever your pathway turns.

A Christmas Card sent out by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

CLASS REUNIONS

Due June, 1917.

1875	60th	1892	25th
1862	55th	1897	20th
1867	50th	1902	15th
1872	45th	1907	10th
1877	40th	1912	5th
1882	35th	1914	3rd
1887	30th	1916	1st

CLASS NOTES

Class of '08.

To begin the New Year right I wish to send a few gleanings from the Christmas news of the '08ers.

Millie Smith is in Orlando, Florida, and is serving as organist in a Methodist Church. Madeline Lovitt, Yarmouth, Nova Soctia, has been very busy sending Christmas Cheer overseas to the English lads at the front. She has two brothers,—one, Lincoln, with the 85th Nova Scotia Highlanders, and Hector with the Artillery, Howitzer Brigade. Both brothers are stationed in England, expecting to be called to the firing line at any moment. (December, '16).

Leona Benner and her mother are still in California. Recently it was their fortune to lunch with Dr. Bragdon. Ethel Taft is in Chicago. Betty Love (Mrs. R. Ward Macey) is busy with her son and Grace Emerson (Mrs. Harley M. Cole) is settled in her new home at Toulon, Illinois. These two roommates are planning to come in 1918, the tenth reunion. Ruth Adams (Mrs. John Wriston) has changed her address to 325 Bryant St., Buffalo, N. Y. Esther Starr was married in January, in California.

—*Lela Goodall, Class Life Secretary.*

Lela has caught the right spirit for she writes: "I believe that Life Secretaries should be a great help in many ways and one espe-

cially, as I have just written, our patient and diligent Alumnae Treasurer. I told her that I should make it one of my duties to remind the members of '08 how important the small due was and should urge life membership as the best plan. I was surprised to learn how small a number had sent their dues. I believe this percentage could be enormously increased.

PRINCESS AYMON DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE (CARRIE FOSTER, '87) AT WORK IN HER HOSPITAL

CLASS OF 1910.

Marion Hale Bottomley very thoughtfully writes Dr. Winslow of "the golden opportunity" she had at Lasell in Domestic Science which is now bearing fruit. Let it be a suggestion to others. "There are a few of us (twelve) here in town who are very much interested in the up-to-date way of managing our homes, so last September we formed a club which we call "The Pittsfield Home Economics Club." It is primarily a study club and we do not indulge in teas. On account of my Lasell training I have had the program to work out and the assignments to make.

Martha Hazelet Crooks and her husband made Mrs. Wagner a visit at just the right time to make it possible for her to be present at the mid-winter luncheon.

CLASS OF 1917.

Norine Burroughs Dillingham was the chairman of the New England Luncheon Committee. She reports that 1897 is planning a twentieth reunion this year at Commencement. This is a good time to write '97's Life Secretary that you will be on hand.

CLASS OF 1897.

Florence Shields Miller tells us that "housekeeping is great fun in our little apartment" and also shows her loyalty by sending the name of a prospective student. Her address is The Katenah, Apt. 72, Utica, N. Y.

Cards have been received, announcing the

marriage of Helen Rollins, who has become Mrs. J. Britton Fisher. Her address is 201 Broad St., Tonawanda, N. Y.

Class of 1912.

An attractive folder has come into our hands for Lecture-Recitals by Ruth Marjorie Risser. It presents the following: "Repertoire," "Madam Butterfly," "La Boheme" and "Life in Rome." In this last lecture her audience are promised "Snapshots of Italian Home Life in the Eternal City." Fascinating customs and quaint superstitions, as seen during the residence in Rome, interspersed with victrola records of charming street songs.

Class of 1913.

Alma Bunch sends us a newsy letter along with a corrected list of the Chicago Lasell Club, for which we are very grateful. Alma had received a letter from Adelle Wilson Moffet and her picture with her little daughter. The latter looks so plump and well that she thinks that the rigorous Montana winters with their 30 degrees below zero temperature agree with her.

Class of 1899.

Helen Rishell is in Boston at the Franklin Square House and is engaged in some work in the "Tide-Over League" which is to help girls who have been handicapped by illness of various kinds.

Class of 1882.

Jessie MacMillan met with a severe accident from a fall on the ice and is now receiving her friends and her mail at the Newton Hospital.

Class of 1916.

A delightful letter from Dorothy Crane to Miss Potter is well worth printing, but we venture only to give extracts.

Dorothy is this year at Columbia University and is the president of the freshman class, numbering 164 girls. We can well understand that this keeps her busy with all her other college work.

"Now that I am in a larger institution of learning, I appreciate more my two years at the dear old school on the hill, and the opportunity that was mine to be of Lasell's loyal and honored daughters. I have had the *Leaves* for the year and have enjoyed them immensely. The last one had in it something about the classes serenading the Seniors and Oh! didn't it bring back fond memories!"

"I have made Esther Underwood's acquaintance. She is playing a very active part here in the Y. W. C. A. and her special work is to get girls to teach settlement classes. I am going to try and look up the Lasell girls here. Maybe we can have a little Lasell Club all our own. I see Katharine and Helen Bingaman quite often. They have been lovely to me and I see quite a bit of them, as they are near. Dorothy Brate and Katharine Chase were here a while ago and we spent a delightful afternoon together at a little tea shop. We talked about Lasell and the main phrase was 'do you remember?' "

She is studying various courses in Household Arts and says she would like to go on the White Mountain trip and is planning to come in June if possible. We promise her a warm welcome.

Eleanor Ryan writes from the Trinity Neighborhood House, Cleveland, Ohio, "I am in Cleveland as directress of the Trinity Neighborhood House, the Settlement House in connection with the Trinity Cathedral. As I have charge of all the relief work of the church as well, you can see that my work here keeps me busy all the time, eighteen hours a day."

A note from Sarah Hammond tells of her visit to Katherine Allen in Chicago last fall

and of seeing Dorothy Mathias and Isabel Larkin. She is studying violin this winter. Lois is continuing vocal and Ona is very busy keeping house in Holyoke.

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK

One week earlier than its usual date, on January 27, the Lasell Club of New York held its annual luncheon at Hotel Plaza, thus changing its place of meeting as well as the time. In a charming dining room filled with small tables, about which were grouped circles of intimate friends, a delicious luncheon was served amid the constant hum of voices which made one feel the continued fellowship and loyalty of the girls.

The guests of the day were Dr. Winslow, our principal, Miss Robinson, president of the Connecticut Valley Club, and Miss Packard who was unexpectedly present on account of the absence of Mrs. Winslow, due to the children's illness.

Frances Barbour Sonntag, '89, sang very acceptably a group of songs with Julia ter Kuile, '10, at the piano.

Dr. Winslow gave with his greeting the latest news of Lasell including the new house of residence, the new playground, changes in faculty and our foreign students.

Miss Robinson presented the greetings of the Connecticut Club and Miss Packard gave a brief account of her visit to the clubs of the middle west.

Those present were:

Dr. Guy M. Winslow.
Miss Lillian Packard.
Margaret Williams.
Mrs. Mabel Case Viot.
Alice Fuller.
Louise Morrell.
Dorothy Asbury.
Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington.
Mrs. Josephine Haley Forney.
Mrs. Julia DeWitt Read.
Mrs. Elizabeth Whitehead Batson.
Julia ter Kuile.
Mrs. May Bigelow Green.
Mrs. Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls.
Bertha Berlin.
Charlotte Swartwout.
Rita Spiro.
Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton.
Mrs. Georgiana Lord Cushman.
Helen Ludeke.
Juliette Beach.
Marian Beach.
Gladys Stults.
Mrs. Eleanor Waite Robinson.
Mrs. Helen Wiedenmayer Kleinhaus
Eunice Williams.
Jean Walker.
Annie M. Gwinnell.
Mrs. Mary Marshall Call.
Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones.
Mrs. Lucy Pinney Calmer.
Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch.
Mrs. Meta Buehner Noble.
Madeline Gerard.
Mrs. Hannah Proctor Bonner.
Mrs. Eva Ferris Foote.
Mrs. Carol Case Dennison.
Mrs. May Peters Bloano.
Marguerite York.
Mrs. Roberta Brown Hoffman.
Mrs. Cornelia Cushing Carpenter.
Mrs. Lena Foster Nichols.
Mrs. Frances Barbour Sonntag.
Bessie K. Robinson.
Mrs. Helen Merriam Cornell.

There were two guests not Lasell girls.

LASELL MID-WINTER REUNION

February 12, 1917.

(Reported by Nell Woodward, '16, Secretary.)

The "old girls" who ventured out to Lasell for their Mid-Winter gala day, this year, were loyal indeed, for the "home-gathering" fell upon Lincoln's birthday, one of the extremely cold days of the winter, when the thermometer left zero high and dry, trying to seek

much lower figures. However, when once inside the door at school, the buzz-buzz of the old girls greeting each other, soon made every one forget outside weather conditions. At least, so it seemed when they were being taken down the receiving line of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Helen Carter Marcy, '06, the association's new president, Miss Gwinnell '88, the delegate from the Lasell Club of New York and Miss Potter '80.

would be served in the gymnasium, where we were expected to use our little blue song books.

When going into the gymnasium, it is to be expected to find a large, barren, airy, chilly room, but not so on our gala day; for the girls at school had donated enough tables, plants, chairs, rugs, covers, pillows and lounges to make the gayest kind of living room out of that barren place. Then in came those same girls to help us put some "pep" into the school

CAMPUS IN WINTER. Taken by Ruth Hayden

Down in the dining room, the table decorations and even the menu of the delicious luncheon itself, carried out the color scheme of the day most appropriately. Beside each place was a tiny shield on which any messages were to be written, and also a little blue book of Lasell songs, the gift of Dr. Winslow, out of which we were to sing later.

While in the dining room, we were most cordially welcomed by our genial and ever-thoughtful host, Dr. Winslow. Mrs. Marcy, also, extended a welcome to all the home-gatherers. Then was it announced, that coffee

songs which we began singing as soon as the coffee was served. It certainly did seem good to sing the songs under the direction of a school cheer and song leader. The old girls are grateful, indeed, to the girls at school.

Greetings were then read from various absentees. Those from Dr. Bragdon and Mrs. Billings, '56, were especially appreciated as shown by the unanimous vote to send them greetings from the association in return. Greetings were also voted to be sent to Miss Blaisdell, whom we were very sorry to miss again this year.

Miss Gwinnell, '88, told us some very interesting things about Lasell's New York Club. We were delighted to have a representative from such a successful branch of the Alumnae Association.

Mrs. Martin, of the faculty, told of her very delightful visit with Dr. Bragdon in his home in Pasadena, when she was out in California last year.

Then we heard of Miss Packard's recent western trip during which she was entertained most royally by Lasell Clubs in Minneapolis, Detroit, Chicago and Cincinnati. She made us all wish that we had been there, too.

Miss Packard made a plea at the end of her talk to the point that she would like to receive news from or about any ex-Lasell teacher, as she is trying to keep track of them.

During the afternoon's program, two of the girls at school entertained us beautifully with their music. Bernice Reagan, '17, played two charming pieces on her violin, and Norma MacMillan sang some equally charming songs.

As a last thing to be remembered about the program of our Mid-Winter gala day, we sang one of the most familiar school songs, before we closed by singing the Reunion song, written by Ellen Palmer. And, although it was then late afternoon, small groups staid out in the gymnasium for a long time, talking and buzzing away, indicating most assuredly, that the day had been successful. Those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow, "Lasell."
Prof. Joseph A. Hills, Allston.
Mrs. A. C. Walworth, Newton Centre.
Emma E. Sears May ('57), Newton.
Lillie R. Potter ('80), "Lasell."
Angeline C. Blaisdell ('67), "Lasell."
Jessie J. Macmillan ('82), Auburndale.
Sophie G. Mason ('83), Lowell.
Lillian M. Packard ('83), "Lasell."
Nellie Packard Draper ('84), Auburndale.
Marietta Rose Green ('86), Newton Highl'ds.
Annie M. Gwinnell ('88), Newark, N. J.
Mary Packard Cass ('89), Tilton, N. H.
Mary P. Witherbee ('92), "Lasell."
Nellie M. Richards ('93), Groton.
Harriet G. Scott ('94), Brookline.
Mabelle H. Whitney ('03), E. Boston.
Barbara Vail Bosworth ('05), Leominster.
Mildred Peirce Fuller ('06), Brookline.
Helen Carter Marcy ('06), Newton Centre.
Irene Sauter Sanford ('06), Westfield.
Martha Hazelet Crooks ('10), Williamsport, Pa.
Olive Bates Dumas ('10), Hanover.
Josephine Woodward Rand ('10), Brighton.
Helen Thirkield ('11), Boston.
Mary Starr Utter Maxson ('12), Westerly, R. I.
Mary A. Fenno ('13), Canton.
Margaret Livermore Hull ('13), Eden Park, R. I.
Charlotte G. Joseph ('13), Stonington, Conn.
Elsie Doleman ('14), Greenwood.
Mildred E. Hotchkiss ('14), Ansonia, Conn.
Mabel C. Jones ('14), Cambridge.
Ida Beane Rice ('15), W. Newton.
Nell Woodward ('15), Brookline.
Orissa M. Attwill ('16), Lynn.
Marion M. Griffin ('16), N. Bloomfield, Conn.
Maude J. Hayden ('16), Dorchester.
Mabel E. Straker ('16), Attleboro.
Anna Andrews Barris, "Lasell."
Edna Woolson Bean, Watertown, Conn.
Edna Mae Beaver, Norwood.
Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, Brookline.
Ruth Thacher Brown, Ayer.
Clementina Butler, Providence, R. I.
Marion Chapin, Auburndale.
Anna Cornwall, Melrose.
Gladys L. Davis, Contoocook, N. H.
Marjorie Davis, Contoocook, N. H.
Marion A. Davis, Worcester.
Alice Fuller Dunbar, W. Bridgewater.
Ellen Cudworth Dutton, Chelmsford.
Edna Thurston Follett, Newton Centre.
Lida N. Fiske, Contoocook, N. H.
Emily H. Genn, "Lasell."
Dorothy E. Hill, Taunton.
Blanche Busell Hofmann.
Helen N. Howe, Melrose.
Martha Keith, N. Middleboro.

A. Lizzie Mann, Randolph.
Ethel Moore, Lynn.
Helen Pope, Newton Centre.
Hattie Greenleaf Smith, Newton Centre.
Margaret E. Thacher, Littleton.
Edith F. Totten, Waltham.
Josephine Siggins Utter, Providence, R. I.
Violet Irene Wellington, Boston.
Edith Burke Wells, Haverhill.
Sophie A. Wendt, Brighton.
Berenice Wood, Charlestown.
Mary Ransom Wagner, "Lasell."
Mrs. Blanche Martin, Boston.
Margaret Rand, "Lasell."
Frances King Dolley, "Lasell."
Grace W. Irwin, "Lasell."
Fraulein Desdemona Heinrich, "Lasell."
Edith M. Collins, "Lasell."
Alice Hilliard Smith, "Lasell."
Roxana Tuttle, "Lasell."
Mrs. Elizabeth Hilbourn, "Lasell."
Dr. Sophie Morgenthaler, "Lasell."
Nellie M. Warner, "Lasell."
Marie Mount, "Lasell."
Ruth L. Roop, "Lasell."
Carmi M. True, "Lasell."
Clara M. Snyder, "Lasell."
Eliza H. Kendrick, Newton.
Eleanor Perry Rand, Greenwood.

A CLASS LETTER

If any secretary wishes to get in touch with her class through a personal letter in the *Leaves*, the Supplement editor will willingly print it and, if requested, at least once a year will send a free copy to members not on the subscription list.

IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL

Julia Anderson Willems, '94.

Dear Miss ———:

* * * My time is filled to overflowing and the busy days slip by without my being able to accomplish half the things planned. The Lasell money order has arrived, been cashed and partly spent and how grateful we are. We have decided to use it in buying inflatable rubber cushions to ease the poor aching backs of our soldier men. * * * My husband and I have been in hospital work since the first wounded from the Battle of the Marne began pouring into Biarritz,—my first week was helping care for a roomful of men whose wounds had been made with soft-nosed (so-called explosive) bullets. * * * We have had such beautiful help from our friends in America. Mae Burr Meadows' fund was a great success. She has shown splendid energy in getting the money together and excellent judgment in her buying. Two of her boxes have come and two or three more are en route. Even with the high prices of coal and foodstuffs we are able to take good care of our boys this winter. It is touching to see their gratitude and the characteristic which appeals to me above all else is their gentleness and unselfishness with each other and their unfailing politeness with the sisters and with me. Our men are from all classes even including the notorious "apache" of the fortifications of Paris and after two years and a half with them I can say I have never heard one coarse or ill-tempered word. They are wonderful in their patience and delicacy. Christmas as I helped serve their luncheon, I looked about at them, laughing, gay, looking out for each others' needs the men with the valid hands cutting up the meat for a "camarade" with hands or arms bandaged, or alas lacking, the man with a robust appetite choosing tempting morsels from his own plate and insisting that a man whose appetite needed to be coaxed have them and it was hard to believe that these same men had been fighting with the ferocity of wild beasts and for months had lived in constant danger and enduring untold hardships * * * but there is never a complaint never a whine. I am glad to have had the privilege of knowing the real Frenchman and Frenchwoman during their great trial and

proving. It has taught me so many things I needed to know. * * *

When Victory and Peace shall have come to this beautiful brave land, we hope to go back to America for my husband to take up his portrait work there, broken off by the war, and I want to go to Boston and pay a visit to Lasell. * * * With loving memories.

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

We are convinced that many of our girls have acquired the art of letter writing. Here is another good example of it in a letter from Marion Briggs to Miss Witherbee, parts of which we share with you. Marion is at present connected with the Connecticut Children's Aid Society and is in the Home for Crippled Boys in Newington, Conn.

"I know how busy you always are with those oceans of English papers to correct and so appreciate your nice long interesting epistle. How are the adopted French orphans coming in, I wonder? Orphans, and half-orphans and might-as-well-be orphans are my chief subject of thought and conversation—much to the dismay of my friends. Love me, love my orphans. Do you mind hearing about them? Wouldn't you think that crippled children would be pale and quiet and sanctimonious? Well, they are not—at least this kind in its youthful state is not. I am being so uneducated since coming here, though it is intensely interesting, if rather disconcerting, to see one's cherished theories tumble to the ground.

The first Saturday afternoon walk that I took with fourteen boys of assorted sizes, colors, races, etc., was a time of horror. They felt the heavy responsibilities of hazing the new primary teacher and proceeded to do it in thorough and business-like manner. They killed frogs in a frog pond, they stole pears (green ones at that) from a tree in the owner's front yard; they stampeded with a herd of cows (my pet terror) afterward driving said cows, with careless abandon through a picnic party of young ladies, who happened to be conveniently near. At last they discovered a nest of snakes and settled down to a regular orgy of joy. "Somebody is going to get hurt around here," a big be-spectacled fellow with a husky voice kept remarking. Then he would dexterously pin down a snake with one crutch and pound it until dead with the other. You may imagine my surprise to learn later, that this lad works in the nursery and is the special friend of every baby there, being as handy and gentle with them as the nurse herself. Such a combination of contradictions as all these youngsters are anyway!

They are so suspicious of every newcomer's motives, that getting acquainted seemed a long process. At last early in the winter I fell on the ice and hurt my weak knee pretty badly. Wasn't that a queer thing to make me one of the family? You see two days in bed paved the way nicely for a dramatic entrance in a wheel-chair and when after the wheel-chair stage, I hobbled about on crutches for a week, my popularity was assured. Even the older ones who are not in my school have been devoted friends ever since and I am having such a good time with them all. * * *

It is a little difficult to follow a strict course of study when one must stop for instance to settle a nervous little boy in a naughty tantrum, to correct Jennie's mistaken ideas of etiquette in polishing her new shoes with her fingers or to suggest to Billy that pencil stubs or bits of paper are unwholesome articles of diet. I have given up worrying about teaching and am doing all the training I can, trying to look forward to the future of my pupils and give them whatever will make them most useful and least unattractive members of so-

ciety and at the same time keep them happy as I can.

AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW

Annie Crowe Collum, '09, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, whose husband is at the front, writes Dr. Winslow on February first, from Artillery Mansions, 75 Victoria St., London, S. W.:

This has indeed been a red letter day for I have received your letter and the *Leaves* and I feel as if I had had a visit to Lasell. * * *

Your letter has quite revived my hope that there is an American nation even though at present it is shrouded behind a veil of "Wilsonism." I can only think it is through lack of knowledge that Wilson can write such a peace note as he did. * * * As Mr. Bonar Law said: "The Allies are fighting for what Mr. Wilson wants." His ideas are indeed noble ones, but he does not suggest how they are to be fulfilled. * * *

It is exceedingly interesting to be living here at this time and to feel the pulse of the empire firmly beating in the cause of humanity. It was a great relief when new blood took hold of the government for Mr. Asquith's "Wait and see" policy was proving to be only "Wait." I do not think Mr. Lloyd George is the politician that his predecessor was, but just now it is action that is needed and he has it. * * * The other Allied Governments have had house-cleanings, too, and I am sure the next few months will show the results. There is a healthy spirit of optimism in the country for there is confidence in the brave leaders of the Army and Navy and at last we feel we are as well equipped and armed as the enemy. Since writing the above, history has been in the making and your country has severed relations with Germany and one wonders what that will lead to. I shall be interested to hear how you are coping with the question at Lasell. * * *

My brother is over here now and I expect will be going to the front soon. My husband keeps well and very busy all the time. We had ten days together last November after six months' separation. When I feel blue I think of the brave women who have made the supreme sacrifice. I am most hopeful that right will triumph over might. Your letter was one of the very few truly humanitarian ones I have received from my American friends.

Many of you will be interested in the recent clipping from a Boston daily, telling of Polly Porter's new business career.

YOUNG WOMAN SELLS INTER-STATE CARS

Owen J. Vincent, manager of the Inter-State Boston Company, again stirs Boston's retail field by bringing into it another saleslady, Miss Florence A. Porter. * * *

He speaks very highly of employing women for the selling of automobiles, especially now as such a large percentage of motor vehicles are driven by women and they naturally like to purchase of their own sex and to have the different mechanical features explained to them by women.

Miss Porter comes into the automobile industry not so much for the revenue that she gains from the work, but for the interest she feels in this particular line, having owned and driven various makes of cars even before she was of an age where a license was obtainable. She has a large acquaintance with Boston people and spent three years at Lasell Seminary in Auburndale, where she was very popular.

Miss Porter has been assigned an Inter-State Chummy Roadster, which she will take entire care of during the coming season. She will be on hand at the Boston Automobile Show to greet her many friends and book orders for this very popular model.

FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE

Nothing has appealed to many in these days of war more than the children left destitute through no fault of their own. It will be of interest to our girls everywhere to know that the teachers and girls have "adopted" twenty-two of these children for one year or two. Of course, this is not in any sense a legal adoption, but only makes it possible for the mothers to keep their little ones with them. The cost is ten cents a day or thirty-six and a half dollars a year, and the definite name and address is given when desired

---

Some of the "Bright Memories" written on the patriotic shields used as place-cards at the New England Luncheon.
Donald Winslow's version of America;

"I love thy rocks and frills."
"Dale of Auburn, well remembered
That hast made our life so sweet
As in dreamy youth we wandered
Up and down your shady streets.'

We're well and happy — Hurray!

"There are moments in life
Which we love to recall
And memories too many to tell
There were days filled with sunshine and gladness and joy —
Seventeen years ago at Lasell."

Woman, woman, where's your note-book?

Always accent address, recess and detail on the last syllable.

Now, girls, possess your souls in patience.

Send your new address, the baby's picture and subscribe for the Leaves.

Just the day to appreciate a *warm* welcome.

Lasell, Lasell
I am moved to yell
Everytime I enter its doors
For the joys that are past
For the friendships that last
The best that this earth affords.

Skinnam (looking over contents of his purse: "Some contemptible scoundrel, I see," he said, "has passed a 'slug' cent on me and I'll bet it will take me a week to pass it off on somebody else."

"Hail, gentle spring!" With pen in hand,
The poet thus began his ode;
But the spring obeyed not his command,
It didn't hail, it snowed. —Ex.

Miss Rand (after Bible test): Did you get all the questions?

Bright Senior: Oh, yes. It was the answers that bothered me.

Let us know what you need—

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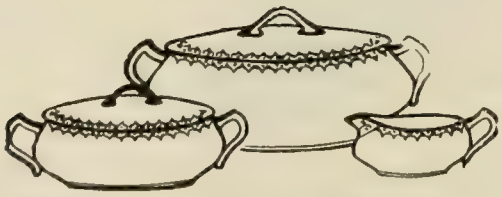

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Vol. XXXXII No. 7

APRIL, 1917

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

"Among Icebergs" ..... *Evelyn Cate* 5
A Dare ..... *Cornelia Gaty* 6
The Art of William Morris Shown in "The Proud King" 7
The Green O' the Spring 8

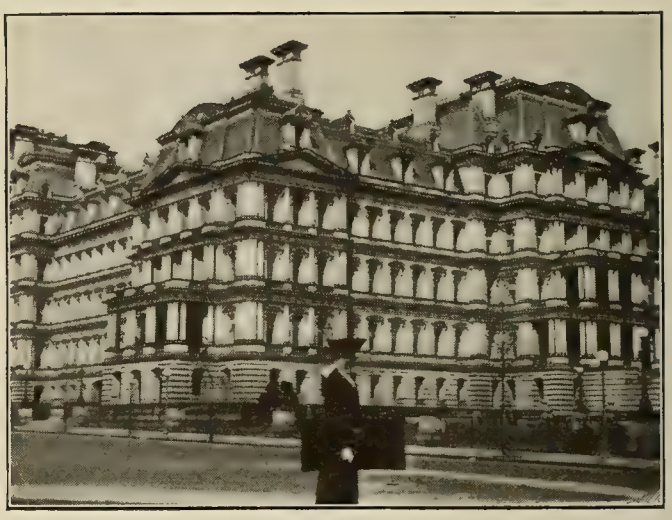
EDITORIAL 9

LOCALS

Conversation ..... *One of the Class* 10
The Junior-Senior Party 10
Extra Credits 12
The Rockport Party 12
The Washington Trip ..... *F. Dohoney* 13

PERSONAL 15

JOKES 20



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"AMONG ICEBERGS"

The steamship Victorian had for six days and nights stoically forced her way through stormy seas.

Over eighteen hundred souls were on board and it seemed as if the good ship recognized her great responsibility. Again and again she rose upon the crests of the waves, shaking her whole frame as if determined to free herself from the vicious ocean!

On the seventh night the wind howled more dismally than ever as it raced along the decks. Made dizzy by the continual lurching of the ship and finding no one inclined to talk, I zig-zagged my way to the state-room where my mother and sister had some time ago sought refuge.

The usually simple task of disrobing was rendered quite hazardous by the lurching of the steamer. After much effort resulting in a number of bruises, I, at last, succeeded in climbing into my berth. Wearily I watched the mountains of water rise and disappear.

Without any apparent reason, I found myself wide awake. Suddenly I realized that something unusual was happening. Breathlessly I listened! The steady throb of the engines had stopped—all was forebodingly still! I felt the ship lower until it seemed to have sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Were we sinking? No, for now she climbed up on the waves again! How bitterly chill it was! Chattering with cold and fear I stole down from the berth resolved to reach the state-room where my father and brothers were!

As I came into the "salon" I saw that my fears were well justified! Stewards and officers were swiftly and quietly at work lowering the air-tight compartments!

Panic-stricken, I tumbled back into our stateroom. The members of my family were already gathered. The calmness of our men folk checked my panic. All around us we heard the hysterical sobbing of women; the curt commands of officers; the reassuring voices of the men passengers!

For what seemed to us Eternity, we clung together silently waiting the fate which we believed inevitable.

Outside in the black night, floating at ran-

dom, were icebergs. We could see their ghastly whiteness through the port-hole. How cruelly long the time seemed! We almost wished the inevitable would come and end the agony of suspense.

The inevitable gave place to the unexpected, for dawn rose all rosy and bright. In the face of such brightness the experience just passed appeared to have been a night-mare, dispelled by morning.

Soon we were on deck. There, on the very verge of dropping over the horizon, were three shining objcts. They rose, beautiful, white, miniature mountains on the blue ocean. How incredible it seemed that these lovely ice-bergs should have, but a few hours ago, been objects of frightfulness.

Some of our fellow passengers remarked upon our fortune in escaping such a fate. We however, felt thankful to a kind Providence which had brought us out of the dark terror of night into the cheerful light of the morning. *Evelyn Cate.*

A DARE

In the woods just outside of a small village stood an old cabin. People used to say of it that tramps lived there; but there had recently been a campaign against tramps, and they had disappeared from the vicinity. Being made of logs and having a pretty substantial roof, it had long resisted the attacks of winds and storms.

Three small boys, Jack Meyers, John Stevens and Bill Saunders, had been led by various stories to believe this cabin to be haunted. Jack was terribly afraid of ghosts, and although he would not admit it, John and Bill found it out and teased him. Naturally he was indignant. He protested that he was not afraid of ghosts and never had been; so to "call his bluff," they dared him to sleep in it one night. Now in boydom not to take a dare is a sign of cowardice and Jack was far from cowardly. Although inwardly quaking, he, therefore, put on a bold front and made arrangements for the night.

The path which led to the cabin was narrow and winding and heavily wooded on both sides. Just before nightfall a dense fog rolled up, making the woods as black as a pocket. Jack equipped himself with a strong-rayed pocket search-light, and started. He continually flashed the light around him, but the narrow streak of brightness only emphasized the utter dark, and made it seem as if all the uncanny creatures of the woods, could see him more distinctly by it, while he could get no glimpse of them. Every wood noise was magnified a hundred fold to his ears. The very rustling of his feet in the leaves seemed to be calling to every creature in the woods. It could not be his feet which were making such a noise; it must be those of some creature directly behind him. He stopped suddenly, swung around, but saw nothing save the fog and the trees. He continued his way and did not look behind again, although little shivers were running up and down his back.

At last he reached the cabin, went in and closed the door. He took off his shoes and lay down. For a time all was quiet. Not a leaf seemed to move. But what was that? There was a rustling, and, oh horrors, was that a man choking to death? Gurglings and gaspings still continued. Footsteps came toward the cabin and two eyes of fire looked in at the window. The choking had ceased; one victim done for, they were ocming to him. Yes, he was to be the next. With a yell, he sprang up, seized a heavy stick and search-light and dashed out of the door. Only a dark shadow disappeared down the path. He gave chase, but it melted into the darkness with hardly a sound. Again he returned to the

cabin, but not to sleep. Standing breathless in the doorway, he waited for he knew not what.

Suddenly he heard a faint swish directly above his head; the gurgling, choking sound recommenced. Quick as thought he snatched his search-light and flashed it at the spot. There sat an old gray owl near a hole in the tree above him. Of course she was feeding her young! Another flash revealed a stray tramp dog sneaking up the path. Jack threw back his head and laughed aloud, waking the echoes and startling all the nearby creatures.

Cornelia Gaty.

THE ART OF WILLIAM MORRIS SHOWN IN "THE PROUD KING"

From the great literary treasure house of the Middle Ages, the "Gesta Romanorum," Morris drew the material for his poem "The Proud King." The story has been traced back to the Sanscrit dating from before the Christian Era; there are versions of it among the Buddhists and the Jews, each differing from that of the Christians, chiefly in its symbolism.

In the "Gesta Romanorum" the symbolism or moral is emphatically stated in the "Application" at the end of the story, as follows: "The emporer represents anyone whom the pride and vanity of life wholly engross. The knight to whom Jovinian first applied is Reason, which ever disclaims the pomps and fooleries of life. The duke is Conscience; the savage dog is the flesh which alarms the falcon,—that is divine grace. The wife is the human soul; the clothes in which the emperor was at last arrayed are the virtues that kept the one sovereign,—that is the good Christian."

Morris, however, rejects this bald statement of fact; rather clothes the prosiac facts in wondrously wrought garments of words, surrounds them with a wealth of incident, and over all flings an irridescent mantle of fancy. For the poet's purpose, as avowed in his prefatory stanzas, is not to solve the problems of life, but the purely artistic desire to add to the amount of human pleasure. The result is that the reader, instead of having the feeling of antipathy invariably aroused by a moral forced on one like bitter medicine, is not only attracted by the beauty of expression, but also more deeply impressed for having evolved by his own thought the truths suggested by the poet.

In the "Proud King" as in all his works, Morris depicts his beloved nature with the faithfulness of one painting a portrait. He often interrupts his narrative to describe a bit of nature. The art in his descriptions is his power to choose from the mass of available details, the few—striking, original, but always simple, natural — that convey perfectly the idea he wishes to present. His descriptions are not still, conventional scenes to form a background for the action; they do form a background, certainly, but one of life, full of movement, sound, and fragrance. There are fish in his brooks; his birds sing; his flowers grow. He has no need of mechanical, man-made measures of hours; his time is marked by the coming and going of the sun.

His power of description is equalled by his power of characterization. In this also, we find growth, development, when we think of the "Proud King" as he first appears, almost unbelievably arrogant and self-sufficient, and then as he is at the last—humble, bearing his high station as a trust rather than as a glory; the contrast is so great as to seem impossible. But as we read the story we find, not a sudden transformation, (Morris is far too wise in the ways of human nature for that) but, by slow and painful steps, the better side of a man's nature roused by circumstances, goaded by buffets of fortune, gaining ascendency

over the baser. Nor does Morris make the fatal mistake of representing his characters as perfectly good or absolutely bad; even while we are disgusted with Jovinian's conceit and insolence, we must admire his determination and courage. And the other characters: the squire, the duke, the priest, the countryman may all be considered as types and symbols, and so they are, but in each there is some subtle touch that makes him individual, unique.

Morris is a master workman. The jewels of his thought have a setting of rare and exquisite simplicity of diction. It is unusual for one of his words to be longer than two sylebles; this gives a natural, easy grace to his poetry. Each word expresses his idea precisely. He chooses as often as possible—and it is surprising how many times it is possible—Anglo-Saxon words rather than foreign words to express his meaning. He has an especial love for old, quaint forms, such as "horel folk" and "liklihead," which lend a peculiar charm to his poetry, and which, more than any thing else, give the tone of mediaevalism to his tales. This tone is further strengthened by the element of the marvelous, which in the story of the "Proud King" is the apparition and incarnation of Jovinians guardian angel.

It is hard in this poem to separate the ideas of the poet himself from the mediaeval beliefs of the characters he represents. But here and there are bits of wisdom, of philosophy, that seem to me to belong distinctively to the poet, such as:—

"With sober joys for troubles passed away."
"Worship the risen sun as these men do."
"I think by old alone he came to learn
How lowly on some day must be his lot."

Then, in his development of Jovinian's character, the passage telling how the failure of his own power led the king to belief in One greater than himself, which results in humble dependence on God, followed by the immediate answer to his prayer made in that spirit, is a beautiful expression of a universal, eternal truth.

F. Dohoney.

THE GREEN O' THE SPRING

"Shure, afther all the winter
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to see the sunshine,
'Tis fine to feel its glow;
'Tis fine to see the buds break
On boughs that bare have been —
But best of all for Irish eyes
'Tis grand to see the green!

Shure, afther all the winter,
An' afther all the snow,
'Tis fine to hear the brooks sing
As on their way they go;
'Tis fine to hear at mornin'
The voice of robineen,
But best of all to Irish eyes
'Tis grand to see the green.

Shure, here in grim New England
The Spring is always slow,
An' every bit o' green grass
Is kilt wid frost and snow;
Oh, many a heart is weary
The winter days, I ween,
But oh, the joy when Springtime comes
An' brings the blessed green!"

Dennis McCarthy.

Hi Marx: Are you athletic?

Lois Canbee: O, yes, I'm the fastest crocheter on our college team.

Hi: Zasso, how fast can you go?

Lois: O, about thirty knots an hour.
—*Widow.*

On Tuesday evening, March 27, the *Leaves* staff of the year 1916-'17 met in Room 72 to elect a new staff for the year 1917-'18. It is indeed with regret that we of the old staff give up our places to the new, but we are mighty glad that such a fine set of girls will be in charge of the *Leaves* for the coming year.

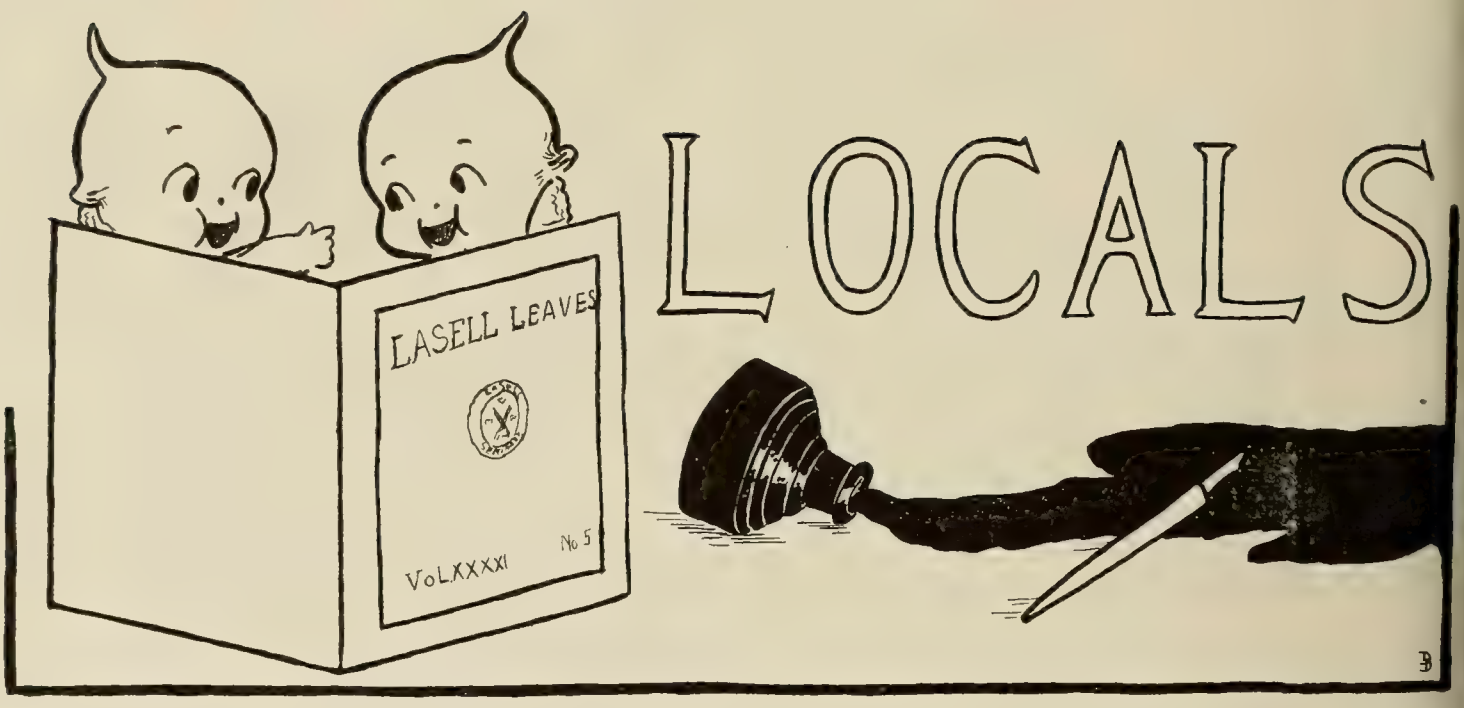
We, of the old staff, took into consideration the requirements of each office and in choosing the girl for that position, we decided on the one we felt was best fitted for it. We think that the new staff is one of which the school ought to be very proud and we know they will give the girls a magazine which will be so fine that they will all want to support it heartily.

The editor wishes here to thank everyone, on behalf of the staff, who has aided us in making our magazine a success this year; all those who have subscribed; all those who have given us the material to work with; and those who have offered to us criticisms by which we might improve our magazine. We believe, that a great deal of credit is due to our new printers who have aided us so much in getting our magazine out as soon as possible. To Mr. Connolly, also, who aided us so much in getting started this last fall, we extend our hearty thanks. We, of the staff, feel we have had a successful year, financially, for if everything turns out as is indicated now, we shall have money left in our treasury at the end of the year.

The new staff is as follows:—

Editor-in-chief—Lucinda Obermeyer.
Assistants—Lois Nichols, Elaine Eaton.
Business Manager and Subscription Editor—Margaret Ufford.
Assistants—Amy Tuthill, Edith Powell.
Local Editor—Mildred Keasor.
Assistant—Kathryn Patterson.
Joke Editor—Doris Bahn.
Assistant—Beulah Coward.
Art Editor—Edith Chapin.
Assistant—Ruth Malley.
Exchange Editor—Dorothy Barnes.
Assistant—Elizabeth Moyer.
Personal Editor—Evelyn Cate.
Assistant—Edith Vance.

The Editor wishes to thank all who have helped her this year and to extend to the incoming staff her wishes for the most successful year the *Leaves* has ever had, in particular to Lucinda Obermeyer, the new Editor-in-Chief. *Dorothy J. Stewart.*



CONVERSATION

During this term, full as it will be, we Seniors will miss from it one thing that made our last term so enjoyable—that is, Conversation Class which is now over. In this class, if it can be called a class, we spent some of the most pleasant as well as most valuable hours of the year. With Miss Potter, we met after dinner on Monday evenings to talk "over our coffee," of things really worth while.

The first night, the topic was "The Duties of a Hostess," a subject in which every girl is interested and from which each of us could learn something of hospitality. Then, we talked about our "Home Town" and its inhabitants—and what very interesting home towns some of us have! Soon, we were able to get away from the concrete and venture out on the abstract—"Patriotism," "Music," "Books." It is hardly necessary to tell the benefit that we derived from even attempting to discuss these universal subjects. And then, there was "Fads and Fashions"—feminine and frivolous, you say; some of it, yes, but beneath the apparent vainity, we found underlying principles both interesting and instructive. One of the most profitable evenings of all was devoted to "Discoveries and Inventions" where the desire to know something new, was fully satisfied. The last evening, the members of the Faculty were our guests, and they joined heartily in our discussion of Current Events from which all reference to the war was omitted.

From these hours together we have learned not merely the facts brought out in our discussion, but have discovered the secret of true conversation, of talking with ease and interest on nearly any subject. As each time five of us were hostesses, taking the direction of the conversations and bearing the responsibility for its success. We feel ourselves better able to perform those social duties which will be ours after leaving school. The Conversation Class is a distinctive feature of Lasell; and one, I think, of which the value can not be over estimated. *One of the Class.*

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

Not to be outdone by the Sophomores, the Juniors gave a party for the Seniors on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. To carry out the green and white color scheme a lattice covered the ceiling of the gym. and a lattice-covered summer house was arranged in one

corner of the room for the serving of the punch. The Seniors, wearing small green aprons in the shape of shamrocks over their white waists and skirts, arrived at an empty room, but were joined shortly by the green and white costumed hostesses. Curtis' Or-

chestra rendered the lively music for the dance and Helen Guertin favored us with two fascinating solo dances. The ice cream was a special feature of the party, as no one had been eating very much of it for about a week. After the dancing the guests were showered with confetti and the two good-night songs were sung, both, as it happened, to the tune of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

On March 21, Mrs. Mead, the National Secretary of the Peace Party, addressed the school on "In Time of War, Prepare for Peace." She gave the following definition of Peace, "A condition of organized people living together among nations." Spiritually and intellectually we are unprepared for war, she said. She dwelt on the tremendous financial side of the war, and stated that the world has thrown away in four days what it cost to build the Panama Canal.

She urged the women of today to study more than ever the conditions of the country, and to obtain a conception of relative values in all things. 'War is made by man, who by his condescending to fight his fellow-men, is descending to a level beneath the brute. Instead of this he should be waging war against disease and dirt, for since the war began America has lost one half a million men from preventable causes.' Although we may not have wholly agreed with the speaker's ideas, her serious and thoughtful presentation of her subject roused our deep interest.

Vesper Service of March 25th. The last Sunday vesper service before the Easter vacation was made very beautiful and impressive by Henry Turner Bailey. The subject. "The Tomb of Christ" was most appropriate for this season. Beginning with his arrival near Jerusalem Mr. Bailey described his emotions when he first saw the city lying in the distance. There it rose, the very Jerusalem pictured in the Bible.

Outside the walls lay the hills, forming a natural amphitheatre, in the very center of which was a mound, resembling, in shape, a human skull. How convincingly Mr. Bailey told us of his reasons for believing this to be the very place which was the scene of Christ's crucifixion. So vivid was the picture which he portrayed that even the most unimaginative of those present could not fail to be greatly impressed. What a scene he disclosed! There on the surrounding heights were multitudes of people; the very walls of the city were thronged. Every eye was fixed upon a cross erected on the mound of Calvary. Having followed this harrowing scene, we were next shown the tomb of Christ and our imagination was aided by a clever illustration in colored chalks.

What a contrast between the tomb of our Lord and that of the great Napoleon! The latter is perhaps the most solemn spot in a city, well known for its gaiety, Paris. Guarding this resting place of the emperor

are angels, stretching forth their arms and holding in their hands the sword, the crown, the laurels, emblems of a power long since decayed. In vain they await the return of Napoleon

But the sepulchre of our King lies open, the doorway unsealed; through it rain and sunshine could make their way,—and within little birds find a perfect refuge. The gloom of the tomb is dispelled by the light which penetrates its darkness; the entrance of the sepulchre is thrown open; the promise of resurrection rises victorious over the fear of death!

The annual concert by the Orphean Club was given on Wednesday evening, March 28th, at eight o'clock. The Club, under the leadership of Prof. Henry M. Dunham, was ably assisted by Miss Marguerite Neekamp, soprano, Miss Ruth Hall, contralto, Miss Mary F. Curtiss, organ, Miss Berenice Reagan, violin, Mr. J. Bayand Currie, piano. To them, no less than to the Club, much of the success of the concert is due. The selections were most pleasing and were artistically rendered. Many outside guests were present to enjoy with us this concert which proved to be one of the best in many years. The program follows:

a. Laudati Pueri ..... *Mendelssohn*
b. Sancta Maria ..... *Fauré*
ORPHEAN CLUB

VIOLIN. Valse Triste ..... *Sibelius*
MISS REAGAN

a. Weep no more..... *Saar*
b. Miss Nancy's Gown..... *Chadwick*
c. Where thrums the Bee..... *Hermon*
ORPHEAN CLUB

Variations (For Organ and Piano) *Dunham*
MISS CURTIS AND MR. CURRIE

CANTATA. Alice Brand..... *H. W. Parker*
ORPHEAN CLUB, MISS NEEKAMP AND MISS HALL

EXTRA CREDITS

At the end of each semister extra credits are given for excellence in scholarship under certain specified conditions. The successful students for the first semester, together with the average of the recommended subjects follow: Frances Dohonney, 91 1-5%; Muriel Sanger, 91%; Edith Powell, 90¾%; Leontine Goodman, 90½%; Olive Chase, 90½%; Elsie Kimball, 89¾%; Lois Nichols, 89½%; Helen Selkirk, 87¾%.

Each student received two extra credits.

"A watched pot never boils," but this saying has been proved to the contrary. The pot boiled over on Wednesday, April 11th, when the Seniors, unassisted by the Juniors took their tables. Dispensing with their usual dignity, some of the Seniors entered the dining room by means of the side door and '17 was lock stepping about the tables prettily decorated by the Sophomores, with baskets of yellow daisies and purple maline, when the rest of the classes appeared on the stairs, eager for luncheon. The Seniors sang a touching melody in regard to the Juniors, who must fill their places at the old tables, and took their seats amid a general applause.

THE ROCKPORT PARTY

We were certainly a lucky bunch of Lasell girls who, with Fraulein Heinrich as chaperone, spent our last vacation at Pidgeon Cove, Rockport, Massachusetts.

Ten days pass quickly but they may hold lots of good times. Our mornings were usually spent in and around Pidgeon Cove itself. One morning we climbed Pidgeon Hill to get the

wonderful view from its summit. Other mornings we sat on the rocks or followed the shore line to see some of the peculiar boulder formations. In the afternoons we made longer trips to Manchester, Magnolia, Annisquam and Gloucester. We took two all-day excursions and cooked over our own fire a picnic lunch of frankfurters, bacon and tomato soup. Clara Spinney and Irvina Pomeroy came over from Gloucester to go with us and afterwards we went with them for a long automobile ride along the shore. We had our second picnic over in East Gloucester near Mother Ann on Eastern Point. We had expected to go thru the lighthouse there but since the day before, a state of war had been declared existent, the lighthouse was closed to visitors. That afternoon we went sailing with one of the fishermen from the Gloucester harbor. One rainy afternoon we had a taffy pull and for once, even the taffy itself was a success.

At night we usually did about as we pleased: popped corn; toasted marshmallows; knitted; read or talked. But Saturday night we dyed Easter eggs and, I hope, managed to put more of the dye on the eggs than on ourselves.

When the last of our party started back to school on Monday the snow was up to the top of the fence, certainly an unexpected ending to a very happy vacation.

THE WASHINGTON TRIP

Doesn't it sound alluring? Washington in the spring, seen in company with ten other girls, jolly, congenial, and all bent on enjoying everything to the utmost; with a chaperone, capable, full of fun, and willing to do anything to give us the best time of our lives.

Probably, there never were six days packed so full of interesting and delightful events. We didn't just run down to Washington. Oh no! the trip would have been worth while just for the pleasure of coming and going. We took the boat from Fall River, Friday evening, and had all the fun of an ocean voyage without its discomforts. The next morning early, we arrived in New York passing under the new Hellgate Bridge, and seeing the rightly famous New York shore line.

From New York, we went directly to Philadelphia, which had a most festive and patriotic appearance, all the buildings being decorated with flags and bunting; here and there the buff and blue of Philadelphia formed a pretty combination with the national colors. Crowds of people thronged the streets; policemen and Boy Scouts were everywhere in evidence. From them we learned that the citizens were having a patriotic demonstration in honor of Ambassador Gerard's return. Under these thousands of flags, we went to Betsy Ross's house, the birthplace of the Stars and Stripes. Philadelphia is a dear, quaint, old place; we felt that we were indeed in the "City of Brotherly Love" when right in the heart of the business district, we saw the grave of Benjamin Franklin, and a little farther on, passed a Quaker Meeting House from the door of which came a real live "Friend." We also saw Independence Hall, but could not enter on account of the celebration.

So we came back a few hundred years to go through the home of the Curtis Publishing Co., a remarkably beautiful building. After lunch, we went to Wanamaker's which is more like a shopper's fairyland than a mere department store. We stayed until the last instant; so there followed a wild dash for the train. We were always so loath to leave that running for trains was a characteristic of the trip; in fact we developed what may go down in history as the "Lasell Lope."

We arrived in Washington that afternoon, finding that spring, which has been so shy about coming to Boston, had been there some

time. It was bright and balmy, the green grass, budding trees, and early flowers making the numerous "circles" or small parks delightful. Mr. Connolley had dinner with us and afterward took us for a drive around the most beautiful city in America, doubly charming in the evening with brilliant lights and divers colored radiance from powerful search lights playing on Washington's Monument and on the flags floating from the top of the Capitol and White House.

The next morning we went to the President's church where we saw greatness close at hand, as he and Mrs. Wilson came out to enter their car. In the afternoon, we went through the Corcoran Art Museum, a treasure house of beautiful works of art. And then, more fun! Taking a "rubber neck" automobile, we were driven over the city and had all the places of interest pointed out to us in no small voice. Then we went out to Arlington, where the honored dead sleep around the lovely old mansion of Lee. That night Mr. Connolley, the big brother of Lasell, took us through the Congressional Library. The only expression that that can give any idea of the beauty of it, is the one some one has used: "A vision in polished stone."

Monday, we went first through the Bureau of Printing and Engraving where we watched the different processes in the making of stamps and bank notes. From there, we went to the D. A. R. Building, in which a room has been furnished by the chapter of each state. Next, came the recently completed Red Cross Building, national headquarters of the American Red Cross. Then, we passed a most enjoyable half hour in the Pan-American Building, considered the second most beautiful building in America, being surpassed only by the Congressional Library. It was built by the twenty-one states of the Pan-American Union as a kind of capital, and as an enduring monument to the peace and friendliness between the Americas. It is built around a patio or open court, in the center of which is a fountain where gold fish play. There is a profusion of tropical plants and trees; two monkeys and several brilliant macaws swinging in the branches add to the "local color." On the second floor, there is the Hall of the Americas where are the flags of the twenty-one nations and the bust of the greatest man of each. The great banquet hall, which opens from this, is architecturally perfect; from its long windows, we looked down into a sunken garden with an Aztec god presiding over the pool.

That same day, we visited the New National Museum, the Smithsonian Institute and the United States Bureau of Fisheries, all of which are much more interesting than their names imply. In the evening (don't tell the faculty) we went to a "movie."

Tuesday morning we went to Mt. Vernon which is lovely beyond description. It has an ideal situation, a high bank overlooking the beautiful Potomac River with the outline of the Maryland hills in the distance. Everything has been carefully preserved, so that you feel as if you had stepped right into history, and wouldn't be a bit surprised to meet Washington and Lafayette, or to hear Nellie Custis playing on the little harpichord that was a birthday present. Down from the house, in a little clump of friendly trees is Washington's tomb; it is of warm red brick covered with whispering ivy and surrounded by violets and seems more like a peaceful home than a grave.

We returned by boat down the Potomac, singing our Lasell songs just as though we were on the Charles. That afternoon we had free to do as we chose; in the evening we went to the theatre.

(Continued to Page 19)

We have an unusually long list of weddings to report this month. Among the happy Lasell brides are the following:

On the twenty-third of March, Marie Ernestine Kolb and Dr. Joseph Robert Applegate were united in marriage at Bay City, Michigan. They will be at home in Detroit, Michigan after May 1st.

The thirty-first of March was Louisa Ellen Lucas' wedding day when she became Mrs. Bethune Morse Grant. They are now at home at 1910 Mt. Royal Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland.

Kathryn Chase, '16, and Mr. Howard Ashton Heene were married at Cleveland, Ohio, on the seventh of April. They will be at home after the first of June at 13250 Forest Hill Avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio.

The seventh of April was also the wedding day of Edna Alice Lucas when she and Mr. Harold Alexander Bernard were united in marriage at Johnstown, New York. They are at home at 97 Second Ave., Gloversville, New York.

Ruth Catherine Morse and Mr. Ralph Hamilton Perry were married on the ninth of April at Torrington, Connecticut.

On the tenth of April Marcia Jane Fogg, '14, became Mrs. Robert McGregor Moore at Biddeford, Maine.

Maidie Dealey, '14, also chose April the tenth as her wedding day when she was united in marriage to Mr. James McQueen Moroney. After May first they will be at home at 3818½ Cedar Springs Road, Dallas, Texas.

A very attractive and full account of the Tucker—Cutting wedding was sent to our Principal and we would like to print it in full but space forbids. We have, however, a charming picture in our mind of our fair young Mildred, '14, and maid of honor, Marion, lovely in an exquisite gown of tulle over silk in orchid shades of pink and lavender. Of course, the center of attraction was the bride in a handsome gown of flesh-colored tulle over silver lace. Irene Bollman in a gown of orange tulle over gold cloth was pronounced "stunning." Dr. Roy Arthur Tucker, the fortunate groom is a rising young dentist and a graduate of the Indiana Dental College.

On February 19th Ethel Linstedt and Mr. E. B. LaPrade were united in marriage at Auburn, Massachusetts.

A very dainty card has been received from

Frances Glenn Ebersole, '09, announcing her engagement to Mr. Rufus Bartlett Hall, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Green Pearce announce the engagement of their daughter Florence Elizabeth Baker to Mr. Earl Wheeler Carpenter.

The engagement of Miss Bernice Marx, '15, to Mr. Harold M. Ruben has been announced.

To brides and grooms and brides and grooms-to-be our blessings and best wishes for the "days that are to be."

One the front page of a recent issue of the St. Paul Pioneer Press appears a most attractive picture of Mrs. Myron McMillan (Bess House) and her five beautiful children. Our preceptress who was entertained last summer in the McMillan's new home in St. Paul insists that the picture doesn't do the group justice. She has many delightful stories to tell about Bess, her handsome Scotch husband and dear children.

A bit of news which will greatly interest old girls is that Miss Dorothy Shank will next fall return as a member of our faculty. She has recently had an unusually delightful experience in being entertained in the home of Secretary of Labor, Hon. William B. Wilson, in Washington and was included in the select few who enjoyed the social functions at the White House at the time of President Wilson's inauguration. Her sister who is a very successful newspaper correspondent, writing under the title of Dorothy Dean sent a fascinating account of the inaugural to one of the Williamsport, Pennsylvania papers. Perhaps the greatest event which Miss Shank enjoyed was the luncheon given by President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House on the day of the inauguration where she had opportunity to see and to meet the members of the cabinet and most interesting of all, the immediate family of President Wilson.

The readers of the Leaves may be interested to learn, if they are not already informed, that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is thinking seriously of revising its Constitution. Out of the entire population only a very small number are to be on this committee chosen, by the people at large. Lasell feels quite honored to think that the city of Newton has selected among its candidates our principal, Dr. Winslow, who has generously given so much of his time and thought to the local government, and has been President of the Good Government Club of Newton. Lasell is not altogether selfish in hoping for his election for we feel that the matter could not be placed in wiser, safer hands than Dr. Winslow's.

Lasell was greatly pained to learn of the bereavement which has come to our dear Annie M. Gwinnell, '88, in the death of her brother-in-law, Dr. Coit. He was a very prominent physician in Newark and was especially interested in starting the idea of a good milk supply and was elected the first Medical Milk Commissioner. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his immediate family.

Through one of our girls we have recently heard of the death of Cora Griffen's mother early in the year. We have not yet learned the particulars but extend our heart-felt sympathy to our former school-mate.

A fine report of the annual Luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club has been received but has been held for the May Supplement as it will reach more of our girls in that way.

In a letter received from Marian Beach, '16, she speakes of her return to Lasell in June with Eleanor McCarty and also adds, "We have spent a very quiet winter since Christmas, most of the time being devoted to assisting our mother who has charge of the

Red Cross work. We expect soon to join a First Aid Class.

Mildred Goodall, '10, has very kindly remembered a number of the faculty as well as "the office" with charming postals sent from her Florida "wintering-place." Just now, however, she is in Washington serving as her father's (Congressman Goodall's) private secretary.

In a recent letter to Miss Packard, Lulie Hogg, '88, writes from Pasadena where she is spending the winter. "Each day my thoughts go back to Lasell and my last two happy years there." Her nephew, Alexander Powell, is with her this winter and greatly enjoying the splendid school advantages. She reports Margaret's health as improved wonderfully and she has had a splendid winter doing many things that are worth while. She is president of a social club where the girls combine literary and social work and has kept up her "playground" service and is occasionally singing in one of the home churches. She closes with, "I must tell you that Dr. Bragdon has been very good to us since we have been here. More than ever are we convinced that it is a mighty fine thing to be a Lasell girl."

Frieda and Louise Mayer, '11, sent a friendly line to our preceptress from Hot Springs, Arkansas where they are spending a part of their winter.

We are certainly glad to hear from these old Lasell girls. Jane Parsons, '12, told us a lot of news on her correspondence card. She is "wintering" at Little River, Florida, and enjoying the warm weather immensely. She writes "While at St. Augustine I saw Nell Fuller and we had a fine time chatting about Lasell days and all our friends there. She told me of her engagement to Mr. Alan Dale of Brooklyn, N. Y. The wedding is to take place in June. Nell seemed well and very happy. I had a card from Marion Keffer saying she was in Florida."

Ernestine Lederer, '13, in a note to Miss Potter writes: "I have just returned from Cincinnati where I visited Lillian Schwartz, '14, and met her intended, a fine young man. I saw Florence Evans, '15, one afternoon and Bernice Marx, '15, who is also engaged. Barbara Jones, '14, I hope to see some day soon.

Lasell is certainly grieved over the sudden departure for her home of our dear Jean McKay. The illness of her father made it necessary for her to leave at once. We are hoping that Mr. McKay will recover from his illness and are indulging in a secret hope that our popular and able teacher will be later returned to her place in our faculty.

The Church of the Messiah in Auburndale, the community at large and Lasell Seminary are losing one of their most gifted and best friends in the resignation of Rev. Harry Beal, the rector, who has been called to St. Mark's Church, New Bedford, Massachusetts. The church is the finest in that city and Rev. Beal's opportunities for service will be greatly increased. Although we feel keenly our loss, we cannot but congratulate his new parish and certainly we join with our community in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Beal God-speed. We take the liberty to quote Rev. Beal's beautiful Easter prayer which was kindly sent to a member of our faculty, this Eastertide.

An Easter Prayer

O Almighty Father, who art above the tides of time and circumstance and yet in time and circumstance hast clearly revealed thyself in Jesus Christ, we praise thee for the assurance of thy Eternal Spirit's triumph in him. As he did live on earth and cross the eternal life which could not be holden of sin or death, grant to us also, we pray thee, so now to live. Through perfect trust in thee

and thy will, through sacrifice for others may we know ourselves eternized by thy Spirit even here, and hereafter rejoice in thee forever, through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. *Rev. Harry Beal.*

Our Cornelia Gaty, '18, has the honor of being the second American girl to receive a permit as amateur wireless operator. Her little brother, just sixteen years old, has recently been made the youngest petty officer in the navy in the wireless department.

Helen Rishell, '99, is taking a very active part in the Tide-Over-League, Boston, which was organized a year ago to assist people who, through illnes or misfortune, had become incapacitated. She calls the attention of the present Lasell constituency to the importance of her work and we hope that the girls will show in some practical way their interest in the work which is so worth while.

Charles Hasty-Thompson, born March 16, 1917. This gives us an opportunity to extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ray Thompson (Cora Hasty) for the coming into their home of this dear little son.

A very interesting letter to Miss Packard from Mae Chrisholm Brown dated, Changli, North China, January 25th, is received. By the way, this is May's permanent address if any of you girls want to send her a friendly line or, better still, substantial aid for her splendid missionary work. Like most of our missionaries, she and her mission are sorely in need of help. She writes, "I will tell you of some recent experiences which are not unalloyed bliss. We have had three calls from thieves; one last year and two this winter. Now, North China is a very cold place,—especially to one who has homed in beautiful southern California. So when an avaricious caller takes your big warm steamer rug, your laundry containing winter clothing, a warm rug from the floor, your winter coat, your sweater, a new suit, your little lad's new overcoat, your sewing machine, (think of it, with two growing boys!) and thirty dollars (gold) in money,—well, when all this disappears one wishes for a change in the weather, at least. The magistrate appears to be acting on the matter, but for ways that are not exactly what they seem, commend us to a Chinese official! To all at home who say, "the heathen are well enough off as they are," we should like to administer a few doses of this so called "justice" which is all these poor people know. If we, with the prestige of a strong foreign government behind us, cannot move a petty official to action, what of these millions of poor unlettered ones who are wholly at the mercy of the lowest official."

We certainly feel that she deserves our sympathy and practical help. She closes with the significant words, "The great commission remains ever the same; your business and ours,—to carry out the wishes of our living, loving Saviour."

Mr. Frank Spear, the secretary of the Educational Department of the Y. M. C. A. has just been honored by being called to the presidency of the Northeastern College, one of the new educational institutions which has been the outgrowth of his work along this line. The girls who so much enjoyed his splendid addresses at Lasell hearty congratulations and to the new president of the new college.

News has just been received of the sudden death of Elizabeth Drought Brown who was here last year. We extend our deepest sympathy to her husband and members of her immediate family.

The old girls will remember distinctly and pleasantly our little Rosalind Winslow, daughter of our Assistant Principal, Mr. E. J. Winslow, and will be especially interested to read the following poem which she contributed to a recent number of the Newton High School Review.

Frost Fancies

An invisible artist by icy winds blown
Softly came to my window one night,
And he painted a picture in which there was shown
Every phase of a summer's delight.

As I turned to my casement the morn's sun to greet,
On this singular canvas of glass
I saw he had painted a landscape complete
From the sky to the dew-laden grass.

A fair meadow, some rocks and woodland of frost,
And a miniature cataract, where
Below at the window sill margin 'twas lost
In a billow of mist-laden air.

And the grasses they bent as tho some warm wind blew,
Till their heads touched the swift waterfall,
And he'd sprinkled a cloudburst of diamond dew
Made of icicle drops over all.

But alas, the bright sun shining outside my sill,—
For already begun was the day,—
Came and glistened and glimmered and shimmered until
The rare painting all vanished away.

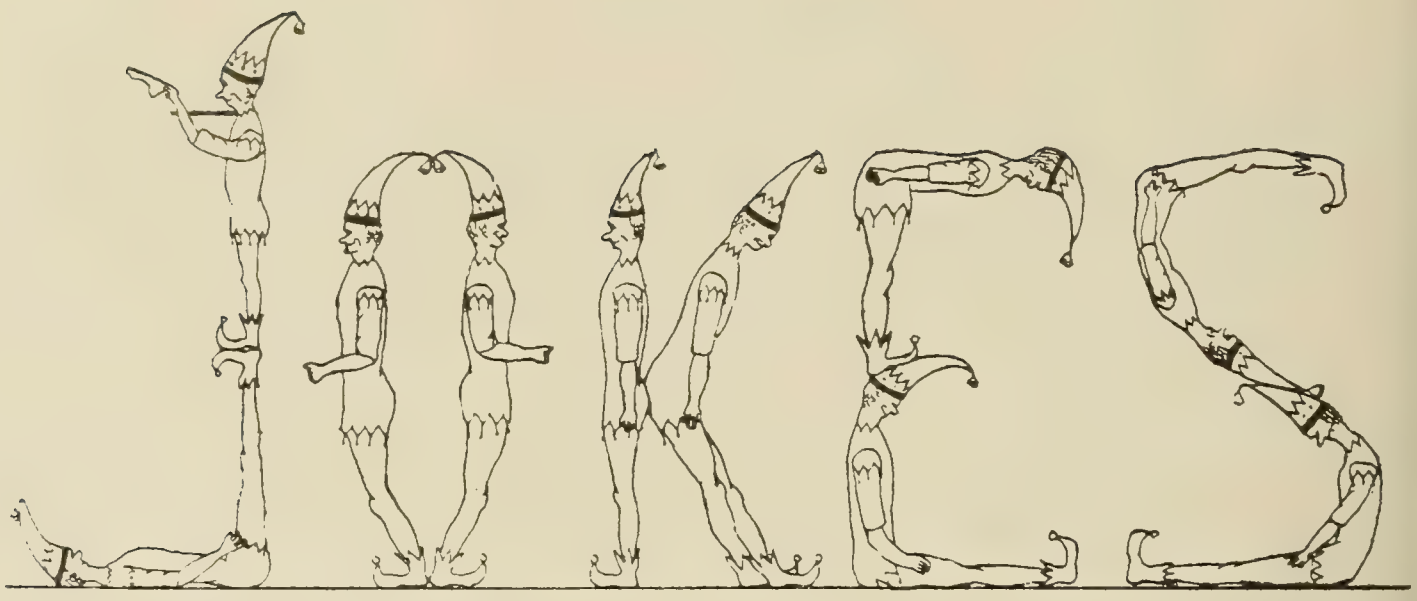
Rosalind M. Winslow, 1921.

(Continued from Page 14)

Wednesday, we were able to attend the session of Congress. Some of the girls went to the House of Representatives and to the Supreme Court, while those of us who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets to the Senate gallery, went there to hear the history-making discussion of one of the most momentous crises our nation has ever faced. It was seeing and hearing in actual life what we are apt to dismiss as "newspaper talk" when we read it. We returned that night and heard the roll-call taken which decided that our country should go to war. Every person on the floor and in the crowded galleries, was held spell-bound by the gravity and tenseness of the situation. The answer to the roll-call sounded distinctly through the terrible silence. No one could hear that, and come away without a fuller realization of the meaning of Patriotism.

We would have liked to stay in Washington indefinitely, but we had to leave early the next morning. We reached New York that afternoon and had a few hours there before our boat sailed. And the next morning our beautiful trip was at an end; it will, however, always remain a perfect picture in our happiest memories.

F. Dohoney.



Why do they call the baby Bill?
He came on the first of the month.

Why should all fishermen get rich quick?
Because theirs is almost all net profit.—Ex.

"They tried to blow up the Harvard bridge."
"A fellow was walking across eating peanuts and dropped a shell."

Louise is looking better, isn't she?
Huh! so is your porch now that you've got it painted.—Ex.

G: How many studies are you carrying?
A: Oh, I am carrying two and dragging three.

Girl to Miss D: "Oh, I am so hungry!"
Miss D: "I'm sorry but all I have is a few nuts tag-ends. Would you like those?"
Girl: "I don't know. I never ate any tag-end-nuts."

Unusually Considerate: Miss Milly was rather a talkative young lady. Her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to find out the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Milly is not in." The maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Milly is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence." —Ex.

His Duty—Recruit: "If you was to put the lid on, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup."

Cook: "See, here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

Recruit: "Yes, but not to eat it!

Obeying the Doctor's Orders—
"Did you open both windows in your sleeping-room, as I ordered?"
"No, doctor, there's only one window in the room, and so I opened it twice.

City man: "My good man, have you lived here all your life?"
Old farmer: "No, not yet."

Mr. Jones: "Mr. De Smigth didn't recognize me then."
Witchell: "That's because he is an Englishman, and you know they can't see a joke."

EXCHANGES

"We hope exchanges on our list
Will of their thoughts give us the 'gist;'
Will comment with an open heart
On stories, poems, jokes and art." —Ex.

OBSERVATIONS

The Item, Pasadena, California—Of all the small sized magazines we receive yours is by far the most interesting. Cartoons, stories and in fact all the departments are exceedingly good. Continue to come for we look forward to your arrival. Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

The Lib—Watertown, N. Y.—Apologies for the omission of your exchange department in the last issue were good but I'm sure that for once the Literary and other departments will suffice. One of your poems appealed particularly to me.

The school gets the benefit,
The student gets the fame;
The printer gets the money
But the "Staff" they get the blame.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.—A good suggestion appears in your exchange column of the March issue—"that of putting a picture of their school in their magazine." Why don't more magazines follow this good plan. Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Mirror, Bethlehem, Pa.—All sections of your magazine are well developed except your exchange department. Why not comment on a few in-coming magazines rather than simply acknowledging receipt of all the periodicals. Add a few cuts and stories too, then it will be a splendid magazine. Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

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LASELL LEAVES

Vol. XXXXII No. 8

MAY, 1917

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

The "Mat-Marie" ..... *Elsie A. Flight* 5

The Paradise of the Pacific ..... *Nellie C. Wong* 6

At Lake Louise ..... *Mildred Melosh* 7

The American Flag ..... *Rodman Drake* 7

EDITORIAL 8

LOCALS

The Dinner Hour at Lasell ..... *Aurora Rivera* 9

Preparedness First 9

Senior-Sophomore Party 11

The Freshman-Junior Party 11

Senior-Junior Party 13

PERSONAL 14

THE SUPPLEMENT

The Commencement 18

Southern California Lasell Club 18

Postscript 19

Class of 1915 20

Foreign Mail 20

Home Mail 21

Applied Housekeeping 21

Lasell Girls Smash High Cost of Living 21

Early Days in Auburndale 22

Summer Sessions 24

THE "MAT-MARIE"

One hot summer afternoon as I sat on the piazza looking out over the water, I saw a small yacht coming toward me, carrying a young man and a girl. I tried to see the name of the yacht but could not, as a white sweater had been thrown over it.

As I watched, the girl leaned so far over the side of the boat that I thought it would turn over; but the young man caught her and the yacht went on its way. Shortly the wind commenced to blow. The young man shifted the sails and for a few minutes the yacht sailed along as when I first noticed it. The wind, however, kept blowing harder and harder and the waves began to beat against the sides of the boat. Suddenly a wave dashed over the yacht. It was several minutes before I could see it again.

At last I saw that it had righted itself and I caught sight of the name, "Mat-Marie." To my great astonishment I discovered that its occupants were two of my friends, Jack Pendleton and Leta Morris, who lived on the shore opposite to where I was staying. When I realized who they were, what had been right soon became terror. Everyone from the cottage had gone to a carnival two miles up the beach and there was no one about who could save them. I knew that something must be done, and done quickly; so I hurried to the boat-house, got the boat out and tied it to the dock. Meanwhile a terrible thunderstorm had come up. As I ran back to the house, I saw the yacht tip and then go over. I knew Jack could swim but Leta was helpless. My first thought was to go out to them, but I knew I could not row a boat alone and as for swimming, I was only a beginner and could swim no more than a quarter of a mile, while the yacht was at least three quarters of a mile out.

At length, I saw Jack take a stroke and then I noticed that he was helping Leta, trying to hold her up, and keep swimming.

Suddenly I looked up and saw a large touring car coming down the road back of the cottage. Splendid! a solution to my difficulties. Perhaps the person in the car could help me row out to the stricken couple. I ran to the road calling to the man to stop. I quickly told him what I wanted and asked him to help me. When he heard the name Jack Pendleton he exclaimed, "Why! he's a great friend of mine! my college room-mate. I am Raymond Scholtz and am looking for him. Quick! where is the boat?"

We ran to the shore, and, jumping into the boat started to row frantically. I called to Jack to keep his courage up just a little longer. It seemed as if we would never reach them. I could see that Jack was getting tired. At last we reached them, managed to get them into the boat and pulled for the shore.

We hurried them into the house, built a fire, and soon had them dry and comfortable. Nothing serious resulted from the upsetting and Jack and Leta rode back with Raymond,

promising to call the following afternoon, in Raymond's car instead of the yacht. The "Mat-Marie" was never heard from, and to this day we do not know what became of it.

—*Elsie A. Flight.*

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

The Hawaiian Islands were discovered in 1778 by Captain James Cook, the famous English sailor, whom the natives worshipped as a god. When the Hawaiians saw him eating watermelon and smoking, they cried out, "Indeed, he is a god! He eats the flesh of men and fire burns in his mouth." They placed him in the Helan (temple), worshipped him and brought him offerings of vegetables, fruits and cattle. The supposed god passed away soon after he discovered the isolated archipelego, but the Islands increased in the onward march of civilization till now they are the supreme mid-Pacific naval base of the United States. Today they contain the main seaport town between the Orient and the Golden West.

The Islands are known as the Paradise of the Pacific, because of the delightful climate and of the food that grows in great abundance. The tourists are charmed by the evergreen hills and mountains which are covered with trees, ferns and wild flowers. The roadsides are perfumed by red, yellow and purple wild flowers growing on gigantic trees. Then there are bushes and plants of wild white and yellow ginger blossoms, mingling with these nature sends forth the edible wild fruits of oluas and guavas.

Although the Hawaiians have adopted many American costumes and industries they still retain many old Hawaiian characteristics. Hawaii is rich in points of interest like the pali (mountain peak). All the tourists going to the Orient stop at Honolulu; even if the boat anchors for only a couple of hours, they never fail to visit the famous historical Pali. The drive from the wharf to the top of the Pali is very beautiful, as it passes through miles and miles of red and yellow flowers. After a long distance is covered, they finally reach the very top of this steep Pali. It is

a delightfully cool spot, as the wind blow much more strongly here than elsewhere. Th whole peak is heavily covered with gree ferns and trees. It was on the very tip c Pali that Kamehameka I. encountered his en mies, threw the clan over the precipice causin the stream to run red with blood for days.

The kind-heartedness of the people, tl simplicity of their life, combined with tl pleasant climate and beautiful forms of veg tation fascinate tourists and they general remain there longer than they expected. Oft the charm is so great they are lured back live in the Paradise of the Pacific.

—*Nellie C. Won*

AT LAKE LOUISE

Have you ever been caught in such a ra that it semed as if all the water in the wo had been caught up and then poured down once? This is the way I felt when I was Lake Louise in Canada.

The beauty of this lake is beyond description. ts crystal-clear waters are of a wonderful lue. On all sides are high mountains with heir snow capped peaks, between two of vhich can be seen two of the high glaciers. When I gazed at the beautiful, cloudless sky, wondered if it ever rained.

The Chateau itself looked charmingly picuresque, surrounded by poppies of every imginable shade. After enjoying the view from he veranda, we decided to go up the trail. For guides we saw a lot of would-be cow-boys vearing the most fantastic colors. Why they vear these colors I can't quite understand, nless it is to scare the horses (so called) nto action; a thing which it would take more han brilliant colors to do. I am rather fraid that if they did move, these would-be ow-boys could not stay on. From the exhibion of riding they gave, at least, it's a wonder that anyone trusted them enough to go p the trail under their guidance. But this e did.

The trail was narrow and dangerous but e made the ascent slowly. After gazing at e wonderful glacier, we at length reached e highest summer house in the world. Altho' e had had clear weather all along up to this harmed spot, when we were about a quarter f the distance back it began to rain—not a ce, respectable shower but in a regular cloud urst. As my friend and I had no coats on, ou may imagine how we enjoyed this surrise. Finally when we reached the steepest ath downward my friend's horse refused to ove, while mine sped on. Between the two e had one nice time. At length, by the aid heavy branches, we started her horse up d slowed mine down, making them act more e mules than horses.

But this struggle was not our only grievce for, being thinly dressed, the water ran f us in uncomfortable little streams. There seemed to be a brook in each shoe. Since our trunks had not arrived the only thing to do was to retire, to dreams of mules with horses' heads and the Mississippi River flowing in our hats. —*Mildred Melosh.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

—*Rodman Drake.*

In a recent issue of a current magazine is published an article, which, among other things, analyzes the part which youth plays in the war today. 'Through this special way of offering up their flesh, they tell us what they believe about the spirit. Look at them! How gallantly, how brightly they outride our stormy grief!' We, in America, and especially those of us who have not been vitally affected by the war, have looked upon it as something which is happening on another planet. Now, however, we are actually engaged in the conflict and those who hold the reins of government are preparing to call upon our youth to play their part. Our men are proving that they will do their duty as courageously and as willingly as have the men of Europe, and we may say of them that they prove by their sacrifice what "they believe about the Spirit."

In the days of '76, of 1812, of 1861 and of 1898 the women of America stood by their men giving them material and moral support. Today, women in America are preparing to do and are doing as their grandmothers did. The spirit of earnest war-time effort has hardly reached us at Lasell except through letters or the newspapers, but it is high time for all of us, collectively and as individuals to grasp the meaning of the part we must play in supporting our men in their fight for humanity's rights.

Girls! Lasell stands for high ideals, for noble and true womanhood! and as her daughters we must be ready to face the problems with which we will be confronted. Of course there are many ways in which we can help our country and show our "*Patriotism*"—to do OUR BIT, as we are so often reminded. The biggest *bit* we can do is to maintain a stout heart and inflexible, cheerful hopefulness and a hearty willingness to do to the best of our ability whatever is asked of us—whether it be only our every day duties or the added one of some friend who is needed "at the front," or the much-needed sewing or knitting for the Red Cross. We must be ready to assume the responsibilities that must fall upon our shoulders when our men leave their posts.

Girls! let us show that we can do it cheerfully and well. Let us uphold Lasell's standard and under whatever fire we encounter prove by our strength and loyalty what We believe of the Spirit!

LOCALS

THE DINNER HOUR AT LASELL

It is six o'clock, time for dinner. All the girls are waiting in the hall for the gong to ring. The gong rings; now they are waiting for Miss Potter, our nice Preceptress, to go down to the dining-room. As soon as she is in it, every girl begins to come down.

We stand until every one has arrived. Then our nice Edna Crane starts the song to give thanks to Our God for the dinner that we are going to have.

The waitresses are standing near the dining-room door, watching that every body is seated so they may bring in the good soup.

After we take the soup we are anxious to have them bring the rest of the dinner. After we have it, we want to know what kind of dessert we have. Every girl, one to another asks, of each, "What dessert is for to-night?" But we don't know until the waitresses come with it.

Between the dinner and the dessert we sing the beautiful Lasell songs. Every body is waiting for the mail and when it comes we like to eat quickly to get out. Some girls want their table to be the first one finished.

After dinner some of the girls go to the gymnasium to dance and some go to visit their friends until the study bell rings.

This is like our nice dinner at Lasell ends. Every body is glad at the table and happy because of the delicious dinner.

Aurora Rivera.

PREPAREDNESS FIRST

As the papers issue forth with their wealth of news and startling heardlines, in connection with the seemingly approaching conflict, the girls here at Lasell are all "doing their bit." Classes for first aid instruction have been formed and meet twice a week under the direction of Dr. Godfrey. Later, a practical examination will be held and all who successfully pass will receive certificates denoting the skill of the proud possessor. "Scraps of paper," some might say, but they may mean a great deal to the ones who scorn, in the near future.

Now at all times girls are seen around the corridors, class rooms and between courses at dinner, knitting—always knitting on the somber blue and grey wool. Hospital supplies are to be furnished and the different sewing classes are preparing towels, and other needed

articles—all gratefully received at the Red Cross chapter in Boston. Not only the girls here at school but all the old girls, we know, are endeavoring to make the present situation as non-perplexing as possible.

April 12—Monsieur Flamand, son of the French Consul, told us of his experiences at the front where he had been for the past two years and over. Having been wounded three times, he was well qualified to outline, "The Life of a Soldier, Fighting and Otherwise", as he did so clearly. He spoke of the trench life, of the engagements in the open fields and of the hospital experiences, the latter of which he so intimately understood. Monsieur Flamand, "three-quarters French and wholly American," said "Belgium saved France, France is to save Europe and America will save the world." All the acount was given in such a way that we listened and were entertained but did a great deal of thinking afterwards.

At the vesper service on Sunday evening, April 15, a former Lasell girl, Miss Emma Porter, now of the Boston chapter of the Red Cross, told us of the beneficial work the society had accomplished, and of the necessity, with conditions such as they are, for the continuance of this work. In event of actual warfare in this country, provision has been made for three base hospitals in Boston, equipped by the Red Cross.

There was an enthusiastic response to the call for new members, about ninety girls joining the Society.

President L. H. Murlin, of Boston University gave the address at the Vesper Service on Sunday, April twenty-second.

"Prophylactic" was the adjective, new to most of us, about which he grouped the thoughts for our consideration. Analyzing the word from its Greek roots, he drew out of it not only the meaning of the word phalanx, a body-guard standing ready for service, but the more aggressive idea implied by the prefix "pro."

We should be prophylactic in our mental life, determined not only to understand subjects which are worth while but to master them. We shall not soon forget the lesson he taught by his illustration of the student who wanted some "radical" help in Algebra.

But what is true of our mental operations is doubly true of our inner life. Our power to master our sipirtual problems, to think them through to an end, is our greatest asset in whatever we undertake.

The Finance Committee of Newton were the guests of Dr. Winslow at dinner, on Monday evening, April 23. With "cheerful truth" as a motto, we really considered them our guests and sang songs for their benefit. We were rewarded for our efforts by clever speeches made by Messrs. Cole, Blanchard and Angier.

Tuesday evening, April 24th, the Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Messrs. Baxter, Garnett and Miller, theological students from Boston University. In a very practical and original way Mr. Baxter spoke on the subject, "The Grammar of Life." Mr. Garnett also gave an interesting talk on the same topic. Mr. Miller sang very pleasingly. We hope that other such delightful and inspiring meetings may be planned.

At Chapel on Thursday, April 26, we had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Bissel, a missionary from India. In the short time she spoke, she outlined in a concise and vivid way the splendid work being carried on in that country

through the mission field. She laid special stress on the great need for education, and she expressed the fervent desire that some of the Lasell girls might deem it enough worth while to go to India to help in the important work. We were stirred by the way in which Mrs. Bissel gave her message.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE PARTY

On Saturday, April 28, Gardner was the scene of one of the most attractive parties given this year. The occasion was the Senior party to the Sophomores, "A Trip through China Town."

The Sophs. were ably escorted to China Town by Messrs. Dohoney, Gates and Crane. Upon their arrival they were taken through dark, mysterious winding passageways, reaching at length China town in all its reality. Scenes typical of such a place were witnessed, among them a raid by the Buettner police force. We were then taken to a tea-room, where tea and cakes were daintily served by the most charming of Chinese maidens. The main street of Chinatown was then visited, and such a place! Strips of painted cloth on the floor resembled a road and huge stones were prominent, so that it was necessary to "watch your step." Chinamen lined both sides of the street, some pounding gongs and others jabbering their wares. Chinese money was given to the travelers and with this they might buy oranges, bananas and peanuts, which could be seen in abundance at the various stands. A jinrikisha pulled by coolies and bearing a dainty Chinese girl completed the reality of the scene. After having our fortune told, we were conducted to the restaurant on the floor below. Huge festoons of slashed paper wistaria, and a number of huge butterflies hung from the ceiling. Joss-sticks suffused a thin cloud of smoke about, and the delightful music of the Chinese orchestra made one feel that he was just where he most wanted to be. Chop-suey was served, and fancy dancing and music was enjoyed during the feast. It was indeed with regret that the Sophs. left Chinatown, but each departed with the thought that "it was the most wonderful party ever."

THE SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT AND MASCOT

THE FRESHMAN-JUNIOR PARTY

I ain't much on this reportin' bisness, but I've been elected as a committee of one ter give a vivid account as ter the doin's in the gym of Lasell Seminary April 28, 1917.

I was there from beginin' ter end, and there warn't much what escaped my eyes. Seein's how I've wore four pair of 'em for nigh on thirty years now, you can believe me, I've learnt the art of manipulatin' them ter my own advantage.

Ter begin with, the whole party was carried out in the colors of our national emblem:—The Red, White and Blue. Well, if I hadn't been so 'long in years—twouldn't have taken

me long ter have gone right impulsive like to a recruiting station and enlisted. The Freshman class all assembled, privately, behind the stage and prepared to sing their welcome song. After the fiddlers got there, they begun ter play the tune of "Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!" I swan, if I did begin to jig right there and then, but I managed ter git hold of myself, for, says I to myself says I, "You gotta make a successful report of this, Hiram, and it's up ter you ter git the words of the welcome song."

So, after the coon orchestry had played the tune over onct, the door opened and out come the class of 1920 all dressed in red, white and blue costumes, and in one hand carryin' little red, white and blue parasols, and in the other a huge American flag between 'em all, like they do in the big purades in the town.

Now I don't git ter town very often, but when I do—Row-di-didee, there ain't much I miss. In the flag wus a whole lot of caps that they passed out ter the Juniors as they marched around singin':—

"Juniors! Juniors! Juniors!
Welcome Welcome
May this party prove the test
Of your sister classmen's best,
And before the evening's flight
Let there be a Freshman cheer that's good and bright,
Because we're cheering Juniors,
Dear Old Juniors
Juniors the class that's all right."

Then they started in dancing. Well, I've lived for pretty nigh inter my dotage, but I don't believe I'll ever get too old to appreciate a sight like that. It was as pretty as a picter and just as thrillin'. Now if I had been brunged up in this here time of the world I could be more able ter explain myself, as ter the description, but as I haven't, I'm a goin' to ask you ter "do your little bit" and help me by usin' your imagination.

After dancin' and dancin' and dancin' as young folks will, refreshments was served, and I had hard work ter believe my own eyes when even the refreshments were carried out in the pre-vailing colors of the evening.

Punch was served on the side all thru' the dance, and refreshments included vanilly ice-cream served in little shields with a red cherry, and of course these new fangled cakes what meant ter be looked at only.

After a few more dances the Freshman Cheer Leader gathered the girls around her, and ter the tune of "Memories" sang:—

"Fare-thee-well, Au revoir
To you we give our hearts,
And although this time does lack
Of cupid's little darts,
We hope there be peace between us, too,
For we've pledged ourselves to you."

Then *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung by the Juniors with words of gratitude and every one went happily home ter bed.

Now when I was a boy and went ter school, I learnt that one of the most prominent and important places was the end, so right here I want ter add that the patroness was Miss Potter and Mrs. Barris, and I swan if they didn't look like they were injoyin' it as much as the youn'-ones.

The only thing what come off that hadn't been planned was the color of the costumes, and I was tellin' Mirandy afterwards, I guess they still must be a celebratin' the Red, White and Blue. *A. L. M.* 1920.

The Vesper service on April 29 was in charge of Miss Clementina Butler, a former Lasell girl. Her subject, "Mexico", was presented in the form of a stereoptican talk. For an hour she delighted us with charming views

of Mexico's cities and country, and with exceedingly interesting stories of its people. If there were those who thought of our neighboring country as a barren place, a land full of desperadoes, they entirely reversed their view-point at the close; and they saw Mexico rather as a progressive little country, the beauty of nature lavished upon it, and its people eager to learn and advance.

"SPECIAL DELIVERY"

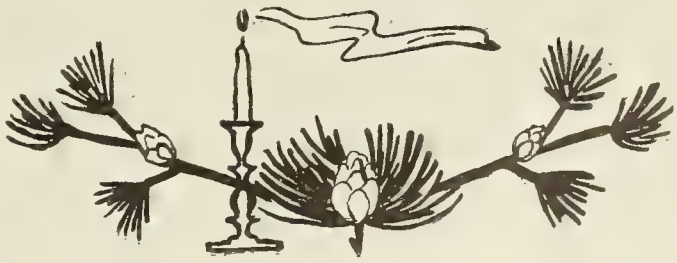
Tuesday evening, May 1st, the Seniors had as their guests for dinner Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turner Bailey, Mr. Bailey being the honorary member of the present Senior Class.

At the Christian Endeavor service in the evening, Mr. Bailey was the speaker. He gave us an inspiring and helpful talk on the Beatitudes. He took each one up separately in the form of a question to which either "yes" or "no" could be answered. A new light and meaning was thus thrown upon them and a different understanding and application of them became clear to all. It is always with a keen sense of delight that we welcome Mr. Bailey to Lasell. His message this time brought to us the usual inspiration.

May 6—Many of the old girls will be interested to know that Rev. James Austin Richards of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church in Boston, who preached the baccalaureate sermon last year, had the Vesper service tonight. He took, as his text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." His outline of the interesting talk which followed consisted of four main topics in a mans life, namely his ideals, *To be Well, Wise, Right and Spiritual.* Each one is as important as the next and productive in its own way. Goethe said, "Where ever you are, be all there" and this applies to all four ideals.

SENIOR-JUNIOR PARTY

It rained, as is the custom of late, on the morning of May 5th when the Seniors gave 1918 a May breakfast in the Methodist Parish House. However, the party itself was almost ideal if the weather was not. The Juniors reached Gardner in a dripping, freezing condition but the warm welcome soon made them comfortable. After each Senior had found her two Junior guests the umbrella parade to the waiting breakfast began. In the Parish House all was warmth and cheerfulness; for who could remember the weather when a delicious, hot breakfast was waiting? The three long tables were decorated with vases of daffodils and at each place was an orange-colored crepe paper basket of candy. A few brief speeches were made; *Alma Mater* and other school songs were sung by all and then the Juniors sang their farewell. The Juniors most surely did enjoy the May breakfast and thanks their hostesses for this unique entertainment.



Mr. and Mrs. James O. Hill announce the marriage of their daughter Caroline Elizabeth and Mr. Lewis Grant Ogden on April 25th at Los Angeles, California.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Winifred Hamilton Whittlesly to Mr. Wilbur Clark Knowlton, Saturday the twenty-sixth of May in Middletown, Connecticut. After the first of September they will be at home at 792 West Market Street, Akron, Ohio.

The announcement of Nellie Harvey's marriage to Mr. Howard Prince Winchester is what we all anticipated in the old school days. Our very best wishes and hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Winchester.

An attractive notice has come to us announcing the marriage of Frances Jean Levy to Mr. Allen Gundersheimer at the Hotel Deshler in Cincinnati. The function must have been most elaborate from the charming description of the "bride gowned in a robe of silver cloth, with empire bodice embroidered in pearls; as she stood in a bower of Southern smilax, studded with pink sweet peas and lighted with pink, green and white incandescents." Mr. and Mrs. Gundersheimer will be at home after the wedding journey at the Southern Hotel, Cincinnati.

We have recently received the announcement of the engagement of Lillian May Astill to Mr. Stanley Schofield Ainsworth.

To this happy group of Lasell girls, the Leaves extends hearty congratulations.

Among the list of 1917-1918 new girls at Lasell, (by the way the largest list ever registered at this time of the year,) we are delighted to find the names of the sister of Elizabeth Hildreth, '15, Margaret McIntyre, and Helen Ehrman.

Cornelia Stone '10 is just as energetic in her voluntary service as she was when engaged as a regular instructor at Lasell Seminary. Since the early part of the year, she has been teaching in the night classes of the Y. W. C. A. in her home town, Kankakee, Illinois. She writes, "I have enjoyed getting back into my work for I had missed it very much. At first there was quite a rush into the classes but when they found it meant some work, they began to drop out. I still have about thirty girls of all kinds. Some are factory girls, others office girls, clerks and a very few are not working. Two among them

are German girls who neither read nor write English but understand it fairly well. The hardest part of this kind of work is that there is no way to compel them to come to classes. We have been wonderfully fortunate in getting people to volunteer their services. My latest adventure in something different is the Red Cross work. We have formed our first class of twenty-five members, in First Aid to be taught by five physicians. After my years so full of work I simply couldn't sit down and do nothing so I have been more than glad of these places where it seemed as if I might be of service."

Marion Briggs, is still "at it" in the Home for Boys in Newington, Connecticut. In her latest letter to Miss Witherbee, after acknowledging a budget of magazines and books which had been kindly sent to her boys, she writes, "I intend to become a member of the Red Cross soon. I have to watch the children carefully for the bright ones are in danger of domineering over the less fortunate little mates." It is an interesting study. Marion adds, "Hartford is full of soldiers guarding public buildings, bridges, etc. One of our boys has gone to Fort Trumbell, and our big Italian "Tony" is crazy to join the navy, though he is terribly crippled from infantile paralysis. 'I wash dishes here', says he, 'and could wash dishes exactly as well on a boat.' Is the Lasell Battalion ready for a call? Though I believe someone told me that Lasell no longer has military drill. She closes her letter in these military terms, "But it is forward march to bed and to sleep for this general, in preparation for tomorrow's skirmish at the school-house."

The old girls of Dr. Bragdon's time especially will be pained to learn of the passing away of Margaret Noyes Otis, whose mother, as well as herself, was so closely identified with the life of this school. Last Commencement Mrs. Otis and her son, Rev. Charles P. Otis, were among our most welcome guests at Lasell. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Rev. Charles P. Otis and his brother Henry N. Otis.

Both Hannah, '14 and Katharine Bingaman, '15, are graduating again this June. from the Ethical Culture School in New York City. Both of these young women are anticipating entering the company of wage earners in the early fall. We only wish there were a kindergarten in connection with Lasell so that we could claim these dear girls. Perhaps some former students will be fortunate in having them as near neighbors in their new fields. We certainly wish the sisters deserved success.

Ruth Bachelder, '12, reported recently at Lasell as she is on the Alumnae Endowment Committee. She has spent four summers at Columbia University specializing in Domestic Science and as soon as she is able to give up one year to the work there, she will receive her B. S. degree.

A number of the Boston dailies as well as Zion's Herald contained recently the following notice concerning our own Mae Chan: "It is announced that, in May, Von Fong Lam, a graduate of Technology in 1916, when he completed the naval engineering course, is to marry Miss Mae Oyan Chan, a student at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale. She was born in Hongkong twenty-two years ago, is five years younger than her fiance and her home is in San Francisco, where her wealthy parents live. Fong was born in Canton, is the son of a late Chinese merchant who lived in Canada in his later years, and has relatives in New York, where he lives at present. The couple plan, after the wedding, to go to China, where the bridegroom will engage in business. Both have many friends in this city." The notice is

incorrect in that Mae's family are not living in America and her mother is now at home in Canton. Her father died many years ago.

Our missionary, Constance Blackstock, '09, has changed her mission field. She is still in India but has gone from the college at Lucknow to the M. E. mission at Hardoi. Here she is head of the school. While she regretted leaving Lucknow she is already getting deeply interested in the new work. She writes in a letter to Mrs. Winslow, "The girls are the daughters of our village Christians who are awfully ignorant people. But some of the boys and girls of these very people occupy high posts of responsibility and trust, and live very differently from their people, but are never ashamed of their poor village parents. It was beautiful to see the other day a young man who had been educated in our schools and is occupying a high post, earning five or six times more than his old father, and yet treating him with the utmost respect and deference. (Is not this an admirable and Christian trait?) We have just witnessed a county fair here. It was so interesting to see the brave efforts of the villagers to compete with each other agriculturally and industrially. The best day of all was when we guarded the tent the day the pardahnashin ladies came. Of course you understand that these women never see outside the four walls of their court-yards. Several had never before seen white people. They were so picturesque in their beautifully gorgeous garments. The color combinations that we would never dare to wear, looked so artistic on them. I just wish you could have seen them. Such an array is not common. They come in closed carriages and over their lovely clothes wear just thick common shirts. It was interesting but somehow sad. And yet these women would probably make the greatest fuss at having to give up pardah, almost more than the men. The officials in the station are very friendly, but most of the English ones are leaving. We are getting Indians instead. It decreases our social life but we have quite enough work to do so we really do not mind. I am playing tennis a good deal and have become quite crazy about it. I hope when I come on my furlough I shall have an opportunity to have a game with Dr. Winslow."

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome N. Frank (Florence Kiper) of Hubbard Woods announce the birth of a daughter, Barbara, on April 10th. Mrs. Frank is known in the literary world as Florence Kiper Frank and is a frequent contributor to "Poetry" and other magazines.

The latest news from Mrs. Mae Chisholm Brown, is under date of March 24th from Changli, North China, "Again we are forced to return to America. Mr. Brown cannot stand the nervous strain of the work and must live his own life in the open in beautiful California. We sail from Yokohama April 20, if all is well, on the 'Empress of Asia,' reaching Vancouver April 29 or 30. Our plan is to go at once to Corona, Cal., where we expect to spend the summer while Mr. Brown finds just the little 'ranch' that fits our need."

Pop goes the Weasel,
Jessie has the Measles!

This sounds ludicrous, but it is a most distressing fact that our Senior President is confined to the infirmary with the measles. We regret very much that Jessie has chosen them as her companions during the beautiful spring days. It is our earnest hope that she will soon tire of them and deign to prefer our company again.

Leontine Goodman's mother and sister were here Friday for dinner, March 2nd.

Sunday, March 4th, Ruby Bacon of Wellesley was the guest of Esther Ross.

Elizabeth Richards, '16 spent a week-end with us not long ago.

During the first week in March, Esther Roberts was the guest for a few days of Ruth Burnap. When she left us, she went to Melrose, Mass., and spent a week-end with one of our former friends, Helen Howe.

Irvina Pomeroy's brother took dinner with her Sunday, February 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell gave Florence a delightful surprise on her birthday, March 2nd, when they came out to school for dinner.

Miss Packard's mother was a guest at the Seminary during the first week in March.

Eleanor Hunter and a friend from Wellesley were the dinner guests one night of Pauline Fera and Josephine Burt.

Annie Dimond gave a house party over one week-end at her home in Bristol, R. I. Her guests from school were Marion Pomeroy, Florence Harper and Ruth Straight.

Esther Ross's sister was a guest here the week before Easter.

Gladys Gorke of Elmira College visited her sister, Doris Gorke for a week at Easter time.

Aristine Knapp, a recent Lasell girl, made a short visit here the week before the Easter vacation.

Orissa Attwill '16 spent a few days in April here.

Harriet Fry paid us a short visit in April.

Edith Vance recently attended the "Junior Week" at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania.

Alma Sweet '16 spent the week end of April 29th with Florence Bell.

Florence Weinberg of West Newton was the guest of Frances Wieder and came to the Freshman-Junior party last Saturday night, April 28th.

Marion Pomeroy's guest, Dorothy Fuller of Pine Manor, Dana Hall, was also present at the Freshman-Junior party.

Elaine Eaton's mother and grandmother of Montclair, N. J., motored out to Lasell with Elaine's aunt, this past week.

We all wish to proffer our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Clara Spinney, who on March 31st announced her engagement to Mr. Allen P. Colby of Gloucester, Mass. and to Doris Waddell upon her engagement to Mr. James George Eurengy of Boston, Mass.

Cards have been received announcing the engagement of Mildred L. Keasor and Charles J. Pitman, of Laconia, New Hampshire. We wish to extend to this happy couple our heartiest congratulations.

Mlle. Le Royer had as her guest the week of April 22nd, Mrs. Loomis of Boston.

Friday, April 27th Mlle. Le Royer entertained two students from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at dinner.

Little John Ray Newcomb, Jr., arrived in the home of Dr. and Mrs. John Ray Newcomb (Mary Masters, '07) on April 20th.

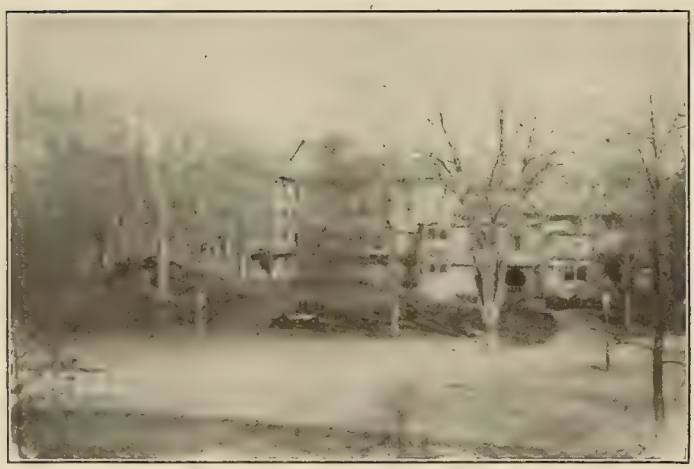
THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Suppl ement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

SPRING MEMORIES



BASKET BALL — THE SCHOOL PICTURE
MILITARY DRILL — MISSIONARY LAWN PARTY
MAY FETE — CLASS NIGHT

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON

Once more the months have slipped away and another class is planning for the long-to-be-remembered days of this Commencement. How many of our readers are coming back home to help them celebrate it and to renew the valued friendships of days gone by? We are anticipating the coming of many of our girls. Will you be one?

PROGRAM

May 26, 3.30 P. M. May Fete.

May 28, 10 A. M. River Day.

May 30, 8 P. M. Commencement Concert.

May 31, 2.30 P. M. Art Exhibit. Home Economics Exhibit. Swimming Exhibition.

June 2, 8 P. M. Senior Reception.

June 3, 10.45 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by J. M. Thomas, D.D. LL.D. 6.15 P. M. Commencement Vespers.

June 4, 8 P. M. Class Day Exercises.

June 5, 10.45 A.M. Commencement Exercises. Address, Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D. 12.15 P. M. Singing at the Crow's Nest. 2 P. M. Reunion of Alumnae and "Old Girls."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

457 South Madison Ave.,
Pasadena, California,
March 21, 1917.

DEAR DR. WINSLOW:

The Southern California Lasell Club met for their ninth annual luncheon in Los Angeles, on the thirteenth of this month, and desired me as their secretary to thank you for your kind letter of greeting and for the Lasell banners, which looked most attractive. Dr. Bragdon suggested that an account of the meeting might interest you, as well as some of the "old girls."

Fraulein Roth, the president of the club, was in Berkeley at the time of the luncheon, and Bertha Gray Richards graciously took charge of the meeting. There were forty-four Lasellians present, with Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Belle Bragdon Barlow and Miss Ransom, to give us that feeling of personal touch with Lasell. Dr. Bragdon was his usual happy self and brought us news of many of the girls. How he remembers us all is a marvel to me! We had with us one lovely, silver-haired Lasell girl who graduated in 1861—Hannah Hardy. She sat at the head of the table and listened with interest to the "Ho-E-

La" yell of some of the youngsters—for so we must have seemed to her.

Toward the end of a delicious luncheon letters were read from those unable to attend, among them, Catherine Watson, who is chairman of the Pasadena committee for relief in Belgium. She sent in a plea for help, and the club voted to forward twelve dollars toward supporting a Belgian baby. Fraulein Roth sent greetings from Berkeley. This was the first meeting she had missed. Regrets were also read from Lucy Tappan Scott of La Canada valley, Jennie Williams Brainard of Santa Barbara, Jennie Farwell of Pomona, Margie Schubert of Pasadena and Mildred Johnston, who is now in Berkeley. Mildred Johnston wrote of Edith Anthony Carlow, '06, being out west with her husband in February, and said, "It is hard to believe that she has a seven-year old daughter waiting for her at home."

After luncheon a number of the girls gathered around the piano and sang Lasell songs. One of the Chase girls played for us and we tried out a number of the old familiar songs. The little blue books with the words of the songs came in very handily, and next year we hope to do better in this line. This is the first year we have done any singing.

We had a very happy meeting, and the greatest pleasure of all was having Dr. Bragdone and his family with us. That is an honor that we in Southern California have had each year. We may be far away in number of miles from Lasell, but in spirit we are always close. Some day, Dr. Winslow, we hope to have you and your wife visit us and be our guests at one of these luncheons.

The club elected the following officers to serve during the coming year: President, May Church Cottle; vice-president, Emelie Kothe Collins; treasurer, Flora Joannes; secretary, Lilian Douglass.

The girls present from this section of the country were: Hannah Hardy, '61, Leona Benner, '08, Rhoda Porter Witbeck '00, Louise Whitney Weaver, Bertha Gray Richards, Ruth Young Cassou, Flora Joannes, Lilian Douglass, Edith Simonds Bennett, Anita Wade Ambrose, Emelie Kothe Collins, Lucy Muth Kinney, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, Elizabeth Lum, '01, Catharine Kendrick Cole, '02, May Church Cottle, Gladys Lawton, '11, Caroline Lawton, Muriel Fuller Colburn, Caroline Hill, Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, Caroline Thompson Moore, Irene Sanford, '79, Isabelle Bowers Church, Jeannette Kiser, Mary J. Wilson, Ellen Chase, '02, Laura Chase, '02 and Leila Woodbury Lane.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH SIMONDS BENNETT,

Secretary, Southern California Lasell Club.

POSTSCRIPT

To this delightful report Dr. Bragdon adds a welcome supplement.

Beside the regular inhabitants, i.e. those who live in this region, there were present at the annual luncheon these transients or tourists:

Lulie Hogg, Fort Worth, Texas.
Zoe Hill Mayne, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Katherine Wheeler, St. Paul, Minn.
Mary J. Wilson, Rockland, Ill.
Marion Newland, Newport, Vt.
Alice Cole, Chester, Ill.
Gladys Lawton, Sheffield, Ill.
Caroline Lawton, Sheffield, Ill.
Katherine Hoag, Ogden, Utah.
Nettie Roulston, Portland, Oregon.
Marguerite Haley Weir, Sioux City, Iowa.
Mildred Snyder, New Orleans, La.
Nina Dietz, Omaha, Nebraska.
Jennie Brown Titsworth, Denver, Colo.

Leoner Benner is now a resident at 630

South Alvarado Street, Lucy Muth Kinney also at 453 Holland Avenue. Her husband is Assistant County Forester of L. A. County. Lucy says the two children are fine. Lucy Tappan Scott is Associate Pastor of the Congregational Church in La Canada. Louise Wadleigh Bedell is now at 300½ South Reno Street.

Alma Widstrand Rogers is spending the winter here and would have been at the Luncheon but for a cold. Zoe Hill Mayne with her two children is at Long Beach, Hotel Kennebec. Hasn't changed a bit. Miss Farwell is recovering but wasn't quite up to coming. Lucia Shumway has with her a fine boy (besides her husband) and insists that she is his mother but you'd not think it, to look at her. Alma Widstrand, by the way showed me a witch of sixteen whom she claimed as her daughter. Did I tell you Argenta MacDonald is in Chile. Chuquicamata is the P.O. 12,000 feet in the air? Josephine at 1101 Fremont Street, South Pasadena, Annie can be addressed at La Jolla, Cal. Box 552, Marriott Degen is in Ray, Arizona, and Edna and Hilda MacDonald are in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Pretty well scattered but they still keep five hundred men care-taking the mines in Guanajuato. That looks as if they had not lost hope of Mexico! Jennie Brown Titsworth has been living next door almost for months.

Another old Lasell girl has appeared in Pasadena, just too late to attend the Luncheon, Nellie Hugus Caldwell of Omaha who, with her youngest son David, over six feet I'd say, is visiting her sister Nettie Carroll. Nellie is looking very well and says that one boy is in Yale, the other two in business in Omaha, the oldest being married. —*C. C. B.*

CLASS OF 1915

From the note-book of the Life Secretary.

Irene Apfelbaum, engaged to Mr. Leon F. Livingstone.

Irene Ball, now Mrs. Allan P. Sill.

Margrethe Bauman, expected at Commencement for Helen's graduation.

Elizabeth Beach, Mrs. Ralph W. Bierer.

Ida Beane, Mrs. Edmond S. Rice.

Helen Benson, at home in Minneapolis.

Katherine Bingaman, Senior in the Kindergarten course at the School for Ethical Culture in New York City.

Myrtle Brix, Mrs. Henry Buehner, mother of 1915 class baby.

Catherine Carter, Student at the Michigan Agricultural College.

Florence Evans, President of the Cincinnati Lasell Club and leader of Girl Scouts.

Elizabeth Hildreth is to send a sister to Lasell next year.

Maude Freeman, Mrs. Willard P. Lombard, married February 17.

Lucile Josselyn, teaching.

Ethel Murray, in Colorado Springs.

Ada Patterson, busy with home duties.

Evelina Perkins, dietician in Salem Hospital.

Martha Schumann, now Mrs. A. Raymond Laubenstein, married February 8, 1917.

Katharine Thorpe, student at Cornell.

Maude Wetherbee, Catering, Tea Room in summer.

Griselda Downs ex '15, Catering in Madison, N. J.

NOTE. Nell does not say anything about herself but she is the secretary of the Lasell Alumnae Association. She has also been the pianist for Miss Warner in the gymnasium this winter which has given us the pleasure of occasionally catching a glimpse of her.

FOREIGN MAIL

Miss Mullikin shares a paragraph from a personal letter from Mlle. LeGuiner, received recently from Paris. Mlle. LeGuiner was for one year some years ago a teacher of French at Lasell. She has three brothers and

two nephews at the front. This is her third year of study at the "Sorbonne" from which she expects to take her degree in Philosophy.

"J'ai lu sur un Transcript des premiers jours de Mars les adoptions d' orphélins francais qui ont ete faites à Lasell Seminary, j'ai ete touchee de cette boute pour nos pauvres petits."

HOME MAIL

Helen Foster writes of her experiences as music teacher among the Vermont hills.

"In the morning I shall have to get up at five-thirty and by six-thirty be on my way to C—— a little town five miles by train—then three by stage. I shall give eight lessons. If my train is not late and it generally is I shall be back at six-thirty. On Saturday I go to Orleans. I have been given a class by a teacher, Miss Sadie Lothrope who was once at Lasell.

I was unexpectedly called upon to play the organ at one of the churches for the Christmas service. I had never touched the organ but thanks to my excellent chance with Mr. Dunham I managed to satisfy them. Wilhelmena Josselyn Swett is their usual substitute but she has recently taken a little one into their home so could not be there.

I am looking forward to being at Lasell in June."

APPLIED HOUSEKEEPING

Undoubtedly no part of your Lasell days stands out more vividly in your memory than the six weeks spent in the "Practise Kitchen." For this reason you will appreciate the fact that the active girls of today are repeating your experiences when you read this clipping taken from the Boston Herald one morning this winter. You can imagine the interest with which it was read around the breakfast table.

LASELL GIRLS SMASH HIGH COST OF LIVING

Wonderful Banquets with Planked Steak and Everything Needed to go with it, at 40 Cents—No Tyrolese Orchestra; but Food is Good—Mobilized Against High Prices.

Cream of Celery Soup. Toasted Crackers.
Planked Steak. Duchesse Potatoes.
Stuffed Tomatoes.
Clover Leaf Rolls. Ripe Olives. Radishes.
Pineapple with Cheese Balls.
French Dressing.
Chocolate Mousse. Mints.

Translated into French, of course, it would look much better. And it would cost more. The price, complete, is 40 cents. At Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, where the young ladies of the applied housekeeping course prepare this menu at this price, they do not have to charge for the waiters' laundry bill or the Green Tyrolese Orchestra. Their only object is to deliver a body blow to the well known high cost of living. They do it just to show it can be done.

Out at Auburndale there are some days on which each girl keeps her food bill down to 25 cents. And she doesn't have to keep her appetite down. They live well in Auburndale, where a 40-cent meal is a banquet. A Herald reporter was a guest last night at a 40-cent banquet.

In their war upon the cost of living the girls of Auburndale are mobilized and marshaled like an army service corps, and if anything more efficiently. Their business is to learn to be housewives, and they do it thus:

In one of the school buildings is a suite of rooms comprising model kitchen, dining room and living room. Six girls are put in charge of this, and hold down the job of running the

household for six weeks, taking weekly turns in each department. One is host, another hostess, another waitress, another housemaid, another cooks breakfast, another dinner, another desert, and so on. The hostess buys the supplies in Boston market, the "host" does the carving, and the other four go about their appointed tasks. Every night two guests are invited to dinner. After six weeks the six girls vacate the suite and make room for another team of home-makers.

The cost of meals is fixed by an irrevocable rule For the first week the allowance is 25 cents a day for each person. It goes up week by week to 75 cents a day. And even the 25-cent meals are not to be sneezed at.

This announcement has only recently been called to our attention, and, though a little late we print it for the sake of the students of her time and for our friends who are members of the D. A. R.

ABBIE M. CHAMBERLAIN

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 29.—Miss Abbie M. Chamberlain, a leading authority on genealogical work and family associations, died at her home following a brief illness. She attended the meetings of two societies of which she was a member the preceding day.

Miss Chamberlain was born in Peacham, Vt., July 10, 1840, the daughter of Deacon Ezra Chamberlain and grand-daughter of Major-General William Chamberlain of the Vermont National Guard, who served as lieutenant-governor of that state and represented the state for two terms in Congress. Miss Chamberlain's mother was Miss Shedd, a descendant of Captain Ebenezer Shedd, who was one of the founders of Concord, N. H.

She was a student in Lasell Seminary in '58-'59 and then became a teacher in some of the leading private schools of that day, teaching for several years in Livingston Park Seminary, in Rochester. In 1897 she founded the Chamberlain Association of America. She was a member of the Society of Colonial Families, the Society of Colonial Dames, the Excelsior Club of Washington, and many other organizations. Thousands of members of the Daughters of the American Revolution had employed Miss Chamberlain to trace their ancestry, entitling them to membership in the organization, and she probably was one of the most active members of that organization in the country.

She leaves a sister, Miss Laura B. Chamberlain, and a niece, Miss Jennie C. Watts, both of this city. The latter is the daughter of Sarah E. Chamberlain of the Class of '60.

EARLY DAYS IN AUBURNDALE

This "Village Chronicle of Two Centuries" is the title of the interesting little book just out, published under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Auburndale Woman's Club under the special supervision of our Mrs. Winslow and Miss Louise Peloubet, the daughter of our long-time friend across the way. Three of its seven chapters have a double interest for us as they are written by Mrs. Clara Austin Winslow, Jessie J. Macmillan '82 and Nellie Packard Draper '84. The history covers the dates 1665-1870.

This book would especially appeal to the members of our early classes but there are many paragraphs that ought to interest everyone connected with our school. We give a few of them below.

"The land which is now Auburndale first appears in the white man's records in the year 1635."

"The Bourne House, built between 1726 and 1742, is beyond question the oldest now standing in Auburndale. It is reasonable to suppose that Nathaniel Whitmore kept a tavern

there at this period. If so, many travellers on foot or by stage-coach along the well-known route over Weston Bridge, must have stopped there and discussed the absorbing topics of those pre-Revolutionary days.

Built in 1852 by Charles C. Burr, now 42 Hancock St.

Deacon Burr was one of nine men to sign the guarantee bond to enable the Selectmen and the town treasurer of Newton to fill the town's quota of recruits *in advance* of any call that was made by President Lincoln."

Woodland Road

"Woodland Road, a 'range way' as early as 1690, perhaps 1664, was the road "over which the Worcester turn-pike passed on the way from the First Church (Newton Center) to the Weston Bridge, and for many years held its place as one of the most important highways of the country." King's Handbook says "Over this rugged road marched the forlorn battallions of Burgoyne's captive army, English infantry, Irish Lines—men, and Hessian yagers, the latter attended by droves of women, bearing huge bags of camp equipage and babies."

"The name Pigeonville would have been the logical one for Auburndale but "happier counsils prevailed" Mr. Pigeon's expression of two words "Auburn Dale" was the form the name took up to 1850."

The Station

"Yes, get six men who are desirous of going to Boston every day and you can have a depot at once. 1850. Earlier history; The railroad was opened for the conveyance of passengers on April 16, 1834. Mrs. Barker of West Newton saw the first engine which ran over the road to West Newton and says that the engine looked like "an old boiler." Her grandfather who was out on the fields when the train passed through Newtonville, seeing the locomotive approaching ran, alarmed, to tell the family that "the devil was coming." Mr. C. H. Johnson was the first regular passenger on his daily trip from Auburndale to Boston. (This is the father of our teacher, Miss Johnson, who lives next door to Clark Cottage and her father still keeps up his daily trips.)

The Mail

"The method of distributing mail in those days was primitive. Strings were stretched across the inside of the window sash and letters inserted against the glass, with the addresses so arranged that all who ran might read. Miss Walker tells how she and her sister used to stand on tiptoe trying to see the letters placed in the window, but peer as they might were not tall enough to read the addresses. Finally, they would have to go in and inquire for letters, a dreaded ordeal, as the postmaster expected everyone to pick out his own mail."

Schools

The chapter under this head by Jessie Macmillan '82 is exceedingly bright and abounds in personal allusions which will be enjoyed by the townspeople. "Under two elms still standing on Auburn Street at the corner of Curve

stood the first schoolhouse of our village. . . The school hours were from 9 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M. The pupils brought their diners and ate them in the school house, or in the winter perhaps at a kindly neighbor's, where it was warmer. Farther up the street under an ancient oak at the Old Crafts place, you may find the site of the well where the children had to come for water to quench their ever-thirsty throats. If reports are true, they were not so athirst for knowledge. Half way between, on the other side may still be seen this identical first hall of learning, eking out an honorable existence as the ell of the Episcopal Rectory,—fittingly it has been exalted one story."

Trees Beautiful

We have all revelled in the beauty of the Auburndale trees. For this reason we quote a part of a chapter by Nellie Packard Draper, '84 on "Social Life." "Records are preserved of two organizations which contributed much to the fellowship, hospitality and culture of the neighborhood. The first one of these to be formed was the Auburndale Rural Club founded in October 1857. . . . The object of the Club was "to promote the planting of ornamental trees on our public streets, and to encourage an increased and improved culture of fruits, vegetables and flowers." The dues were the payment of two dollars annually, or the planting of a shade tree on any street in the village. . . . During the first year 132 trees, at a cost of $36.10 were set out. The report says "These trees promise to add to the beauty and comfort of our village. If we cannot enjoy them, unborn generations will gaze upon the noble elms and beautiful maples planted by this club, and will speak with gratitude and reverence of our wise forethought." Verily the prophecy has come true.

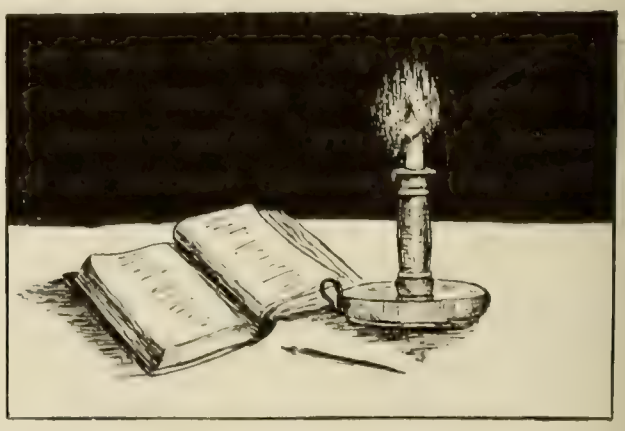
We are reserving for a later Supplement the chapter on "Lasell Seminary" written by Mrs. Winslow.

SUMMER SESSIONS

It may not be known to some of our friends that during the summer vacation days Lasell is open to two different groups of young people each intent upon gaining something worth while for their life work.

The first is the Annual New England Epworth League Institute the "object of which is to furnish inspiration and equipment for the best kinds of League work and to furnish our young-people an outing under ideal circumstances." The morning is devoted to classes and lectures and the rest of the day to various kinds of recreation, including outdoor sports, socials, a pageant, ice cream at nine in the evening and a good-night sing. It is held the last of June for one week.

The second is a three weeks Institute for intensive study for those who are preparing to teach music in public schools. It is under the direction of Silver, Burdett Company Both of these sessions call together from one-hundred to one-hundred and seventy-five people.



JOKES

If you do not like these jokes
And their dryness makes you groan
Just drop around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

"Did you know that they are not going to plant vegetables on the coast anymore?"
"Is that so, why?"
"Because they are afraid that the peas will get shelled."

And They Lived Happily Ever After
She: "We must have waited for mother fifteen minutes. Let's go to my house."
He: "Hours, you mean."
She: "Our house? Oh, you dear."

Diana (out of step): "Isn't the time of this music awful?"
Jack (archly): "Have you ever heard the beat of it?"

"Goodness," cried the gas engine to the crank as they became engaged, "what a turn you gave me."

Mildred: "What time is it Ruth? I'm going to the senior party tonight and my watch isn't going."
Ruth: "Wasn't your watch invited?"
Mildred: "Oh yes, but it hasn't the time."

He: "I would go to the end of the world for you, dear."
She: "Goodbye!"

Miss W: "Full and explicit description of emotional crises leaves nothing to the imagination. Miss F., what do you think of the frequent kissing scenes used as magazines covers."
Miss F.: "Why-er-it doesn't leave anything to the imagination.

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Tailored Suits, Coats, College, Sport, Afternoon and Evening Frocks, Blouses, Sweaters, Sport Hats, Sport Suits, Lingerie, Negligees and Costume Vanities.

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

A Midnight Conversation. *Marion Cram* 5

By the Father of Waters. *Roxanna Stark* 6

A Bit of Western Loveliness *Marie Millick* 7

LOCALS

Swimming Frolic at Lasell *Clara Spinney* 8

A Linen Shower 9

Leaves Staff Picnic 9

Glee Club Concert 9

Missionary Fete 9

How Women can help in the Present War 11

May Day 11

The Junior-Freshman Circus 14

COMMENCEMENT FESTIVITIES

River Day 14

The Commencement Concert 16

Art Exhibit 17

Swimming Exhibition 17

Home Economics Exhibit 17

Alumnae Frolic 18

The Senior Reception 18

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY 18

COMMENCEMENT VESPERS 19

CLASS NIGHT 20-34

LAST CHAPEL SERVICE 34

GRADUATING EXERCISES 35

AT THE CROW'S NEST 38

ALUMNAE MEETING 38

EDITORIAL 40

PERSONAL 41

EXCHANGES 44

A MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION

The school had long since retired, and the English room was dark and still. A dim light from the hall shone over the transom, and a single slender shaft of moonlight fell through one long window across the corner of the desk. Somewhere out in the night, a clock from a church tower sounded twelve.

From the corner of the desk came a faint rustle. Others, equally faint, followed. Presently, there was a rattle and a click; then a sigh of relief sounded from the spot occupied by the alarm clock.

My, but it's good to be on one's feet, after lying on one's side all day long," came its rather hoarse voice. "It's a most uncomfortable position, I do assure you. You people who stand on your feet are fortunate."

"If you'd keep proper time when you're on your feet," remarked the calendar, rustling its leaves to get the kinks out of them, "you might not have to lie sidewise."

"Huh!" retorted the clock rather huffily." "You have your time all marked on you, and don't have to do any work at all. If you did, you'd likely have to be stood on your head to keep proper time."

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't wrangle," came the weary voice of the little pincushion, "I should think we hear enough of that during the day, without your starting in at night."

"What's wrong with you?" inquired a lively young pen, rolling off the pen tray and sitting up. "Did some one sit on you this morning, that you sound so flat and peevish?"

Offended silence from the pincushion! The pen looked around for something else to tease. The mournful expression of the little file attracted it's attention. "You just can't please some people," it went on. "Now there's that file in a fine bonnet of fountain pen cap and rubber band that looks new, and yet she's looking as cheerful as a funeral."

"Ssh!" admonished the calendar in a whisper. "She's never been the same since young George Angustus Fountainpen rolled off the desk and got lost. You mustn't mention it to her."

"Ah, well, in that case," said the pen carelessly, and was silent. The wire basket, full of English papers which occupied one corner of the desk, now yawned and entered into the conversation. "People, it's extremely dull here this evening. Let's have an argument, to pass the time away. Arguing seems to be the fashion nowadays, from what we see and hear during recitations. Do you care to argue about anything in particular?" There were a few sighs, but no definite answer. "And there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour,'" observed the basket, "The calendar and the clock seem to have been in an argumentative turn of mind, a little while ago. Considering that they're both time keepers, in a way, they might argue about their respective usefulness. The rest of us will decide the winner."

"You can't argue about something everyone knows is true," spoke up the calendar. "Of course I'm more useful than a clock that has to be put on it's side to run at all."

The clock bristled indignantly. "Well, of all nonsense! Do you mean to imply that it isn't more useful to know the hour than the day? Anyone with any sense would know better than that."

"Nonsense yourself," retorted the clock, "I was invented before you were, anyhow. But you're nothing to go by; you can't"———— Here the clock completely lost its temper, and aimed a vicious blow at the calendar, which promptly flipped it's leaves to one side and prepared to enter the fray.

Immediately, all the inhabitants of the desk top became interested. The red and black inkwells hastily removed themselves to a dark corner, where they could observe activities in safety. The peaceloving little pin-cushion, with a despairing groan, scuttled out of sight behind a pile of notebooks. All the pens and pencils promptly sat up to watch, with huge enjoyment written from point to eraser. The basket looked rather dubious about the disturbance it had created, but it backed off and prepared to act as referee.

The calendar gathered up its leaves, and launched a blow at the face of the clock, which nimbly parried it. The battle was in full swing when suddenly the light in the hall shone brighter, footsteps were heard approaching, and a hand rattled the knob of the closed door.

Instantly every object slid into place. The pens dropped into their tray, the pincushion, reappeared, and the clock tipped over into its accustomed position on its side.

The door opened, and the head of a man appeared. He surveyed the room by the light of the lantern he carried, then, leaving the door open, he turned. "Thought there was a noise in there," muttered Venus, the night-watchman, as he continued on his nocturnal rounds.

Marion Oram.

BY THE "FATHER OF WATERS"

Both the scenery of New England and that of the far West receive their due share of attention in our current literature, but that of the middle west, for some unknown reason, is sadly neglected in this respect. For my part, I know of nothing more beautiful, impressive, and awe inspiring than the stately *Father of Waters* as it flows majestically to the gulf through broad cultivated fields and wooded bluffs.

From one point in particular I have watched the river in various kinds of weather and at different times during the day, and to my mind, nothing can quite surpass it. The point I have in mind is one of the tallest of the bluffs between St. Louis and Hannibel on the Missouri side. This bluff, known to the surrounding country by the name of Dug Hill, has been partly blasted away on the south and east for its limestone, being one of the largest quarries in the state. The tall expanse of dazzling white furnishes a pleasing contrast with the green of the dense woods below and that of the pastures above, as one approaches the hill along the road from the south. This road winds around the back of the hill past the pasture gate opening in to the steep incline, whose summit is reached by a winding wooded path, thus eliminating the steeper climb. This path, well worn by the footsteps of picnickers and lovers of the beautiful, leads to the open pasture above the quarry. From here you can see in every direction, and especially down the river toward the south, where, as far as the eye can reach, the broad river, which is normally about a mile wide at this point, seems to flow on to

eternity; and across the river to the east, where the Illinois bottom land stretches out like a giant checker board, with its fields of various colors and shades.

If you happen to be here during the spring floods, when the river is turned loose and taking everything in its way, such as logs, uprooted trees, stray row boats, and even parts of houses; and the water almost up to the Burlington tracks at the foot of the hill, covers the islands and is spread over a mile or more of the Illinois bottoms, you will realize what a wonderful, powerful, yes, and beautiful thing our river is.

Later in the season, if you happen to go out to Dug Hill for a five-thirty breakfast of toast weenies, bacon, eggs, and coffee, you will be duly impressed by the absolute freshness and wide awakeness of the whole landscape. The sun, not yet an hour high, will make one sparkling mass of the water, and turn the dew covered trees and grass into glistening diamond clusters, relieved by the long shadows and interspersed here and there by ripening wheat fields and the deep rich green of young corn or alfalfa. The tents which you see here and there, looking like narrow white ribbons winding in and out among the fields, lend a civilized and "homey" atmosphere, and maybe, if there is a breeze, you will hear the farmers with their long drawn out "halloo" calling the boys to breakfast, which is the only sound except the chattering of the birds. However, by the time the last egg has been dug out of the ashes, and you are ready to go back to the road, the whole world will have suddenly awakened. The blue smoke will curl up from the kitchen chimney of the farmhouse on the island opposite, wagon teams like tiny autos will crawl along the white ribbon lanes, the quarry hands will make their appearance at the foot of the hill far below you and begin work, and the six-forty will scurry by on the little tracks far down by the river bank.

To get even a better effect than this you must be on the hill just at sunset after a hot summer day. The fiery clouds hanging over the Missouri hills cast their reflection in the still blue water, making a glorious color combination. You get a quiet "when the day is done" feeling from the whole surrounding country. The quarry has shut down for the night, the last farmer has gone home to supper, a light now shines from the kitchen window of the island farm-house, the ferry lies idle at the landing after its last trip for the day, and the birds are retiring with a few last sleepy chirpings. This is the time when you will think even more than at flood time of the power and wonder of the mighty Mississippi, when you will think of the Indians who first lived upon its shores and paddled their canoes over its waters, and of the early explorers and settlers. And if you are familiar with the works of our beloved Mark Twain, you will be able to understand and sympathize with him in his beautiful descriptions of our river and the country through which it flows. *Roxanna Stark.*

A BIT OF WESTERN LOVELINESS

Many hundreds of miles from New England, within a comparatively small area in the Great Northwest, is one of the most wonderful regions of natural views in the world. This, as you probably guess, is the Yellowstone National Park, Nature's gift to the West, and one which the people appreciate. Here, besides many strange and peculiar formations are innumerable other things of absorbing interests—scenes, objects, phenomena; but it would be impossible to describe even a few of these minutely without more time and space than can be afforded here. One of the most impressive sights in the Yellowstone

is Great Falls, part of the Yellowstone river, a spectacle, once seen, always to be remembered.

It is the hopes and ambitions of every westerner to see this celebrated park, its grandeur and splendor, and last summer I had the opportunity to do this, and since the falls so strongly appealed to me I want to give here, some impression, inadequate though it be, of their exquisite beauty. At about seven in the afternoon we were riding thither on horseback, the sun already beginning to set, gradually sinking lower and lower, as we slowly drew nearer the wonder. The road was narrow and steeply inclined, and although the horses had been climbing steadily for some distance, the way, as we looked ahead still seemed directly up-hill. Tall pines and other trees intersperced with thick shrubbery, surrounded us on both sides, shutting out our vista, but we soon knew nevertheless from the rumble in the air, which sounded like far off thunder, that we were drawing near the falls. Louder and louder grew this noise, the roaring and splashing in no long time almost deafening us, and fairly making us dizzy; our ears rang, and neither the cries of the birds, nor the voice of our guide could be distinctly heard. Anxious to reach the view we spurred our horses on, and in a few minutes attained a broad clearing at the top of the mountain. To the right we beheld the magnificent falls in all their splendor and glory, the swift and narrow Yellowstone hurling itself over a precipice of several hundred feet high, the stream broadening, where the huge cataract leaped. Clouds of spray, jetting fountains of water filling the air in all directions made the scene terrific; some shot high into the air, others beat violently against the rocks, shattering into glorious volumes of water dust. The sun in the west, now a red ball of fire, cast weird crimson reflections over this foaming tumult, and painted the sprays with all colors of the rainbow, in glowing radiant contrast to the high, dark mountains round about. Against one rugged cliff that projected far out, the water beat in fury, hiding the stubborn rock with a mass of smothering froth, dashing madly in all directions. The coloring was marvelous, its gorgeousness can scarcely be expressed in words. It was entrancing to see the deep blue of the water as it flowed calmly along, above and far below the precipice; the green red, and yellow tints cast by the descending sun; and then the grey and white at the brink, where the flood madly plunged over the heights to press rapidly on in its long journey seaward.

The loveliness of the water was so bewitchening, so dazzling, that at first I did not notice the towering mountains on the opposite side, so high and stately, that they truly semed to pierce the sky; peak after peak rising loftily, the farthest summits snow clad. The nearer ones were crowned with the sombre green of spruce and pine, and had the appearance of velvety emerald of an eerie depth of green. As we gazed up at these rugged mountains we felt awed, silence-struck, reverent. Nature was revealing her greatness, and our "littleness felt abashed." My imagination cannot conceive anything more beautiful than this mighty cataract, bulwarked with those majestic mountain masses. In profound and wordless admiration, I turned to watch the hurrying river pursuing its course far, far below, twisting among the mountain clefts, winding through the canyon it has ploughed out for its bed. Dusk deepened, and the guides called. Suddenly I realized how utterly I had forgotten myself in admiring these stupendous scenes, and returning with an effort to the demands of the moment, rejoined my party. But what I had seen and felt made me silent and meditative.

Marie Millick.

A SWIMMING FROLIC AT LASELL

Have you ever watched a brood of ducklings playing in a pool of water? If you have, then you can imagine how a troop of girls would act in a large swimming pool like the one at Lasell. To describe all the stunts we attempt in our swimming frolics here would fill a book, but a few we tried one Saturday night, not long ago may be of interest.

Our tank affords an excellent playground for us human ducklings. At first, after fooling half aimlessly around for a time, we had a game with a large rubber ball inflated with air. After we had chosen sides and each girl had taken position, we threw the ball from one to another. Naturally the girls can not keep their positions very long under such circumstances for someone is sure to miss the ball, which then is likely to fall somewhere in the deep part of the tank, and one of the players has to go after it. While trying to recover it she may sink, consequently getting an unwished for mouthful of water. If she holds on firmly to the ball, she will immediately return to the surface where its buoyancy will keep her afloat until she reaches shallow water. Sometimes we take a board and, lying on it, paddle around the tank with our hands. More often, however, we try swimming on our backs, pushing the board, meanwhile, about with our feet. These stunts are pretty strenuous, and quickly tire us.

Another popular water sport is follow-the-leader, in which one girl is chosen as a leader, the rest following her, and doing in turn everything she does. In this game there is no end of fun, and when a daring leader is selected, the game becomes a regular comedy.

Playing leap-frog at the shallow end of the pool is also a favorite-diversion. As the swimmers often cross the pool with their faces in the water, collisions are quite common, but this is only accounted fun, merely the give and take of the game. All sorts of funny dives and antics are attempted, each player trying to outdo the other. The seal dive is amusing, and a favorite among the girls. It is performed by slipping off the edge of the pool into the water head downward, with hands and arms held closely to the body. The object of the dive is to slip into the water without making any undue commotion and to come up erect. Still another fancy dive there is one which only the most experienced can

do, as it includes three positions, "backward," "sidewise," and "spring," and in addition to the last turning in the air and diving head-first into the water as in a regular spring dive. Some of us stand on the spring-board from two to five minutes before trying this dive.

Time passes very quickly in the tank, and sometimes it seems as if we hardly got in before it is time to get out. When we do come out, however, we feel much refreshed, and return to our studies with renewed vim and vigor. *Clara Spinney*

Monday evening, May 7, the Hawthorne House girls with the help of Dr. and Miss Morgenthaler gave a linen-shower to Mae Chan. The unusual commotion aroused her suspicions, but she had no idea that it had anything to do with her.

At 8.30 we gathered in the parlor and after putting out the lights, called Mae down. Miss Morgenthaler escorted her to a chair under the chandelier while the wedding march was played. As our gifts fell about her from an inverted parasol, she could do nothing but look at us and smile; and that smile lasted all the evening.

Later, Dr. Morganthaler ushered us into the dining room, where the table daintily decorated with forsythia and ferns delighted our eyes. We feasted on our beloved ice cream and fudge sauce and did ample justice to the delicious corn balls. After enjoying several piano solos by Irvina Pomeroy, the gathering broke up very reluctantly.

A delightful picnic was enjoyed by the *Leaves* staff on May 18th. Through the kindness of Mr. Ordway we were given a trip to Waltham in the motor boat. This was especially pleasant, for several had never before been on that part of the river. After the boat ride, we went to Gardner gym, and there, before a roaring open fire, feasted on sandwiches, hot coffee and other good things until the study-hour bell called us to our serious pursuits.

THE LEAVES PICNIC

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Lasell Glee Club Concert was held May 19, at eight o'clock in the gymnasium. The much anticipated day was a delightful one. Guests arrived all during the afternoon, were shown over the campus, various buildings, and were otherwise entertained until five-thirty, when a delicious luncheon was served in the dining-room.

The hall was completely filled in the evening with friends and students, all eager to hear the annual concert. The program was exceedingly well arranged and carried out, and the calls for encores were generously responded to. The whole affair was delightful. Much credit is due both Miss Goodrich and Mary Rich, who so splendidly led the girls.

THE MISSIONARY FETE

The Missionary Fete was held on the campus between Cushman and Carter on Monday afternoon, May 21. The different classes had booths where sandwiches, cake, lemonade, pop

corn, and candies were for sale. Ice cream was served by the Seniors in the Crow's Nest, the latter being artistically decorated with class banners. The Fete was most successful, and a good sum was realized from the sale, the money to be devoted to the Fresh Air Fund.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE

Mrs. Loomis addressed the school at chapel on Friday, May 25. Her subject, most appropriately chosen, was "How Women Can Help in the Present War." In a very emphatic manner, she showed how women could greatly help in food conservation. The war cannot successfully come to a close without the aid of America, and the women will be called upon to play an important part toward that end. Her talk was most practical and helpful, and furnished material for much thought and action.

MAY DAY

We certainly enjoyed our May Day this year and from all reports, our guests seemed to have had a pretty good time, too. The stately Seniors in their caps and gowns were the leaders of the procession to the May Queen's throne. The Juniors in white, with their red ties, showing their class spirit, were next in line. The Sophomores in their jaunty sailor costumes, blue middies, white skirts, sailor hats and with life preservers around their necks, quite impressed the onlookers as they followed the Juniors. The Freshmen looked quite "summery" in their display of class colors. Their big blue hats with black streamers and their black walking sticks tied with blue, looked well with their white dresses. The "Preps" were the most patriotic because they wore the colors of the American flag draped around them and had golden (?) crowns on their heads. The "Specials" appeared, ready for any emergency, dressed as Red Cross nurses.

When this procession, walking two by two, had reached the bower of the May Queen, the two sides separated, leaving a path, stretching across the lawn from the bower. We waited with bated breath until Jess Shepard, the Senior President, led Dorothy Redmond, our May Queen, chosen by secret ballot, to the further end of the line. Julia Lipps, the Senior Vice-President, then took Mildred Cary, the Maid of Honor, up to the side of the Queen. The hearty applause showed the approval of our two hitherto unknown choices. A little flower girl, bearing a wreath on a Lasell pillow, led the way along the path toward the May Queen's throne. When the Queen reached her throne, the Senior President crowned her, and the Maid of Honor stood at her right, the little flower girl sitting at her left. The classes formed in groups on either side of the May Queen. The Seniors knelt first and sang their song to the music of "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

"All hail to thee, the Queen of joyous May,
Seniors all do sing to honor you this day,
For high ideals of old Lasell you stand,
'17 will be loyal to you, our fair May Queen,
And by your side your Maid of Honor stands.
We wish you both the best your life demands.

MAY DAY PICTURES

For high ideals of old Lasell you stand,
'17 will be loyal to you, our fair May Queen."

When the Seniors had marched off to their places behind the classes, the Juniors knelt, singing their song to the music of "I Love You Truly."

"Homage we're bringing
To our May Queen.
She is the fairest
We've ever seen.
Lasell will always
Love and adore
You, our dear May Queen,
Evermore."

The Juniors took their places and the Sophomores danced, sailor fashion, in a circle, singing to the tune of "Sailing, Sailing,"

"May Queen, May Queen,
Greetings to you, today,
Standing before you, 'Jackie's Tar,"
Our homage come to pay.
We are all so happy that we can say
You are our choice from first to last
To be the Queen of the May."

When the Sophomores had finished their song and dance, the Freshmen knelt, singing to the air of "Throw Me a Rose."

"The Freshmen class all sing to you
A song of welcome, a song so true.
We're all so glad that you are the Queen.
Our approval you have seen.
We welcome you, Queen of the May
And hope that you'll accept this day,
From our hearts before we part,
Our sincere Welcome Song."

The "Preps" next knelt, singing to "Adair, My Sweet Adair,"

"Hail to the Queen of the May.
You rule our hearts today,
Our love will never stray,
Our hearts with joy are gay,
Our voices are all ringing,
And the birds are gladly singing.
The flowers spring into our sight,
The song birds join to greet
All happy hearts to meet,
When we kneel down to you,
Our lovely, lovely Queen of the May."

The "Specials" sang their song to the music "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"

"Now 'Specials' come to greet the May Queen,
The dearest girl in school.
We know that you'll be ever true,
And that is why we come to sing this song to you.
Oh, we know that you'll be ever loyal
To the girls of dear Lasell,
And in after years, when you're
Miles away from here,
We hope you'll not forget
Your schoolmates so dear,
For we'll always hold you in our memories,
The 'Specials' of '17."

Next on the program was the "May Pole Dance," in which the girls in light dresses danced around the May Pole, winding around it streamers of our school colors, blue and white. This was followed by an English folk dance.

A charming flower dance called "La Fete du Jardinier" followed. Miss Woodward at the piano, Miss Joyce with her violin, and Alice Jenks with her drum furnished the music. The curtain, composed of two girls from each class holding up their class banners, was drawn aside, showing a row of Poppies, La France Roses, Daisies, and Jonquils." Irene Lederer and May Pettit, as two lads, danced a merry dance and ran away as they saw Mary Rich, the farmer, approaching. Having chased them over the fence, the farmer invited some friends to eat with him, after which he fell asleep and dreamed that he was king of the flowers.

As a thunder shower came up, the flowers awoke and marched in a processional, forming a double semi-circle. The crown, cloak, and sword bearers, followed by Dorothy Redmond, the queen of the flowers, and the two pages, marched to the centre of the semi-circle. The pages brought the farmer over to the queen, who crowned him king. Then walking out, with her followers, to the front of the scene, she beckoned to the flowers to dance.

After each group had danced its dance, all formed in the semi-circle again and the May Queen danced in and out among them. During the recessional, each group of flowers bowed to the audience and returned to its place. Meanwhile the queen and her attendants had left the king who presently awoke, once more the farmer, and walked away in bewilderment.

Crowds of outsiders as well as of friends showed their enthusiasm over the whole performance. Camera and moving picture men were also much in evidence on the lawn and in the Crow's Nest. Surely this fascinating entertainment should not fail to go down into history.

THE JUNIOR-FRESHMAN CIRCUS

On Saturday evening, May 26th, the school gymnasium was the scene of a somewhat unusual event, when the Juniors entertained their sister class with a circus. At quarter before eight, various members of the Junior class, in men's attire, escorted the Freshmen to the gym. As they walked around the circus ground they visited the many side shows and the stands, where Juniors in cap and apron sold pop corn and peanuts, hot dogs, pink lemonade and ice cream cones. Then they were escorted to reserve seats on the bleachers. The circus began with a parade of all the troupe, followed by acts by the world's champion balancer, the strong man, tight rope walkers, bare-back riders, acrobats, snake charmer, monkeys and elephants. Among the novel features of the evening were the antics of a trick pony and the dancing by Mr. and Mrs. Castoil. After the general dancing which followed the performance, as a good night, the two classes exchanged songs.

We had the privilege of having as our speaker at Vespers May 27, Mr. Loy Chang, who at present is studying business administration in this country. He spoke in a very interesting way on "Woman's Position in China, in the Past and at the Present." He painted a vivid picture of her restricted life from early childhood. Very few educational advantages are offered, and those have in the past been only to the wealthy.

At the present time, however, the equality and the mind of woman is coming to be recognized, until many are each year entering American schools and colleges. Mr. Chang in closing, emphasized two ways in which America is to help the Chinese students in this country: first, by teaching them social service; second, by teaching them to play; for it is only by playing well that we work well.

RIVER DAY

May twenty-eighth, the day looked for so long, dawned cloudy but calm. By ten o'clock a large crowd had gathered on the bank at the finish of the course to watch the races which are one of the important features of the year's activities. Along the bank canoes were lined up. The Seniors were conspicuous in one large launch while the faculty and friends of the school followed the race in another.

The four crews were towed up the river to the starting point; then all of them paddled down the course forming a pretty parade.

Once again the Seniors and Freshmen crews were towed up to the starting point and at the signal were off for the first race, the Seniors winning by a length and a half in 3 minutes and 26 seconds. The second race was between the Sophomores and Juniors, the Sophomores defeating the latter by a length, the time being 3 minutes and 26 1-2 seconds.

After a rest of half an hour, the third race was held between losers for third place, the Freshmen crew winning in 3 minutes and 19 seconds established a record for the course. In the final race the Seniors won by two feet from their fast sister crew—the Sophomores, the time for this race being 3 minutes and 20 seconds. The following is the make up of crews:

Senior Crew—Julia Lipps, Captain—Winners. Stroke, Dorothy Redmond; Mary Canfield, Helen Louis, Edith Hobson, Mary Rich, Mildred Strain, Rachel Houston, Alice Jenks.

Sophomore Crew—Darthea Benson, Captain; Stroke, Priscilla Alden, Olive Chase, Margaret Ufford, Mildred Keasor, Edith Vance, Georgina Flattery, Margaret Waddell, Norma Erdman.

Freshman Crew—Helen Wakefield, Captain; Stroke, Frances Wieder; Gladys Kenistoon, Helen Guertin, Marion Pomeroy, Eleanor Thompson, Elizabeth Moyer, Katherine Rice, Amy Phillips.

Junior Crew—Ruth Newcomb, Captain; Stroke, Helene Davenport; Marceline Gronberg, Grace Tredway, Gladys Wright, Annie Dimond, Clara Spinney, Edith Powell, Josephine Forster.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

All conditions were so favorable the night of May 30th as to make its success possible. The night was cool and lovely, but more important than this, the audience, which filled the gymnasium, was appreciative.

The program was long but because of its arrangement escaped the sin of becoming tedious. One interesting fact is that the "Intermezzo," so well rendered by Berenice Reagan and Mary Fisk, was composed by Mr. Goldstein for Berenice Reagan.

We feel sure that the artists in the audience praised the entire performance, not taking each part by itself and viewing it with critical eyes, but rather regarding it as a whole. We hope that these same people found some real pleasure in the concert. Of this we are sure, the parents and friends of those taking part were filled with genuine pride and pleasure.

The program was as follows:

PART FIRST

Chorus. Sancta Maria. . . . . *Faure*
Orphean Club

Pianoforte. Reverie . . . . . *Debussey*
Miss Madge Shepard

Voice. Will o' the Wisp . . . . . *Spross*
Miss Marie Keppel

Pianoforte. Etude. . . . . *Aus der Ohe*
Miss Olive Chase

Voice. Villanelle. . . . . *del'Aqua*
Miss Berenice Reagan

Pianoforte. Romanze (from Concerto, D minor). . . . . *Mozart*
Miss Marjorie Morrison
(With orchestral parts on the organ, by Mr. George Dunham)

Voice. Solveig's Song. . . . . *Grieg*
Miss Philomena Piscopo

Pianoforte. Concert Etude. . . . . *MacDowell*
Miss Mervelle Gratz

PART SECOND

Voice. Thine Eyes so Blue. . . . . *Lassen*
Miss Mary Rich

Violins. Intermezzo. . . . . *S. E. Goldstein*
Misses Reagan and Fiske
(Accompanist, Miss Morrison)

Voice. Si mes vers avaient des ailes!.....
.....*Hahn*
Miss Ruth Walker
Pianoforte. Revolutionary Etude.. *Chopin*
Miss Evelyn Cate
Voice. a. Thou art to me.....*Chadwick*
b. The Danza.....*Chadwick*
Miss Norma MacMillan
Violin. Indian Lament. ..*Dvorak-Kreisler*
Miss Berenice Reagan
Pianoforte. Invitation to the Dance...
.....*Weber*
Misses Chase, Brady, Morrison and
M. Shepard

THE ART EXHIBIT

In the Studio, on the afternoon of May 31st, there was a varied and interesting exhibit of the work of the art classes. China-painting, glass-decorating, clay-modelling, designing, free-hand drawing, as well as the painting of pictures in oils and water colors, have evidently been successfully accomplished. The visitors realized that the top-floor must be a busy place during the school months. Students are indeed fortunate who can take even a part of the training here given. The course, supplemented by the history of the masters of art, must be valuable and stimulating.

THE SWIMMING EXHIBITION

The swimming exhibition was held on Thursday afternoon, May 31st, at two-thirty. The exhibition opened with swimming by Elizabeth Godfrey, Marjorie Wiley, and Mary E. Frost. The speed race was won by Edith Vance, '19, in five seconds, the fastest time ever made in the school. Katherine Rice won second place. The distance plunge was won by Katherine Rice, '20. Edith Vance also won first place in diving, with Harriet Fera, '18, second. Exhibition strokes were demonstrated by Lydia Adams; Winifred Tracy showed how to remove clothing while in the water; Ruth Newcomb did rescue work, and Mildred Keasor demonstrated the Shaefer and Sylvester methods of artificial respiration. This interesting exhibition closed with a potato race.

THE HOME ECOMOMICS EXHIBIT

The annual exhibit of the Home Economics Department on May 31st, was very attractive and creditable, both to the teachers and to the girls.

Competent guides conducted us through the rooms of the sewing department. It was hard to believe that we were not in the shop of some French modiste, especially as we looked about the Tower Room where were displayed lovely hats, gowns and suits as well as exquisitely wrought linen. In the larger room the excellent training received was also evident. Here were seen handsome baskets and trays, samples of practical work from the simplest patches to dresses. sweaters and lingerie—and all at prices within easy range.

As we entered the cooking laboratory we were greeted by a tempting array of pastry, salads, desserts, escalloped dishes. And to think that it was all the work of our first year girls! In the kitchen of the applied housekeeping suite were many varieties of canned fruit and also materials for a day's menu for six people. This afforded the right number of calories and could be provided at a cost of 30 cents per person. In the dining-room of the suite an inexpensive meal had been attractively set out on the table and side boards. It certainly looked good enough to whet one's appetite and also sufficient to satisfy it.

Judged by results the Home Economics

Department has had a profitable and successful year.

THE ALUMNAE FROLIC

On June 1st the gym was the scene of a frolic given by the Alumnae. The stage assumed the aspect of a recruiting camp in a short time, and full fledged soldiers, all varieties of applicants and the always present camera man were seen. A recruiting scene was cleverly worked out and a splendid drill executed by the soldiers. We saw the men about their native campfires, and were obliged to watch them eat "hot dogs" while we had quietly to look on. The short time in which the Alumnae had to plan their frolic gives added credit for the excellent and witty performance of "camp life." The evening was heartily enjoyed by all the girls.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow gave the annual reception to the Senior class on Saturday evening, June 2nd. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Jessie Shepherd, the class president. It has been rumored throughout the corridors, since, that this reception was one of the very finest we have had within our walls; and well might this be true, for every person present looked her prettiest, and seemed to be feeling her friendliest. Flowers were of course in evidence, but not in the same profusion as usual, as the classes had all attempted to cut down the expenses this year. Delicious refreshments of strawberry ice cream, sherbet, fancy cakes and coffee were served to the guests by a selected few of the Juniors at about nine thirty. Although the weather was cloudy, actual rain did not interrupt the event; thus in more ways than one the Senior reception proved a success.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

Not only the entire school body but also a large number of graduates and former students attended the service at the Congregational Church on the morning of June third. The opening exercises were conducted by the pastor, Dr. Gordon; well-chosen anthems were sung by the church quartet, and a beautiful and appropriate prayer was offered by Dr. Butters of the Methodist Church.

Dr. J. M. Thomas, the president of Middlebury College, delivered an inspiring sermon, and one in keeping with the spirit and needs of the present day. He said in part: *"I am to speak of the God who goes before. And the Lord went before them to lead them the way.*—Exodus 13:21.

The Lord God of Israel went before. Doubtless there were stragglers on that terrible march through the waste and howling wilderness, those who dropped out of the ranks and sank pitiably to the rear, but nevertheless the God of Israel kept His place at the head of the column. It is only a symbol, but it is a true symbol. The march to the promised land was due to a religious impulse. It was the Lord their God who brought that nation out of the house of bondage and enabled them to win the land of promise.

Religion was the pioneer in all Hebrew advance. It was not philosophy which went ahead to show them the way, nor law, nor science and invention, nor agriculture and industry, but their faith in divine things. Their leaders were prophets and they made progress through their enlarging views of God. The Lord went before them to lead them the way—there you have the story of the making of the Jew.

The story of the New Testament is not otherwise. The Master of Galilee performed many works of healing and sympathy, but they were called from him by the sufferings and miseries of the populace. When he was free to do the work he loved best, he was on the mountain sides with his disciples, teaching them the truth which was to renew the world. There was nothing particularly new in his healing. The Pharisees cast out demons, and they likewise taught charity. His distinctive truth was immediate access to God, and you find his heart in the text, "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I if it is already kindled?" So in the whole Bible religion maintains a position of leadership. Its primary function is not to console, but to go before.

In recent generations there has been a change of emphasis. We boast of hospitals and orphanages and all manner of social service as the special flower of the Christian faith. Like the great English preacher, we are disposed to say, "The God who answers by hospitals, let him be God." Religion is called upon to do a great deal of trained nurse work. Men worsted in business and women satiated with social activities turn to the church for binding up of their wounds.

All of this is very noble, but there is a far nobler ideal, and that is leadership in the stirring, active life of the world.

And where shall we look for leadership in the world of today? To science and discovery? They increase the benefits of man but they leave man where they found him. To economics and social service? The materialist's paradise is no paradise at all and a rich fool is still a fool. We go forward by working our way deeper into the mysteries of the soul. Real progress is within the man, and to assist in this progress, in the building of stronger, worthier, and nobler manhood is the real work of faith.

I wonder if any of you have been uncertain as to where you can find God in these terrible days. Perhaps in earnest desire to know Him and to do His will you have sought various forms of philanthropic endeavor. This is well, but if you would know true faith, I suggest that you look for God at the other end of the column. He still goes before. His presence is most truly with the men of the farthest vision forward. If we can mark carefully the goal toward which the great world moves, we shall find God there still leading His people the way."

COMMENCEMENT VESPERS

The Rev. James Austin Richards, of the Mount Vernon street church, of Boston, was the speaker at the commencement vesper service. His address based on the words "I have fought a good fight," was followed with the utmost attention.

In a clear and convincing way Dr. Richards dwelt upon the importance of making life not merely a fight, but a good fight. To this end we must choose well our allies and be able to count on their support. Body, mind and will may become the enemies of the spirit unless trained and enlisted on its side. Then, too, we must recognize the strength of our foes. Too often the faults and sins which besiege the soul are called by euphonious terms instead of by their right names. The fight is half won when the enemy is squarely faced. In the good fight, the end in view is the attainment of character. Defeat should be remembered only until its lessons have been learned. This struggle toward the goal of noble character may seem to be a personal and perhaps, selfish thing. Such is not really the case. Victory for one soul means the strengthening of all other souls. Christ's own motive,

"for *their* sakes sanctify I myself," may serve as an inspiration for all who would make of life a *good* fight.

CLASS NIGHT

Programme

Processional
Welcome ..... *Jessie Shepherd*
Song
Roll Call ..... *Gertrude Allen*
Violin Solo ..... *Berenice Reagan*
Prophecy ..... { Florence Bell, Rachel Houston, Frances Dohoney }
Poem ..... *Elizabeth Carlile*
Momento ..... *Lenette Rogers*
Song
Presentation and Farewell ..... *Julia Lipps*
Recessional ..

Campus

FAREWELL

Cushman ..... *Edith Hobson*
Carpenter ..... *Miriam Day*
Gardener ..... *Pauline Fera*
Crow's Nest ..... *Dorothy Redmond*
To the Flames ..... *Helen Saunders*

ROLL CALL

Be Ready! Be Ready! Be awake in mind and soul and body.

Ruth Elizabeth Virginia Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.

Andy is a great girl. If any of her classmates wish to know whats the right thing to do when everything goes dead wrong, she turns to Andy, who is always ready with a wise counsel. To you, then Andy we give this gold medal both for your good advice and your efficient service on the student council.

Helen Louise Bauman, Grayling, Mich.

Being a bowman, you like any good archer must have arrows if your archery is to be efficient, as with such precious game in view as you have, one certainly desires to be. Accordingly I present you with the arrow, knowing that your unerring skill will send it as straight to the mark as would Cupid himself.

Florence Bell, Attleboro Falls, Mass.

Poor Florence is so worried because all the boys are enlisting and she will have noone to amuse her when she is home next year. She intends to open a school of languages and teach Latin and Greek exclusively. This Latin dictionary, Florence will help you with unfamiliar words.

Hazel Brady, East Orange, N. J.

Whenever Hazel is lost we seek for the nearest piano, where we are sure to find her dreamily fingering the keys wholly absorbed in her music. This piano, is your appropriate keep-sake. Take it wherever you go and don't neglect your practice.

Gertrude Clara Buettner, Chicago, Ill.

Dicky is our policeman. Whenever the class has met with difficulties or opposition she has always been on hand to lead us on to victory. When the enemies see her they flee in terror. Here, Dicky is a policeman's billy which will always remind you of your active service as policeman of the class of 1917.

Ruth Maude Burnap, Whitinsville, Mass.

Now Ruth is the wittiest of us all. Whenever we want anything funny to cheer us on, we call on her, and she answers with either song or speech playing the buffoon to the height of admiration for our entertainment. This little feather, will not allow you to forget your true vocation.

Josephine Burt, Urbana, Ill.

Jo's tender heartedness has always been recognized but was brought with unusual force to our attention one morning, while she was acting as waitress in Carter Hall. Bananas with lemons were to be served at breakfast, but when it was time to pass the sliced lemon she hadn't the heart to hand it to the guest but passed instead the butter balls thinking them an allowable substitute. Here Jo, is a butter-ball and lemon. Which is which?

Mary Elizabeth Canfield, Williamsport, Pa.

Mary is very fond of knitting, and everywhere that Mary goes her knitting's sure to go. We all know Hinny how hard a time you have hiding your knitting from the watchful eyes of others and hence have provided for you this beautiful, gorgeous and elegant tin-can an excellent hiding place for your knitting.

Elizabeth Kirkbride Carlile, Germantown, Pa.

Elizabeth you must know has the great gift of poetry. Is she not our class poet? Queerly enough, however, she aspires to shine in prose. Here is a picture of the great Thomas Carlyle and we certainly hope that in the future you may be able to attain heights as great as his.

Edna Louise Crane, Negaunee, Mich.

Edna is our great dramatist, for is she not president of our dramatic club. To judge by her histrionic ability we would call her the Sarah Siddons of today. In fact, Mantell would like her for his leading lady. To you then, Ed, we give this picture of Shakespeare to inspire you to do greater work in the future.

Margaret Frances Dohoney, Paris, Texas.

Fran's grades have been a source of worry to the class for a whole year. She doesn't seem to be able to get more than that disgracefully low average of 99 9-10% on any one subject. It's a shame, Fran, not to do better than that. The class judges you, therefore worthy of this significant cap. Please put it on and let's see how you look in it.

Miriam Clifton Day, Melrose, Mass.

For the last month or two we have noticed a decided change in Miriam—she has become so unusually radiantly bright as to bewilder us. Recently, however, we have discovered the source of her brilliancy. Later on, Miriam, if your supply fails try this can of Kimball's polish as a substitute.

Dorothy Deering, Biddeford, Me.

Dot is a confirmed and unerring fortune-teller, because of which whenever we girls feel that our love affairs are not going the way they should, we seem to ask her what the matter is. This magic crystal, Dot, will help you to pierce even more deeply yet into future. Try it.

Pauline Georgiana Fera. Chicago, Ill.

One day when Pauline was in Boston shopping, she lost her way. She did not, it appears, know how to get to the South Station when she came out of one of Boston's big department stores. Sad, Pauline that you can't find your way around such a dinky little city as Boston. Here's a map of it to aid you next time.

Emelia Kleeman Frankel, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Sis, is very fond of geometry — nothing she likes so well. Hours and hours she will spend on her theorems and when finally one comes out right she goes into perfect esctacies over it. Here is something to help you draw your figures correctly, Sis. Of course you will

continue to study that easy subject even to the extent of taking private lessons, six per week.

Fannie Martha Gates, Chittenango, N. Y.

Fannie is one of the few girls in our class who hates to be kissed. Give her almost any other kind of punishment in preference. But mark you, in spite of her aversion to the regular and more popular kind, she seems very fond of a special brand, composed of sugar and other dainty ingredients. Here Fannie are some superb, Hotchkisses.

Mervelle Marguerite Gratz, New York City, N. Y.

We have at last discovered Mervelle to be the supreme, hidden power of the class of 1917. Now, Mervelle, recognizing this gift of yours for swaying the destiny of senior classes governing with the iron hand in the velvet glove, we are submissively giving you this crown hoping that some day you will demonstrate to an admiring world your power to obtain a truly imperial one.

Florence Olivia Harper, Still Pond, Md.

Florence is so quiet that we hardly ever know when she is around but those best acquainted with her can tell you that beneath her quietness hide many admirable qualities. Come Florence, blow your own horn awhile and let other people know what a sweet girl you are.

Nora Irene Hayward, Middleville, Mich.

Nora is very skilled in the art of playing the ukelele; for all Gardner can testify to the beauty of her music. Now you should know Nora that ukeleles become monotonous after awhile, so why not try this banjo for a change?

Edith Hazel Hobson, Germantown, Pa.
Rachel Augustine Houston, So. Charleston, Ohio.

Perhaps our Auburndale neighbors have not generally known that within the village borders, is a circus, finer even than that of Barnum & Bailey, yet such there is. I am pleased to present this evening the famous ring leader of the circus, Edith, and its not less celebrated clown, Rachel. The class girls present you with these keepsakes. The time alas is too limited for a performance now.

Alice Browning Jenks, Pawtucket, R. I.

You have had a hand, Alice, in the running of a good many things this year—basketball, canoe crew, glee and mandolin club, what not —and fearing lest next year bring you nothing to run, we present you, with this auto, trusting you will find it less hard to manage than you found those other things.

Martha Maria Keppel, Corry, Pa.

Marie dearly loves to tease people especially her roommate. Realizing how you love to plague Helen and that she cannot henceforth always be with you, Marie we give you this comforting image of her.

Lillian Ennis Laffey, Paterson, N. J.

Our Lillian is very fond of children and as we have noticed has taken a particular interest during the whole year in a certain child of the many running around among us here. See, Bell, that you give this fair child as much attention as you gave the other.

Irene Lederer, Terre Haute, Ind.

Irene is absolutely the slowest girl of the 16. She can never talk fast enough to say all she wants, nor can she ever walk fast enough to get anywhere on time. This ex-

press train, Irene, may help you to make better time in the future.

Helen Lavinia Lesh, Indianapolis, Ind.

During the entire two years that we have known Helen, she has not until recently been noticeably fond of jewels, but in the last few months, she has developed great interest in diamonds. Having begun her collection with an especially fine one. Here is another, Helen possibly as striking a specimen as the other.

Violet Lewis, No. Dartmouth, Mass.

Violet's health this year has been a source of sorrow to her classmates. Wherefore we have consulted with the famous Dr. Phillips on her case. The verdict is, that the only sure cure for her is a trip to California. Here is a one way ticket, Violet. Dr. Phillips we are sure will be glad to welcome you to her own home.

Ariel Elizabeth Long, Evanston, Ill.

Very fond of pets in general, Ariel especially likes kittens and atlho' these are not generally permitted here, she has as it happens a very lively one. Should your kitten become a nuisance sometime, Ariel, try this catnip ball to amuse it.

Julia Josephine Lipps, Bethlehem, Pa.

Julia is used to the limelight and not disposed to retire to obscurity except when her auto picks up a nail. Lately, Julia, you seem not to have retired so often as formerly. Why not? Oh whats that? You are using Fisk tires now? Here's an extra one. Speed along!

Helen Louis, Danville, Ill.

Helen is an incorrigible user of a certain slang expression, and lest your pet word, kid, wear out from over work, Helen, consult the slang dictionary for a substitute and spare our weary ears.

Eleanor Frances McCausland, Gardner, Me.

Eleanor has such a very low, sweet voice that she finds it hard to make herself heard. To remedy this unfortunate condition of things Eleanor, try this megaphone; it will surely help you to be heard across the room.

Virginia May Moore, Duluth, Minn.

Virginia you all see is very small but a great admirer of Hercules. Her main ambition is to grow big. Heres a magic mixture, which if taken faithfully will make you as large as Hercules himself.

Ella Marjorie Morrison, Melrose, Mass.

Marjorie is absorbed in her music, and sits at the piano by the hour playing the most difficult pieces she can lay her hands on. Classical music being your dearest delight Marjorie, you will be glad to have Chopin's masterpiece—"When the Sun goes down in Dixie and the moon begins to rise."

Berenice Helen Reagan, Indianapolis, Ind.

Bunny is our class baby. Oh! not in years but in actions. It is impossible to keep her still, she is so joyously active. When you feel especially jubilant Bunny, use up your high spirits on this drum.

Dorothy Hanna Redmond, Madison, N. J.

Dorothy has engaged in nearly every school activity this year. Basketball, canoe club, student council and last but best of all our ideal May Queen. Since you have been in the limelight a good deal this year, Dot, here is a mask to use in the future when people begin to talk about you.

Mary Goddard Rich, Keokuk, Iowa.

Mary is a great girl for nodding her head, yes or no and especially showed this quality as leader of Glee Club. Here's a club to use in the future to save your head.

Lenette May Rogers, South Carver, Mass.

We feel sure that Lenette has some understanding with Edison: 'tis not the midnight oil she burns but the midnight current. Hard times now, Lenette. Turn off the electricity and use the candle instead.

Helen May Saunders, Hartford, Conn.

Helen is a great girl for giving advice and advice about any thing we want to ask her. Her specialty is love affairs. Here is a note book, Helen, to take down all the points you do not know about love affairs.

Eugenia Roberts Skinner, Dorchester, Mass.

Perhaps you don't know that we had a life saver in our class. Some time ago, a splendid swimmer rescued a girl from drowning. Wasn't this brave? The class is proud of you Gene, but fearing lest some danger befall you yourself sometime while in the water we give you this lot of life-savers.

Jessie Caulk Shepherd, Middletown, Del.

You have caused your class considerable anxiety, Jess about those poor hands of yours. So often are they used in calling the girls to order that they may even now be badly blistered. Do have some mercy on them and use this gavel in the future.

Helen Amelia Stephan, Kingston, N. Y.

Helen, like most girls, is very fond of mice. The slightest sound in her room at night raises her hopes that a mouse will come out and play with her. While watchfully waiting for the event, Helen, here's one to amuse yourself with

Dorothy Jean Stewart, Toledo, Ohio.

Poor Dorothy hates to be told when planning to go off on a week-end that she must be back in time to make bread at 6.30 Monday morning. In such case, Dot. try this new kind of yeast. In three-quarters of an hour after you mix the bread, it will be ready for the table.

Elizabeth Ruth Straight, Hastings, Neb.

Was Ruth born in Florida that she dotes so on oranges? Here are a few for you Ruth, lest you forget wholly your native state and fly to the Land of Flowers for your favorite delicacy.

Mildred Astill Strain, E. Hampton, Mass.

Many times this year on seeking 70 for a few minutes of quiet study, we have found there a great commotion, usually due to Mid. just bringing to light from a mysterious box a bunch of beautiful flowers. But these soon wither, Mid. Here are some For-Get-Me-Nots that will never fade.

Mary Louise Taylor, Chicago, Ill.

Mary is the soul of honor, but also the soul of sociable communicativeness and sometimes forgets that somethings mustn't be divulged. Here is a vial of the Compound Extract of Prudent Silence. Take two of these pills, Mary whenever dangerous topics arise.

Elizabeth Gertrude Allen.

THE PROPHECY

The Three Fates wove for us the past and present as well as the future of the girls of the class.

Here's one who doth all others bind
Close, lest they should soon unwind
On Jessie Shepherd—all depend
To fuse them in harmonious blend
So gladly we with full consent

Honor the Senior president,
Since she's a product of Lasell,
Small wonder that she doth excel.

Miss Slattery's successor, she
And full as renowned shall be,
Yes soon, 'mid folk of every nation
Shall sound her earnest exhortation
And her to listen, cease their speech
When Jessica begins to preach.

This thread has vigor, strength and force;
Athletics nearly all her course,
And musical also is she;
The president she is of glee,
And mandolin doth also lead,
With vim a plenty, pep and speed.

When she goes home, the train man calls,
"Out for Pawtucket, Central Falls,"
But she'll ride in to Providence,
Where she will soon gain eminence
As model ties, select and chic,
Of Paris gowns "just in this week."
"Lucile's Hebe" is aught, me thinks,
Besides the noted Alice Jenks.

A true coquette is Helen Lesh,
Ensnaring many in her mesh.
Admired for her keen, quick mind,
Nor to her other charms is blind.
I wonder when she comes to choose,
Which one will win and which one will lose.

She loves the many, not the few,
And each day wants another, new,
And so she single shall remain,
And live all o'er her youth again.
In writing for newspaper column
Advice, sedate and deep and solemn.
Oh, such gay smiles, such winning grace,
A voice as sweet as is her face,
Now what shall be her deeds and fame—
This airy, Fairy Lillian?

She'll not be known on any stage,
For if you could but turn Fate's page
Mid numerous orphans would you see
Her fond and happy matron, she.
Adoring every urchin cute,
From tousled head to little foot.

Fanny Gates among the frank,
Will always shine in foremost rank.
Here is one who speaks the truth,
Though be it never so uncouth.
She is of scientific bent,
On questions hard her time is spent,
Her physiology and First Aid,
Make her a very useful maid.

Her work extends far o'er the sea,
A Red Cross nurse will Fanny be,
And, wedded to a surgeon French,
Her place take right beside the trench.
And such a staid and calm romance,
Was never known in sunny France.

Why Berenice Reagan's music sweet,
Will cast this old world at her feet,
And with her voice and violin,
Success and fame she needs must win.

In depths serene of crystal clear,
I see no concert stage career,
Instead a light house by the sea,
Where singing with the birds is she,
And she doth trim the shining light,
To send its beams far through the night.

The class's treasurer Lenette,
O'er many problems she must fret.
And very studious is she
O'er Shakespeare, French, geometry.
She takes the world so seriously,
Egyptian sphinx she well might be,
To college doth she plan to go
Full soon, me thinks, it will be so.

Nay, she will ne'er be college bred,
A wealthy husband she will wed,
Extravagance, frivolity,
And gaiety and jollity
Shall be the chief end of her life,
When she becomes his gay young wife.

Here is a maid of quiet mien,
So Violet Lewis is ever seen.
These lines once read in quaint old book
To such demureness seem to look;
"Down in a green and mossy bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view."

Yet shall she the most daring be,
Of all this youthful company,
An aeroplane soon shall she drive,
With speed and art she will arrive,
And dizzy circles make in the air,
Looping the loop, without a care.

This thread of life in Mildred Strain
Is desired of many a love-lorn swain,
Yet she of love has naught to say,
But argues on throughout the day.

I, too, hear the arguing sound,
And see her digging all around
The roots of an English oak tree green,
Which her doth give a joy most keen,
And happiness she doth gain,
For 'tis the family tree of Strain.

Our Gert Allen all admire
About her future, I'd inquire.
She eager is to do her part;
Doth sing and cheer with all her heart.
Christan Endeavor doth she lead,
Class Secretary, good indeed.

Ahead of all the rest she'll step,
By virtue of her vim and pep.
These coupled with her curly tresses,
Will bring her many more successes,
Then Mary Pickford on the screen,
And Gert will reign a movie queen.

This maid high eminence will attain,
She'll be well known this Edna Crane,
Her care-free jocularity
Brings her such popularity—
Athletic, mistress of canoe;
Dramatic, our cheer leader, too.

There's danger great in talents many,
Of losing high success in any,
Unless she be extremely wise,
Her future there before her lies;
At home with no dramatic shocks,
She'll set to work at darning socks.

Elizabeth Carlile was a star,
In English she surpassed far
All other in her knowledge keen;
Modest and dignified her mien,
For vanity in her is naught.

The future years will take this girl
Into life's fascinating whirl;
Along Keith's circuit lies her way,
To ukulele's music gay;
In vaudeville the part best played,
Is that of this Hawaiian maid.

With sacred chimes of music sweet,
Ruth Straight was won the day to greet;
But at Lasell she learned to sew,
And hopes that some day she will grow
To be a famous French modiste.
And as that wish shall be increased,
Till wheresoever she's heard or seen,
She shall be known as Fashion's queen,
And wealth from every foreign shore,
Shall seek admittance at her door.

This thread doth in its every curve,
Follow swift Fashion's slightest
And dresser, wraps and shoes and hat,
Surpassing all has Merville Gratz.

Soon sensible, neat clothes she'll wear,
And over others will have care:
Miss Potter's new assistant she,
Who necks and heels will measure free,
And will hard punishment inflict,
On those who past the boundary, strict.

See you this thread? Tis oft the ear
That first perceived her presence near;
For Eleanor loves to converse
To any listener not averse,
All subjects whether great or small,
She has opinions on them all.

That voice with which she sang and spake
Will soon for her a record make,
With Edison for years she'll stay,
Her future.
But, oh, how Dot and Al will laugh,
To see her talk to a phonograph.

Ah, measured military tramp,
For here, amidst the army camp,
Our Helen Bauman sees the fun
Of training e'er the fight's begun.

Her sunny nature still the same,
Full soon, I see, she'll change her name.
She'll be a constant, loving wife,
And lead a happy wedded life.

This thread runs in an easy way.
Study? Not she, when she can play.
Her given name I don't recall
As Sister Frankel known to all.
In athletics true she lacked the vim,
And most the time was cutting Jim.

Yet with Miss Warner she's allied,
The two will soon work side by side,
And they will train a team out here
To win from Radcliffe every year.
For "Sister" ne'er will separate
From her who was her old room-mate.
And to be sure that all is well,
She'll follow her back to Lasell.

Here's a timid little maid
Who seems as one almost afraid
As swift life stream above her flows,
And seeks to hide when tempest blows.
For refuge to her "Still Pond" calm
Goes Florence Harper for sweet balm.

Ah! strange the way of women all
Full soon this charm begins to pall,
And later she will win a name
Pre-eminent in athletic game,
For swift, strong, skillful, agile she
World's tennis champion she will be.

This thread gives Dorothy Stewart's fate,
How closely clings her fond room-mate,
As editor most able, too,
Success of *Leaves* to her was due,
Yet ne'er did literary labors call
Her from her room-mate, beloved o'er all,
This friendship was so effusive
Even her brothers were inclusive.

The youthful romance long shall live,
And to her friends much pleasure give;
For all her friends from Toledo
Dot has forsaken long ago.
And now you see her residence
In Melrose, fair, finds permanence.

Here is the one whose voice so clear
Has lead the Glee Club through the year,
And blended with her music, too,
Is rare good sense, unfailing, true—

Yes, Mary Rich is rich in true
Ideals, honor, all forsooth
That goes to make a life worth while.

Thus through this crystal deep, they file
These mortals with their deeds to be
Earnestly striving forward she
To glad the hearts and haste the joys
Of the great city's girls and boys.
Draws them away from the clamorous street
Into the playground's safe retreat.

Dorothy Redmond was alway
The faculty's ideal, they say;
Also she reigned in state serene,
Our loved and dignified May Queen;
Her grace—it is beyond belief—
She dances like a wind-blown leaf.

In school affairs she had her part,
And did it well with all her heart.
These things to her good training give
For future life that she will live.
What she has learned, of wise control
Will aid her much in her new role,
Solely for their own happiness' sake
A home for working girls she'll make.

Our Mary Canfield's sport indoors
Is knitting sweaters by tens and scores,
But outdoor sports appeal made, too,
She paddled hard and fast on crew,
In Glee Club sang a high soprano,
Played mandolin, likewise piano.

Yet, 'tis the teaching of Miss Rand
Her future work will most demand,
For in the august senate hall,
This Pennsylvanian leads them all.
And strives to further woman's rights
With stirring, burning, eloquent flights.

Ruth Burnap had a joke and smile
For every one and all the while,
So each forgets her woes to jest,
And she, so merry, cheers the rest.

Still will she be without pretense
And governed by her calm, good sense
Through to success her part doth lead
On the grand opera stage, indeed—
Caruso she will address familiarly
To his delight—so famous she.

This thread bespeaks a flower-strewn way,
Daisies and butter cups? Oh nay—
For violets rich and roses sweet
Are thrown at Marie Kepple's feet.

She loved her room-mate from the start—
How sad that they will have to part;
Here Helen doth her work begin,
While Marie sails to far Pekin—
In a few years she will, 'tis said,
Ambassador to China wed.

Helen Stephan for womankind
A service renders oft, I find,
If, when all's dark and still at night—
And everyone's turned out her light—
There's heard some noise in the house,
All know 'tis Helen with a mouse.

A dog-catcher has had his day,
The mouse-catcher is on her way.
As her Pierce-Arrow Helen drives
Unlicensed mice flee for their lives.
And those that cannot swiftly flee,
Smithsonian specimens will be.
And Hamlin's piper will seem slow,
When Helen through the streets doth go.

Here's Helen Louis, of temper sunny,
Who finds her troubles always funny.
In mathematics she never shines,
But yet she is concerned with lines—
Bud Fisher will her woo and wed,

His bride, and model, too, 'tis said.
She'll pose to help him in his art,
Where ready smiles play quite a part.

Ah! here's another perfect lady—
Sisters, I speak of Hazel Brady.
Most fortunate she is in this—
She shall attain to earthly bliss
When some one gives her for her own
Wanamaker's organ, which alone
Shall fill her house. For miles around
It's deep, sweet music shall resound.

Miriam Day has been quite active
In a cosy tea-room, most attractive,
The work did so much her delight
She's in "House E" a shining light.
Full often one may see her look
Intent at something in a book.
Oh, when school life she's left behind
Artistic books will Miriam bind;
Books that shall go down through ages,
Because of their sweet, alluring pages.

Now this thread scintillates with wit
As hither, thither she doth flit,
This Ariel Long we'll not forget,
With her cheery, "Hail fellows, well met."

Soon on such giddy things she'll frown,
When she's among the Hindus brown,
Where she'll be caution strict and wary
Wife of a pious missionary.
In far off India's burning strand,
The heathen she will reprimand.

Ah, here's the smallest of them all,
"Class Baby" some do Joe Burt call—
For one so tiny she doth wear
An anxious, grave, solicitous air.

Yet, as into these depths I peer,
I see for her a wild career
Here roof, canvas, circus tent,
'Neath which her thrilling day all spent.
When Joe comes in to do her act,
A gasp is heard from crowds close packed—
The raging lions' ferocious roars
She quite complacently ignores,
As in his mouth she thrusts her head,
As a lamb, he's quiet and well bred.

This thread doth double on its track
First forward running and then back—
Eugenia Skinner comes each day,
And helps support the B. & A.
The first great work she will essay
Horses to train for U. S. A.,
And later shall she go to France
A driver for an ambulance;
And then she shall remain to be
An artist's model in Paree.

Marjorie Morrison's modest mien,
Cloaks a genius rare, I ween,
For, with her seeming, simple ways
She does things that would you amaze.
And of some songs we have tonight
She did both words and music write.
But she will turn from this reserve,
Developing what men call "nerve"—
From house to doomed house she'll walk,
As glibly with "fine line of talk"
And steadily her sales augment
By breezy "pep" as book agent,
Selling on wise installment plan,
Succeeding better far than man.

Helen Saunders in German play,
Took part of super-man, they say
'Tis strange she would that part e'er feign—
While she treats men with high disdain—
Mere creatures to be brushed aside,
As on she passes in her pride.
Unable all girls to impress
With love of single-blessedness,

Through matrimonial bureau she
Doth plan a huge felicity,
Preventing all domestic strife,
By choosing for each man his wife.

Here's Pauline Fera, winsome, sweet,
With joyousness and fun replete,
And wishing now to do her bit,
Not only sweaters doth she knit,
But other garments warm also,
For soldiers diligent doth sew.

In future years when war is o'er
And thus she needs to work no more,
Soldier and sailor men to dress
She will not turn to giddiness,
But for her country still shall sew,
Not on things like those, I know,
Rather on suits where stripes all round,
Sewing the stripes all round and round.

This thread doth somewhat sober seem,
Lacking the rosy hues of dream,
The maid performs her task each day
With quiet care in modest way,
Virginia Anderson at school
Is modest student, calm and cool.

In future years 'twill be her lot
To preside o'er the green tea pot
Among those inns along the way,
Hunger of motorists to stay.
Hers shall be known both far and wide,
As gayest of the country side.

E'er when events around her hap'
You hear Dick Buettner's camera snap,
Her pictures spread in pantomime,
A record of school's auld lang syne.

This hobby shall lead her afar—
The lens shall be her guiding star,
And her life work, photography
At which a master artist she—
Superb and haughty she'll direct
Chicago's studio select.

And Edith Hobson lacks conceit,
Is unassuming, winsome, sweet—
On crew, in basketball, a star—
At swimming, too, she's up to par.

E'en more than that will I foretell—
All other swimmers she'll excell;
The channel be to her but play,
And soon we'll see her lead the way
Of ships across the ocean wide,
To locate submarines outside.

Virginia Moore, timid and shy,
From worldly dangers past would fly,
But at Lasell she soon grew brave
With force and skill the racquet waved,
'Till tennis tournament she won—
She's joyous, happy, full of fun.

Soon her retiring ways forgot
Shall she lead in a hasty trot,
Through many foreign cities old,
Where antique ruins stand and mould,
Conductor of Cook's tourist she—
All Europe in three weeks to see.

Gay Nora Hayward's spry young feet
To music of orchestra sweet
Along her merry way do dance.

She shall swim the raging deep,
And from high precipices leap,
From track before fast moving train,
Be snatched by an adoring swain,
For "Hairbreadth Harry" seeks a job,
"Haphazard Hayward" holds the mob.

This little maid from Terre Haute,
Knows many a song and anecdote,
That score full many a merry hit,
For jolly fun and happy wit,
She's a dramatic star, also
And in Glee Club sings deep alto.

Tis well she doth develop voice,
Her future shall depend on noise,
To Washington she shall return,
Where tourists from her much will learn—
Facts called in deep stentorian tone,
Through solemn sounding megaphone,
For in a way most circumspect,
She shall conduct a "rubber-neck."

Of Mary Taylor this 'tis writ,
She last year made a noted hit
With theologians nine or ten.
And though she likes most all the men—
Yet ministers she doth prefer—
Sometimes three deep they call on her.

Librarian will Mary be
In most complete library, she
Will list and ready keep at hand
Names of all preachers in the land.
Daily she will the list revise,
And this will always keep her wise.

Dorothy Deering lives apart,
And wanders in realms of art,
A wondrous promise in her work;
True artist's power therein doth lurk;
And in her speech she charms us all
By her soft, quaint, musical drawl.

When art has written high her name,
She'll not rest merely on her fame,
But other young artists to aid—
(Perhaps they also are afraid)—
A correspondence school of art
She'll found, swift knowledge to impart.

Now just one more attention grips,
The interesting Julia Lipps,
Now she excelled in every sport,
But shone a star in tennis court.
And as vice-president this year,
She's helped to mould this fine class here.

She has the bearing of a queen,
As though her rank had been foreseen,
For she shall hold historic place
Which she most charmingly will grace.
The President shall seek her hand—
She'll be First Lady in the Land.

CLASS POEM

Youth, as in a passing dream,
Free from cares of time,
Seek some distant sylvan scene
Where, 'mid woodland, dale, or stream,
Duties but like pleasures seem,
Life, a gay-heart rhyme.

But conscience to a vision turns
Of a sterner field—
Youth, the Road of Life discerns,
Of man's greater meaning learns,
And for these his high heart yearns
Of his fancies healed.

Straight the rougher path he mends,
Deaf to pleasure's lure;
Welcomes Toil and Strife as Friends,
Gladly for the Right contends,
Nor to vales of ease descends,
In his purpose pure.

The way grows steep, dark clouds confound.
His heart begins to quail,
And rough and rougher grows the ground,
As on his weary journey bound,
He presses on: grim things abound,
Yet, still, he keeps the trail!

Ends, finally, the dreary night,
And with dawn's coming slow,
The threatening clouds drift out of sight,
Revealing in morn's crystal light
His long-sought goal, the radiant height,
Serene in sunshine glow.

CLASS NIGHT SONGS

PROCESSIONAL

Forward 1917 comes to greet you,
Alma Mater, leal and true,
Pledging service brave,—
All we are and have
High praises to you—to you!

Chorus

Dear Lasell, your white and blue
Stands for honor stainless, true,
Through the world we'll bear it on,
Faithful, till our days be done.

Fairest of all schools in our dear country,
Strong in your integrity,
As shines the morning star
Your bright fame gleams afar.
Proudly for you stand we.

Guide us on, your azure banner leading
Ever we your praise will sing,
Giving of our best
At your loved behest—
All we are, we bring.

WELCOME SONG

Nineteen-Seventeen sings to you, a welcome to-night every one,
Seniors of all the by-gone years, and those that are to come.
Nineteen-fifteen, whenever we may roam in pastures new,
Orange and black we'll ever be,
Loving and loyal to you!

Nineteen-sixteen, our memories
Treasure-dear days that are o'er.
Merry and glad and sober and sad
But wholesome and sweet to the core.
Nineteen-eighteen, brave Junior Class.
Gay in your red and your white,
You, our dear comrades throughout the years,
A welcome to you, to-night.

Sophomores sisters, a welcome to you
Surely we'd never forget
Now we return our thanks to you,
Ne'er have you failed us yet.
Now sing unitedly, old seventeen,
Of our old schooldays so dear,
Sophomore sisters, we say it again,
Glady we see you here.

Here's to old Lasell, our dear school home,
Where we've spent these happy years.
Once more to her before we leave,
We raise a strong and hearty cheer.
Sound her praises o'er and o'er,
The honors of her name beloved tell,
Leal and true we'll be forever more
Long live our dear old school, Lasell.

SOPHOMORE SONG

Oh Sophomores, dear, your serenade was fine.
The Juniors failed to stop you with their line;
Your flowers were charming on that rainy night,
Your first surprise was our delight!

One day, in Gardner, on the stairs we found a tree,
Who's fruit delightfully,
Increased our Christmas joys, You've been
Clever nineteen in all you've done,
Jolly and merry, and full of fun.

When dear sister Sophies,
Parties lovely make us

In our old gymnasium
How with joy they take us!

For it makes us think we're in Hawaii
Dancing, singing, playing, in Hawaii
On the beautiful beach of Wa-kai-ki
Can you think of any place you'd rather be!

If aught demands a store of joy and pep
You're right there now all the time,
And Sophomores we thank you heartily.
For all you did for us that night.

If any time you need the help or aid
Of us, your sister class,
Just call on us, we'll make no fuss,
But prove that what we say we mean.

Sophomores, dear, sisters tried and true,
Now we turn with hearty love to you.
The sad time to leave you all, is here,
Pledge we fond affection, to you, our sisters dear.

Junior Song

The Juniors always liked prominence
So now we give them predominance—

Oh, what did we want to take our caps and gowns for,
When we did not let you know.
We made you sad, we made you mad,
We made you want the very song you never had!
Oh, what did we want to take them all at once for,
Not only caps and gowns, but also pins.
The Seniors last year, did it so differently,
So just how were you to know.

But when you saw we had taken our tables,—
You wouldn't believe it,
You wouldn't believe it,
Come now admit that you were more than slow,
You Juniors!
Had another and another and another,
But when the time came to sing a song
Both words and music failed and everything went wrong!

Still there're six or seven Juniors, endowed with voices fine,
Who always do the singing for the other seventy-nine.
And now we'll demonstrate
To you, the methods used,
And now we'll demonstrate
Their method quite confused,—
Cheer a la Juniors (in pantoming)
But! (spoken).
The Juniors have the finest song
Which comes in mighty handy,
Whenever they are all along
You're sure to hear this dandy.
Junior Class, Oh Junior Class,
Juniors you are clever.—
In serenades, on dress parades,
It matters not whatever.
All the Juniors know the tune
And warble their own praises,
At work or play, in "Gym" or room,
They sing when lacking phrases, —

J–u–n–i–o–r–s ,
This shall be our battle.

Dean Brown's the honorary member of '18,
Dean Brown's the honorary member of '18,
Dean Brown's the honorary member of '18,
The delayed, deliberate choice!
"The original class."

1918 our slames all are o'er,
Henceforth we'll praise you for evermore.
E'er in her memories Seventeen will hold,
Thoughts of you, dear Juniors, comrades of old.

Recessional

A new day now is breaking;
And from a distant horn,
The call to earnest striving
Unto our ears is borne.
Oh, Onward to the conflict,
We pass with upheld shield,
To mingle in the contest
Of life's broad battle-field.

Yet though the chill mists gather
As years apace do flee,
Our memories dimming, darkening,
We shall remember thee.
Our hearts will e'er be faithful
Though long and hard the strife;
We pledge thee, Alma Mater,
Fidelity through life.

Farewell to Cushman

Sing we the praise of dear old Cushman,
House on the hill that we honor and revere.
Naught is there here that is dearer than Cushman,
Centre and heart of our swiftly passing year.
Gong, rules, and classroom, we now leave behind us,
Music and laughter with which its halls resound;
Of these the future shall often remind us.
Farewell dear Cushman, old hall where joys abound!

Farewell to Carpenter

Farewell, dear house,
Carpenter, home that we love,
As now we leave you,
On life's long journey to rove,
We promise you
E'er to be true,
N'er to forget the lessons learned here.
Farewell loved home of this year,
Farewell to thee, farewell to thee!

Farewell to Gardner

Here's to you dear old Gardner, our loved senior home,
Where we've all had such glad, happy days!
Sing we now as we leave, o'er the wide world to roam,
One last song of affectionate praise.
All our dear Sunday eves 'round your fire now are past,
Yet they've bound us to you evermore,
And our mem'ries of you forever shall last.
Here's to Gardner, the house we adore!

Crow's Nest. (Class Night).

Last spring we came, Crow's Nest to thee,
Dear nest of senior fame,
To take you for our very own,
Guard and defend your name.
Now Juniors true will pledge to you
The loyalty they bear.
And, one and all, we will revere
You, and your praise declare.

THE LAST CHAPEL SERVICE

Class banners, varying from the plain red and white shield of 1854 to the rich purple and gold of 1917, made gay and interesting the chapel walls on the morning of the last exercises.

After the devotional service Dr. Winslow called on Miss Packard to announce the extra credits for the second semester. Those receiving them were: Muriel Sanger, average 87.5, 2 credits; Marion Oram, average 89.5, 3 credits; Irvina Pomeroy, average 91 1-4, 2 credits; Constance Smith, average 92 1-3 3 credits; Leontine Goodman, average 92 3-8 3 credits; Adele Chaffee, average 92.5, 2 credits; Helen Saunders, average 92 5-12, 3 credits; Edith Powell, average 92.5, 2 credits; Lois Nichols, average 93.9, 3 credits; Frances Dohoney, average 95 3-8, 2 credits.

A number of prizes for skill and prowess in sports and games were then awarded:

To the winning crew the silver cup to hold for one year and to each member a small gold paddle and the letter "L." The names are Julia Lipps, captain; Rachel Houston, Mary Rich, Alice Jenks, Mary Canfield, Edith Hobson, Dorothy Redmond, Helen Louis, Mildred Strain.

The letters "B B" were assigned to the basket ball team: Alice Jenks, Katherine Rice, Edith Vance, Harriet Fera, Mary Latham, Mary Fiske, Julia Lipps, Dorothy Redmond and Helen Warner.

As winner in the tennis tournament, Mary Fiske received a small silver cup for her permanent possession. She will have her name inscribed on the large cup kept in the school.

To Edith Vance were awarded two silver cups, one for speed in swimming, the other for fancy diving. She holds the record of the school, having made the distance in five seconds. To Katherine Rice was given a silver cup for winning the distance plunge.

Certificates were then granted to the following, who have successfully completed the course in Home Economics: Virginia Anderson, Florence Bell, Ruth Burnap, Josephine Burt, Elizabeth Carlile, Miriam Day, Nora Hayward, Edith Hobson, Alice Jenks, Helen Lesh, Helen Louis, Margaret McIntyre, Virginia Moore, Dorothy Redmond, Helen Stephan, Ruth Straight, Mildred Strain, Dorothy Stewart, Nan Stronach Mary Taylor, Grace Tredway.

Dorothy Deering and Mervelle Gratz had earned certificates in Drawing and Painting: Olive Chase, in Music; Berenice Reagan and Ruth Griffin, in Violin; and Gertrude Allen in the Secretarial Course. To Ruth Griffin was awarded also an embossed shield as indication of her graduate work in violin

The tiny gold and silver loaves were given to Julia Lipps and Mary Rich, respectively. Among other good bread-makers were mentioned Margaret McIntyre and Helen Louis.

Two important prizes for scholarship were then awarded to Seniors who have for two years maintained the highest average in academic subjects: as first prize, to Helen Saunders, a set of Shakespeare's works; as second prize, to Dorothy Stewart, three volumes of poetry.

In his closing remarks, Dr. Winslow thanked the Seniors for their generous gift of the victrola, assured them of the welcome always to be found at Lasell, and once more urged them to face earnestly the responsibilities presented by the crisis in our country's affairs.

GRADUATING EXERCISES

Tuesday, June fifth, proved to be a day of rare beauty in nature. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow with the factulty led the long procession of students and alumnae to the Congregational Church. Here many friends and relatives of the graduating class had already gathered. Ferns, palms, baskets of purple stock and golden marigolds, to carry out the 1917 colors, decorated the altar and choir-loft.

At the opening of the exercises Miss Ridley, 'cellist, Miss Gilman, harpist and Mr. George Dunham, organist, played exquisitely a *Melodie* by Charpentier and later the beautiful *Ave Maria* of Bach- Gounod. The Rev. Carl M. Gates of Wellesley offered the prayer. Dr. Winslow then introduced as the Commencement speaker the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., of Brooklyn, New York.

Not often does a graduating class hear so deep a message expressed with such vigor and terseness; it was no stereotyped address but a stirring appeal to every young woman

to prize those things of life which are too often under-valued.

Some of Dr. Cadman's ideas were as follows: 'I congratulate you young women of Lasell on the fact that you are still young. Let no one despise your youth. It is the gift of God. It comes but once. Cherish it so long as it is truly yours, then learn the art of growing old gracefully. By your use of this gift, leave no room in the future for self-censure or for deprivation. Immaturity affords opportunity for self-expansion and room for the development of the empire of the mind. If those who utter platitudes tell you in stentorian tones that you don't know what is ahead, you may thank God that you don't. Originality, force, social value are too often lost through repression of youth. Keep, then, this precious chalice of youth full to the brim.

Let me, in the second place, urge you to be normal. A normal woman is God's best gift. The abnormal woman I'll leave to your imagination.

"No wonder fallen when from such a height she fell."

Women are more blessed than men but are more potent for evil when their energies are mis-directed. In my early days, Huxley and Spencer were influencing men's ideas. Their followers denied that man was anything more than a bundle of states of consciousness. There was no real self. According to this theory, if the Cadman of today preaches a poor sermon, the Cadman of tomorrow is not responsible; for he is not the same as the Cadman of today. The revulsion from these old ideas accounts for the abnormality of the present age. But people are beginning to cry out for a breath of normality. To be our *real* selves, free from subterfuge and artifice! Strive to be practical and wholesome. Realize on your normality.

Aim for superior intellectualism. The franchise, so eagerly sought, will be yours. Its instrumentality depends on the intellectualism back of it. If woman sees in it a solution of all evil, she is gullible of imagination and disdainful of facts. All power must pass through the gateway of personality. Do not think in small ways; think in tune with greater harmonies, in consonance with the great realities of life. Be respectful to the stable, unchangeable truths.

Don't over-value learning. Mere learning does not make wisdom. The trained mind is good but it is not everything. It is the spirit of the soldiers and not his training that makes the soldier. In these days science has overshot itself. It has gone beyond its own sphere and is as impudent as a professional beggar on Broadway. Mechanical science does not make a soul. The God of Love must be present. Remember that religion after all is pre-eminent and spiritual power is supreme.

Lay hands on forces hitherto condemned because not consecrated. No gifts are safe unless spiritualized—shot through and through with reverence for God. To preserve your intellectual heritage have nothing to do with third rate books. Don't read today's novel until you have read George Eliot. Don't chose late music and late pictures. Learn to love and appreciate the old.

I congratulate you on belonging to a school, Christian in it's character. Do not wall in your life. If you wall in, you will wall more out than in. Service these days is emphasized too strongly. Worship should be placed before it. Service not soaked through and through with devotion to God is useless. Avoid the merely professional uplifter as you would the pestilence. Find God; then find your vocation.

I congratulate you on the marvelous world

into which you enter. Every part of its life and activity which is attachable to God is normal and legitimate. You are not consecrated by being mutilated. You can attach yourself to Christ by the love of all that is beautiful, "what soever is pure, or lovely, or of good report." We are made religious by thinking deeply, by loving the best in literature, in history, in art, in music, in nature.

Give out all that you have. Follow the example of the great, radiant, public spirited souls who have poured out life unstintedly. You can find your sphere anywhere. Jane Barlow in her *Irish Idylls* touches with vitality and beauty the humble vine-clad hut. Wherever you are you will find ragged holes to mend, bruised hearts to heal, abysses to close over. Please come now and help in our fight against rum and iniquity.

Last of all our nation needs you. On this very day seven million men are actually making preparations to pour out their libations on the crimson altar of the state. Stronger than the men are the girls and women. They are as anchors to hold men to their country and to their God. Of what stuff is the anchor made? Will it hold?'

At the close of Doctor Cadman's address, Dr. Winslow spoke appropriately of the obligations resting upon the class of 1917 and laid upon them the solemn charge: "The Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name, you must protect her honor.' He then gave the diplomas to the forty-six graduates whose names were read by Miss Potter.

Elizabeth Gertrude Allen....Melrose, Mass.
R. E. Virginia Anderson..Jamestown, N. Y.
Helen Louise Bauman.....Grayling, Mich.
Florence Bell.....Attleboro Falls, Mass.
Hazel Brady.....East Orange, N. J.
Gertrude Clara Buettner.....Chicago, Ill.
Ruth Maude Burnap.....Whitinsville, Mass.
Josephine Burt.....Urbana, Ill.
Mary Elizabeth Canfield..Williamsport, Penn.
Elizabeth Kirkbride Carlile.Germantown, Pa.
Edna Louise Crane.....Negaunee, Mich.
Miriam Clifton Day.....Melrose, Mass.
Dorothy Deering.....Biddeford, Me.
Margaret Frances Dohoney.....Paris, Tex.
Pauline Georgiana Fera.....Chicago, Ill.
Emelia Kleeman Frankel..Hopkinsville, Ken.
Fannie Martha Gates.....Chittenango, N. Y.
Mervelle Marguerite Gratz...New York City
Florence Olivia Harper.....Still Pond, Md.
Nora Irene Hayward.....Middleville, Mich.
Edith Hazel Hobson.....Germantown, Penn.
Rachel Augustine Houston.So. Charleston, O.
Alice Browning Jenks.....Pawtucket, R. I.
Martha Marie Keppel.....Corry, Penn.
Lillian Ennis Laffey.....Paterson, N. J.
Irene Irma Lederer.....Terre Haute, Ind.
Helen Lavinia Lesh .....Indianapolis, Ind.
Violet Lewis.....No. Dartmouth, Mass.
Julia Josephine Lipps..So. Bethlehem, Penn.
Ariel Elizabeth Long.....Evanston, Ill.
Helen Louis .....Danville, Illinois
Eleanor Frances McCausland.Gardiner, Mass.
Virginia May Moore .....Duluth, Minn.
Ella Marjorie Morrison.....Melrose, Mass.
Berenice Helen Reagan...Indianapolis, Ind.
Dorothy Hanna Redmond....Madison, N. J.
Mary Goddard Rich.....Keokuk, Iowa
Lenette May Rogers.....So. Carver, Mass.
Helen May Saunders.....Hartford, Conn.
Jessie Caulk Shepherd.....Middletown, Del.
Eugenia Roberts Skinner...Dorchester, Mass.
Helen Amelia Stephan.....Kingston, N. Y.
Dorothy Jean Stewart.....Toledo, O.
Ruth Elizabeth Straight.....Hastings, Neb.
Mildred Astill Strain....Easthampton, Mass.
Mary Louise Taylor.....Chicago, Ill.

AT THE CROW'S NEST

Directly after the commencement exercises on Monday, the Seniors marched in single file to the Crow's Nest, where they took their last stand. A huge 1917 banner hung from one of its sides and together with the forty-six capped and gowned Seniors behind it, made a scene long to be remembered. The farewell song was sung, the words being composed by Ed Crane and set to the tune of "Juanita."

Farewell Song

Now dear old Crow's Nest, sing we here our last farewell
E'er in our hearts, Crow's Nest, you shall ever dwell
We shall e'er be faithful to this loved old Senior seat.
May ye e'er be joyful in this fair retreat.
Guard her 1918, as all Seniors have before,
Be loyal, 1918, she is ours no more.

The class banner of 1917 was taken down as the Seniors left the Nest, and the class banner of 1918 took its place, as the Juniors in their turn filed into the Crow's Nest. The Junior song was as follows:

We'll take the Crow's Nest, Seniors dear
Try to guard it well
And through all the coming year
We'll ne'er cease to tell
Of the class of '17
Whom we all adore;
How they always guarded well
This old rustic seat.

Seniors dear, hear! oh! hear
This our pledge of loyalty
To your mem'ries dear.

We'll guard ever, ever we'll guard the Crow's Nest,
We'll ne'er sever, 'till '19 takes our place
And when to them we give this loved nest
Taking us back through the year
To dear old 1917.

At the close of the song the Juniors left the Nest and as the officers, of the two classes clasped hands, all joined in the *Alma Mater*.

THE ALUMNAE MEETING

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association in its forty-second year, was called at 2.30 on Commencement Day. Miss Potter presided, as both the president and the vice-president were kept at home on account of illness in their respective families.

Greetings, first of all, were extended to the member of '55 who had been present earlier in the day, to a member of '56 and to three from '57. The latter were congratulated for continuing for another year, the scholarship for the organ and secretarial work. Miss Blaisdell was celebrating her fiftieth commencement anniversary; so it was voted to send greetings to her—Dr. Bragdon is also to be remembered. Then the 1917 girls were cordially welcomed into the Association by Miss Potter, to which welcome Jess Shepherd, the president of the class, responded in a gracious way.

As an unusual treat, we had an outside speaker for the afternoon, Signorita Carolina Marcial, instructor of Spanish in Wellesley College. As an introduction to her "one subject—'Spain'" she allowed us to day-dream with her a bit, to see the blue sky, picturesque towns, gay, happy, music-loving people of that sunny country, where old, old legends are dictators and guides for every thing and every body. We were fascinated by the recounting of some of these legends—especially so as we heard them told by our charming speaker. One delightful tale was about an unacknowledged birthday present sent to the King of Spain from the Spanish club of Wellesley,

with an accompanying letter of explanation from the instructor. Only Signorita Marcial herself can tell of her trials among a group of uneasy, disappointed college girls—of how, when she was sailing for home for a vacation, amid shouts of "Remember the king!" along with the Bon Voyages—how, at her home, she and her sisters braved soldiers and station masters to see the King on a through train—how the phrase "Wellesley girl" kept going through her mind and finally how she had a chance to make herself known to the King—how she contrived to extract a promise from him to send an acknowledgment for the birthday present received long since—and finally how gloriously happy was the Spanish Club over a certain letter in the mail one day. When told by Signorita Marcial the tale is irresistible!

Although, as a legend runs, Spain received everything from the gods, except a good government—she has not let that prevent her giving to the world a long line of men, responsible for many discoveries, wonderful literature and wonderful paintings.

Our speaker talked with much feeling about Lasell, for it was from our school that Alice Gordon Gulick went thirty years ago, to found the splendid school for girls in Spain—where until that time it was not considered necessary to try to educate the girls. Only last year did the King bestow upon the principal a medal of honor—and Signorita Marcial assured us that no one has more right to feel gratified than Auburndale and Lasell.

Then the meeting was open for the business part of the program. The reports of the secretary and treasurer (Miss Harriet Scott '94 treas. pro. tem) were read. The scholarship funds are the same as last year, with the addition of a check for $40.00 received from Mildred Goodall, '10. Three girls have had the honor of being recipients of these funds this year.

Tribute was paid to the following members who have died during the year:

Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, '56.

Miss Martha E. Stone, '56.

Mrs. Margarita Buehner Sailor, '06.

We hear that the Chicago Lasell Club has an active part in Red Cross work and it was voted to send them $10.00 to help the splendid work. Another bit of good news is that the class of '61 is planning to give Lasell a $100. Liberty Bond. Miss Packard wants a list of the brothers or husbands or future husbands of Lasell girls—who are in active service in the war.

Miss Potter extended thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for offering to us again, their hospitality to which Dr. Winslow replied by telling us that he would always welcome us. After giving us various bits of news, he told us that at last Miss Blaisdell has given her consent to retire after forty-four years of splendid service as treasurer, and will now have a chance to do some things for herself.

The list of officers elected are as follows: President, Helen Carter Marcy '06; Vice-President, Harriet Scott '94; Secretary, Nellie Woodward '15; Treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing '73. Mid-winter Reunion: Mary Fenno '13 (chairman) Nora Burroughs Dillingham, '97; Ruth Coulter Bierer '12. June Meeting: The executive committee: Lillie R. Potter '80 (chairman) Ruth Batchelder '12, Katherine Washburn Peyser '06, with the aid of Kathleen Knight '11 and Elizabeth Bailey. Alumnae Frolic: Mildred Peirce Fuller '06 (chairman), Lillian M. Packard '83 and Jess Shepherd '17.

Although a smaller reunion than usual, every one present felt heartily repaid for being back at Lasell once again.

Nellie Woodward.

"The Leaves" desires to extend to the class of 1917 the heartiest of good wishes for their continued health, happiness and prosperity. We are sorry to lose our Seniors, but we feel that they will earn for themselves in the larger, outer world, places which will make us all proud of them. We hope Lasell may always be as fond of her Seniors as she has been of the class of '17.

We hear much in these stirring times about what women can do to help win the war. Lectures and addresses are being delivered throughout the country, and journals, newspapers and magazines are printing a great deal about the part we must play. Not all of us can be nurses, nor can we spend every moment knitting, sewing or rolling bandages for the Red Cross. There is, however, one thing which all of us can do, namely—*Economize*. Economy does not mean stinginess or miserliness. True economy is the using of resources in the most efficient way; it is making a unit do its work.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is urging especial economy among women in food and clothing. Careful preservation of garments by skillful repair is a most important factor in reducing consumption of articles needed by our allies. Wool, especially, is almost at a premium, and all other clothing materials are being found necessary in other lines of manufacture. Leather for shoes is very scarce. Our armies must be shod; therefore, we as well as others, must make our shoes last as long as possible that the leather may be used elsewhere.

Just at present, however, more stress is being laid upon the conservation of food than of any other article. Our country is responsible in a large measure for the feeding of our allies and it will require all we can produce to meet the demands. It is, therefore, most essential that every person exercise the utmost care in preparing, serving and conserving food. So large a perecntage of Lasell girls have gained a practical knowledge of food values, food preparation and preservation through the courses offered here that they should be a potent factor in the homes to which they are returning. If strict economy is not being practiced there, it is their duty to see that it is practiced, and to apply what Lasell has taught them. It is absolutely necessary to prevent waste as far as is possible by utilizing every particle of food. Then, too, food should be protected from spoilage by heat, dirt, mice or insects. Another method of economizing is by substituting less expensive but equally nourishing foods for those which are very expensive.

Lasell stands for Patriotism and for "Better Homes." Our Home Economics girls especially can show their Patriotism by helping to make better managed homes.

"Demonstrate thrift in your homes and encourage thrift among your neighbors——Make economy fashionable lest it become obligatory."

Lasell has very properly had her one May Queen but there have been a goodly number of May brides. Among the happy girls and favored grooms are the following:

On the 7th of May, Ruth Gertrude Vollrath, '12, became Mrs. Hugh Ross. They will be at home after July 1st, at 315 St. Clair Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Ruth Louise Boehner, and William LaVerne McCord were married on the 10th of May at Malvern, Iowa.

May 10th was also the wedding day of Frances Glenn Ebersole, '09, when she was united in marriage to Mr. Rufus Bartlett Hall, Jr., at Cincinnati. They will be at home at 610 Maple Ave., Avondale.

Congratulations to Ethel McCorkindale, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Martin Harwood.

We spoke in our last issue of the coming to Lasell next year of Maria Riker's sister. Recently her aunt, Mrs. Stubbs, made a "rush call" at Lasell and added her word of enthusiasm over the fact that another member of the family would next year be in our school. Maria Riker, '09, has recently made an interesting trip as the guest of Gertrude Bull Lea. She has been seven weeks in Daytona, Florida, and we wish we could quote her entire letter. She writes with enthusiasm of this wide awake city. Marie still keeps up her interest in the Red Cross work and active service on behalf of the Relief Corps. She tells us that both Margaret Jones, '16 and Dorothy Brate, '16, are registered for motor-driving, and adds, "While walking along the beach in Daytona, I met Clara Graham, also Helen Benson, '15, and we had such fun talking over Lasell."

The saddest news which has come to Lasell recently was the message received from Maude Simes Harding, '06, telling us of the sudden death of dear Margarita Buehner Sailor, '06. She enclosed the following notice which will bring surprise and grief to all the Lasell girls who knew our beloved Margarita. "The class of 1906 are mourning the loss of Margarita Buehner Sailor who passed away May 26th, after the birth of her second son, in Portland, Oregon. Margarita, Meta, Lillian and their brother's wife were all Lasell girls, and the death of Margarita is the first break in a wonderfully happy unity of home life and love. All her

many friends send deepest sympathy to the dear ones who grieve for her."

Myrtle Ellis ran in unexpectedly the other day swinging around by the way of Auburndale on her way to Battle Creek She had been east attending Winifred Whittlesey's wedding. She described it a an unusually attractive function. She declares that she never saw Winifred so beautiful as she was as a bride. Myrtle also visited Laura Hale, '16, and while she was here she was joined by Hazel Shaw. We tried to induce both the girls to remain over Commencement Day, but Myrtle was obliged to hasten home in order to meet a Red Cross engagement, and Hazel declared that she must not be away from her Sunday School class. Both of these girls are taking hold of life, as you see, seriously, and doing worth while things.

Lasell girls of former years will be interested to hear of the marriage of our head waitress, Miss Katharine Murphy, to Mr. Joseph Bernard Davis, on the 9th of May. She is pleasantly located in her new home in Auburndale.

Mary Fenno, '13, told us recently of the engagement of Ada Swanger, '13, to Mr James Hawkins.

Helen Gerrett, '16, has had a good year as teacher of domestic science. She confesses that she learned more this year as a teacher than she did for several years previously when she was herself being taught.

Miss Martha Ransom is planning soon to visit the East, and has Auburndale on her itinerary.

Fraulein Heinrich is anticipating a very happy summer in one of the Maine camps.

Mademoiselle LeRoyer, Mrs. Loomis, Miss Mullikin, and Miss Mount expect to "go to the farm" as soon as school closes.

In a previous issue of the *Leaves* we spoke of our principal's candidacy as a member of the Constitutional Convention. We are glad to add that he was elected at the head of the Newton delegation.

Maude Simes Harding, '06, and her sister, drifted across our lawn the other day. We could not induce them to enter the Seminary but we did have a nice visit with them down near the bird's bath. The old girls will remember that Maude's class presented this bath and stone settee in memory of our beloved Miss Nutt. They recently had markers placed on the gift and Maude, with her usual forethought, was seeing that the work had been properly done.

Madge's twin boy was along, dressed in a sailor suit and we warned him to keep away from the navy officials for fear he might be pressed into service. The lad is just four years old.

Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, and her mother, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, visited Lasell recently, and for the first time. Mildred brought with her her two dear little sons, Peirce Fuller and Timothy.

A little later Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender called at Lasell with her little boy Thomas. It was a treat for those of us at Lasell to see the children about whom we had heard so much.

Alice Magoun, '78, wrote an interesting letter to our preceptress, and has given us the hope of visiting Lasell in the early summer, probably becoming a member of our music school which is in session in the latter part of July.

One of Dr. Winslow's new and valuable innovations at Lasell is a bulletin board which he has placed just outside his office door. Things national and personal appear from time to time and hold the attention of the onrushing girls. Just now a very fasci-

nating picture is on exhibition of Cornelia Douglass Houser's, '02, three sons.

There seems to be no end to Mabelle Whitney's, 03, ambitions. She is not satisfied wth her diploma as a deaconess, but is taking some special work in addition to her service in the City Missionary Society at the Gordon Training School. Recently Miss Packard was Mabelle's guest at the banquet which was served when the new training school buildings were dedicated.

Elizabeth Linn Manness, '13, and her husband are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, Ruth Harriett, born May 30th. Our congratulations to the baby and the parents.

In a Commencement message from Julia Crafts she writes that this is the first Commencement she has missed in ten years. She says, "It is hard to stay away, but I am too busy with Red Cross work to be able to leave. We have one company of soldiers stationed here (Greenville Junction, Maine). We see most of the Canadian soldiers going to the front and we wonder how many will return. It brings the horror of war very close to us. I spent a delightful winter in St. Petersburg, Florida. Lasell was well represented. Grace Purtill and Florence Link were there." She sends cordial greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and the whole Lasell family.

The marriage of our school-mate, Mae Gyau Chan to Mr. Von Fong Lam took place Saturday evening, June 2nd, in the Princess Ballroom of the Somerset Hotel. A simple ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. A. Berle, of Cambridge. Since her mother was unable on account of the war to make the journey to this country, the bride was given away by Mr. Charles Runels of Lowell.

The maid of honor was Miss Vong Ling Lee, of Mt. Holyoke College, and the best man Mr. S. S. Kwan, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The ushers were six close friends of the groom, all of whom are either students at or graduates of American universities.

The bride wore a gown of pale pink satin embroidered in silver thread, and made on modified Chinese lines; her veil was of tulle which reached to the floor and her huge shower bouquet was of lillies-of-the-valley and orchids.

Following the ceremony a reception to 200 guests, 40 of whom were Lasell girls, was held. The bride stood to receive beneath a bower of green mingled with plum and cherry blossoms and pendent Ophelia roses.

The couple kept secret the itinerary of their wedding trip, but they will eventually go to Philadelphia, where the bridegroom is trying to gain experience in the ship-building business, so that he may return to China and promote this industry in his own country. Mr. Lam was born in Canton, and is one of the first six Chinese students to graduate from the naval engineering course of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the nephew of Dr. Wu Ting Fang, former minister to the United States and now premier of China.

The dainty bride belongs to a wealthy family of Hong Kong. Three years ago she came to the United States and entered Lasell. Her charm and sweetness have made us all love her. During her two years in the school she has taken up some studies not in keeping with her social position among Chinese girls; for although giving much attention to music and painting, she has become proficient also in the practical arts.

We extend our heartiest good wishes to these young people, and hope their lives will be happy and prosperous.

Bess Emerine '15, is in charge of the Red Cross work in Fostoria. We understand she has been to Washington in its interests.

Mae Burr Meadows, in a note of thanks for an additional gift to Julia Anderson 'Willems' hospital work writes: "I know well the girls at Lasell must enjoy their Red Cross work. I have been up to my ears in it and only wish I had two pairs of hands. Thank you for asking me to come to see you and I will too some time. My love for Lasell is always warm on my heart. While west I saw Grace Allen, Kate Norman and Marie McDonald, splendid women, all of them.

Alice Ballard kindly sends us word of the engagement of Ethel McCorkindale to Mr. Martin Harwood.

We appreciate also Alice's loyalty in one paragraph of her note. "I certainly enjoy the Leaves and I read it from cover to cover every time it comes. I have taken it every year since I went to Lasell and would miss it very much if I could not take it."

Invitations are out for the wedding of Katherine Hoag, '15, and Nelson Henry Norgren on the twelfth of June at Ogden, Utah. They will be at home after the first of September at 1252 Capitol Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

We appreciate very much the privilege we have had during the past year, of exchanging with the following magazines, and hope to see many of them on our Exchange shelf again next year:

Centralian, Conway, Ark.; *Purple and Gold*, Osceola, Ark.; *Artesan*, Bridgeport, Conn.; *Magpie*, Waterbury, Conn.; *Lotus*, Dover, Del.; *Triangle*, Wilmington, Del.; *Orange and Green*, Macon, Ga.; *Roman*, Rome, Ga.; *Future Citizen*, Milledguilk, Ga.; *X-Ray*, Anderson, Ind.; *Headlight*, Richmond, Ind.; *Opinion*, Peoria, Ill.; *Academian*, Evanston, Ill.; *Nautilus*, Jacksonville, Ill.; *Almanack*, Lake Forest, Ill.; *Bulletin*, Davenport, Ia.; *La Bagh Chronicle*, Lucknow, India; *Mirror*, Pratt, Kas.; *Osborne H. S. Record*, Osborne, Kas.; *Abbott Observor*, Farmington, Me.; *Aegis*, Beverly, Mass.; *Boston University Beacon*, Boston, Mass.; *Jabberwock*, Boston, Mass.; *Imp*, Brighton, Mass.; *Sagamore*, Brookline, Mass.; *Tech Quarterly*, Fall River, Mass.; *Dean Megaphone*, Franklin, Mass.; *Hallock School Record*, Great Barrington, Mass.; *Grotonian*, Groton, Mass.; *Lawrence Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.; *Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass.; *Sassamon*, Natick, Mass.; *Archon*, South Byfield, Mass.; *N. H. S. Review*, Newton, Mass.; *Drury Academe*, North Adams, Mass.; *Golden Rod*, Quincy, Mass.; *Advance*, Salem, Mass.; *Argus*, Gardner, Mass.; *Brimmer School Magazine*, Boston, Mass.; *Tradesman*, Boston, Mass.; *Echo*, Winthrop, Mass.: *Recorder*, Springfield, Mass.; *Central High News*, Minneapolis, Minn.; *World*, St. Paul, Minn.; *Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.; *Oak Hall Topics*, St. Paul, Minn.; *Wm. Woods College Record*, Fulton, Mo.; *Golden Rod*, Wayne, Neb.; *Keen Kronicle*, Keene, N. H.; *Tatler*, Nashua, N. H.; *E. O. H. S. News*, East Orange, N. J.; *Vail Deane*, Elizabeth, N. J.; *Echoes*, Fort Lee, N. J.; *Optimist*, Newark, N.J.;*Oracle*, Plainfield, N.J.; *Tiger*, Princeton, N.J.; *Billows*, Ocean City, N. J.; *Acropolis*, Newark, N. J.; *Orange and Blue*, Town of Union, N. J.; *Mirror*, West Hoboken, N. J.; *Vindex*, Elmira, N. Y.; *Folio*, Flushing, N. Y.; *Owl*, Middletown, N. Y.; *Quarterly*, *Tatler*, New York City; *Clarion*, Rochester, N. Y.; *Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.; *Quill*, Staten Island, N. Y.; *Recorder*, Syracue, N. Y.; *Academic Observor*, Utica, N. Y.; *Lit*, Watertown, N. Y.; *Ramble*, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.; *Student*, Rochester, N. Y.; *Commerce Caravel*, New York City; *Bluebird*, New York City, *Sunny-*

side, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; *Oak Leaves,* Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; *Optimist,* Buffalo, N. Y.; *Hillbilly,* Asheville, N. C.; *Tatler,* Elizabeth, City, N. C.; *University School News,* Cleveland, O.; *Ye Harcourt Mayde,* Gambrier, O.; *Mirror,* Bethlehem, Pa.; *Leo Collines,* Philadelphia, Pa.; *Iris,* Philadelphia, Pa.; *Scroll,* Washington, Pa.; *Wise Acres,* Ambler, Pa.; *Garnet and Gray Review,* Swarthmore, Pa.; *Academy Monthly,* Philadelphia, Pa.; *Dickinson Union,* Williamsport, Pa.; *Villa Marion,* Frazer, Pa.; *Columbian,* Columbia, Pa.; *Comet,* Austin, Texas; *Tatler,* El Paso, Texas; *Maroon and Gray,* Dallas, Tex.; *Missile,* Petersbury, Va.; *Student,* Portsmouth, Va.; *Ward Belmont Hyphen,* Nashville, Tenn.; *Lowell,* San Francisco, Cal.; *Vox Penollarum,* Los Angeles, Cal. bia, Pa.; *Comet,* Austin, Texas; *Tatler,* El Paso, Texas; *Maroon and Gray,* Dallas, Texas; *Missile,* Petersbury, Va.; *Student,* Portsmouth, Va.; *Ward Belmont Hyphen,* Nasheville, Tenn.; *Lowell,* San Francisco, Calif.; *Vox Puellarum,* Los Angeles, Calif.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

Commerce Caravel, New York City.—Your article "Experience in the Middle West" is one of the cleverest we have ever read. Pictures make it interesting too. Cartoons and jokes make your April number most unusual. —Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Vexillum, Boston, Mass.—Your Literary Department is splendid and the one story "Billy Acquires some School spirit" is well worth reading. But where are your pictures? They would add so much to the interest of the readers.—Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Echoes, Fort Lee, N. J.—An interesting magazine from cover to cover. Why not add a few jokes and cuts to enliven the paper? —Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

Knitting Needles ..... *L. E. O.* '18 5

The Unlucky Opal Ring ..... *H. Smith* '18 6

Her College ..... *G. E. E.* '18 7

PERSONAL 9

EDITORIAL 15

LOCALS 17

THE SUPPLEMENT 21

OUR STUDENT HOME

KNITTING NEEDLES

A knitting needle, is, according to Webster, "a stiff rod of steel wire with rounded ends, used for knitting yarn or thread into fabric, as in stockings." But according to my observation and experience, it is a headstrong stick of celluloid which succeeds in getting itself delightfully mixed up in the yarn one attempts to manipulate by its aid. It is a delusion, and a snare: the former because one feels when watching a knitting-artist at work that to knit must be blissfully easy, but try it, and you find those needles were deluding you; the latter, because if your companions brandish about a pair of lovely smooth shiny needles, you just can't help feeling their charm till your fingers fairly itch for a pair of your own, and you cannot escape their lure, Sooner or later you must try them for your self; and doing so you prove they are indeed a snare. Somehow or other the best and firmest resolve not to knit finally falls before that awful desire; you can't get away from it

I presume my grandmother felt that same lure, and perhaps even her grandmother, for I am told that knitting began on Olympus when Hera knitted sweaters for Zeus; and that the first knitting-needles were forged by Vulcan and afterwards presented to one of Hera's beloved Athenians, who had them used as lightning rods on a temple of the Acropolis. Since that time they have come to be used very commonly by mortals and are no longer confined to goddesses. Even Lasell girls knit, knit every conceivable sort of covering for the human form, but chiefly sweaters, with and without sleeves, and in less abundance, socks, caps, helmets and scarfs. Not only have their uses become more numerous but the materials from which they are fashioned now include celluloid and bone as well as steel.

Knitting needles have little decorative value but are extremely useful. They serve as splendid weapons of defense,—and of offense too, to one's neighbors. I have noticed that usually one's needles are not quite long enough to contain all the stitches desired but are always just a little too long to stay quitely within their own bounds and must escape to catch in the fineries of one's neighbor's blouse or to give her a rather vexatious and too familiar jab. In fact I have known the possessors of sets of these perilous weapons to come very near blows over the unruliness of their possessions. Sometimes, too, they show a marked tendency toward ruining one's own disposition by their peculiar facity in dropping stitches where they shouldn't be dropped, or in being parties to the deception that one must

continue to "purl" when one should be knitting plain.

In addition to having great value for their usefulness, knitting needles are peculiarly expressive. There are the long, clear amber ones that seem to spell efficiency and speed; the short opague white celluloid with wee black nobs on one end which bespeak the purpose of the knitter; the short, bright shiny steel type that click so busily and speak of merciless, unceasing industry; those with both ends rounded which seem prone if one is not contstantly on guard to betray the stitches entrusted to their care by letting some of them slip off the unwatched end,—yes, knitting needles are expressive.

Yet, though they have their disadvantages and their faults, and are a delusion and a snare, I must admit that I have sworn myself their bonds slave; for the lure of the knitting needle has me fast —*L. R. O.* '18

THE UNLUCKY OPAL RING

The cozy living room with its bright crackling fire was the very essence of warmth and cheeriness, and yet Louise Weston shivered ever so slightly and drew her chair a little nearer to the blazing logs as Takasi, the new Japanese butler, deftly arranged the tea things and finally withdrew. She looked after his retreating figure with a strange mingling of curiosity and distrust on her face. Then she turned to her friend curled up beside her in a big easy chair.

"Do you know, Mildred," she said in a low voice, "I don't trust that japanese. There is something suspicious about him, and the stealthy, sneaky way in which he watches me is getting to be almost unbearable. I've stood it for two weeks now, but I think I shall have to ask mother to get rid of him."

"Nonsense, Louise; you are letting your imagination get the best of you," replied her friend. "I am sure he's harmless enough, and he surely is a perfect butler. I wouldn't send him away for a mere fancy. You know good servants don't grow on bushes these days."

"Yes, I know, but," Louise's eyes fell on a beautiful ring on her right hand and she concluded lamely, "that's another thing. This ring of mine seems to have a queer fascination for him. I find him gazing at it often, with greed written all over his face. I have always thought that opals were unlucky, although I'm not really superstitious. But you know yourself how many little misfortunes I had ever since Dad gave this ring to me a year ago. Somehow they have all seemed to depend directly or indirectly on it. And lately, whenever I wear it, I seem to feel as though I were held in the power of some queer spell, were being watched constanly by some invisable person. It's not a pleasant sensation, I can tell you. Well—let's forget Takasi for the present, and talk about something more agreeable."

And so the conversation passed to other topics, and the two girls were soon gaily chatting about a dance they were both to attend that evening.

Late that night, when Louise returned from the dance, and slipped quietly into her room, so as not to disturb the slumbering family, she immediately noticed that something was wrong—that the things on her bureau and desk had been disarranged as if hastily pushed aside by some one who had been looking for something. She made survey of the room but found no one hiding under the bed or in the closet and then thinking of her small collection of valubles, she took her jewel-case from its hiding place in a secret drawer of her desk and carefully examined its contents

Nothing was missing, however,—not even her opal ring which she had taken off before going out. Not wishing to wake her mother or father, and alarm them needlessly, she undressed and slipped into bed. But sleep would not come, and she lay a long time in the dark with ears strained and every nerve tense. In imagination, she could see the lithe figure of the Japanese steal across the room, take her opal ring from the desk, gaze at it with grim satisfaction and steal out again. She resolved that the next day she would have her mother discharge Takasi, whose sinister, disconcerting presence had filled her for the past two weeks with a sense of mystery and misfortune. And she would see that ill-omened ring. In the midst of these thoughts she fell asleep.

It was about four hours after just as the first cold, grey gleams of morning stole through her windows, that Louise was awakened by the creaking of a door. Startled as she was, she did not move, but through half-opened eyes, she saw, as she had pictured it in fancy so short a time before, the slim, wiry figure of Takasi steal across the room in the dim light to her desk. While his back was toward her, she sprang from her bed, and though weak with fright, dashed across the room and in an instant was out of the door which she banged to and locked after her. She roused her mother and father, her brothers, two servants; soon the police were summoned.

But when at last they unlocked the doors and entered the room, it was empty. The prisoner had escaped by crawling through a window out on the roof and from there had slid down a porch pillar. On her desk was Louise's open jewel case, with nothing missing but the opal ring. Beside it was a note which read:—

"We children of the East believe the opal makes its wearer beloved of God and man, so long as he trusts in its power. And so I take it from you who have not that faith, that I may be forever blessed with joy and good fortune." —*H. Smith*'18

HER COLLEGE

"What's the use of a college education, Mother? How can all of those high-sounding subjects do a girl any good? They wouldn't do me any good and I really believe I shall give up this college idea. You and Dad wouldn't really mind, would you, Mother?.

Mrs. Winter-a sweet, tiny woman regarded her daughter for several minutes before replying.

"College is not all study, Marjorie." she said then. "I mean you do not get all of the help from the books used. Think of the friends, the comrades, you will make. Think of the wonderful experience of being off with a thousand girls! If I had had the college life I could talk to you better about it, daughter, but I know that a college education is one of the biggest things a girl can have." The little mother smiled to herself. "Of course I shall not force you to go," she finished "but think the matter over a long time, Marjorie, before you decide to give it up. Think it over long and carefully, making sure that you will not wish too late for the joys of college."

"All right, I'll think about it if you want me to, but I have almost decided not to go, Good-bye now, Mother. I will be back for dinner."

Mrs Winter sighed a long, weary sigh. Her own early life had been very hard and she was trying now to make Marjorie's youth quite different from what her own had been. As a girl Mrs. Winter had been determined to obtain a college education. She had loved

to study, to aquire knowledge, to read all the important and well known books. She wanted really to know something. Mrs. Winter's father, after losing his money, had made it clear that she must give up the college idea, finish high school and then help earn for the family. She had been glad, almost eager, to do her part, but there had been a good many tears shed in the privacy of her room over this disappointment. She had always regretted that she had not worked her way through. Now her daughter, the very light of her soul, was deciding against the mother's plan for her. As the years of prosperity had come, Mrs. Winter had looked forward to the days when Marjorie would be off for college, when the daughter could have the wonderful experience that the mother had missed.

One rainy day a week later, Irene Holden burst into the Winter home from the gloomy street. Her dress was shabby but her face was aglow with the mere joy of living. Marjorie Winter met her with out-stretched arms for they had been friends since early childhood. Marjorie being well-to-do, Irene poor, the two had drifted away from each other and it was sometime since they had last met.

"Irene, help me decide something, will you?", Marjorie asked after a time. "It's about college."

"College! Oh are you going? Aren't you simply wild with happiness at the idea?"

"No I'm not. That is what I want to ask you. Shall I go or- -

"Shall you go! Marjorie Brown Winter, don't tell me that you were thinking of not going. Of course you will go."

As the two talked Marjorie found herself being carried away by her friend's eager description of the probable wonders of college. The decision was made that night. She would go to college!

As for Irene herself, she could not go. There was no one who was able to send her and she did not have quite enough nerve to work her way through. There is little a girl who wishes to give her time to books can do to get herself through college unless most of the "help" comes from outside.

However, when September came Marjorie and Irene left together for their chosen school. Mrs Winter had been so happy and so grateful on hearing her daughter's decision that instead of worrying about school clothes, furniture, or even a room-mate, she had turned her thoughts to Irene. Was it fair, she argued, that this child should go without, when she had so longed for a chance? It had been Irene's excitement, enthusium and wild longing that had decided Marjorie. Yes, Irene should have a college education, too. Mrs. Winter, so far as she herself was concerned, would adopt her for these four years.

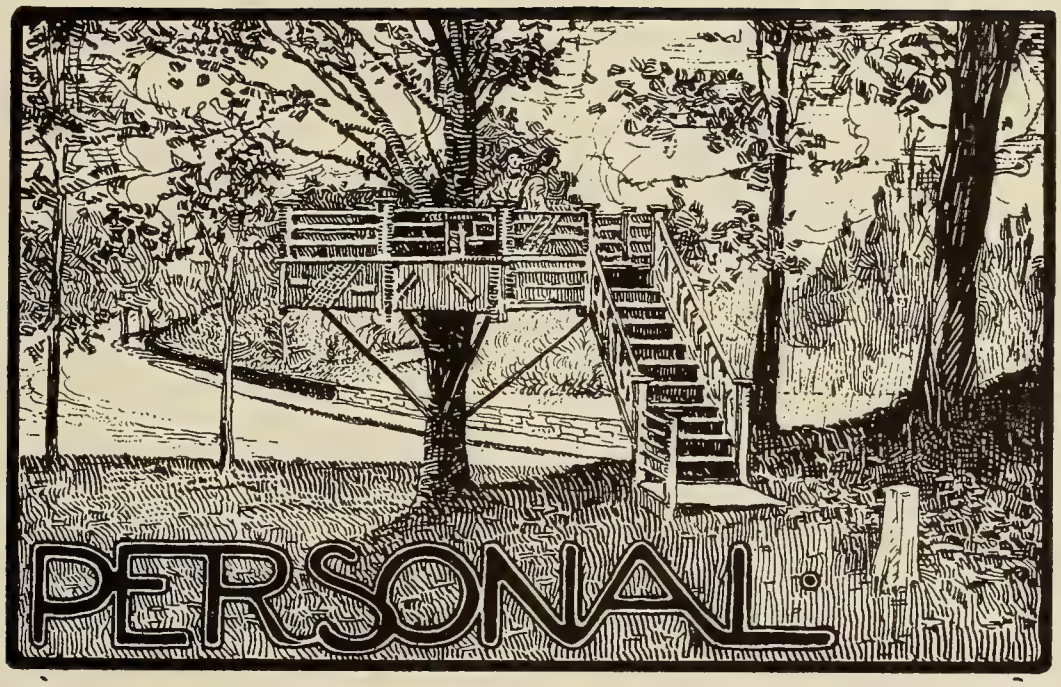
Irene's eager desire to learn, enabled her to win victories in her classes and to gain popularity with the girls. Marjorie was not so studious but she did want to succeed. She kept along in her studies, but did not gain the high honors that Irene did. At the end of two years Mr. Winter told his daughter that she might drop the college if she wished.

"Leave! Oh, you cannot mean that I have to! I cannot, that is all, Father. College is so wonderful, so 'just what I needed' that I must stay on to graduate. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"Well, I thought the idea of going away had rather upset you two years ago. You wanted to stay here then."

"Oh, Daddy dear, don't you understand? I had never tried it then. I shall never be able to thank you and Mother for making me go, or Irene for making me see the value of it. I love my college."

G. E. E. '18



Cupid is by no means a slacker! He has kept step with the regular army and has done some good work as the following report will prove.

On May twenty-ninth Irene Marie Bezner became Mrs. Franklin Haylander Dewey.

The wedding of Helen Lorraine Sayre, '11, to Mr. Richard Clark Jacobs, Jr. is announced. It occurred on June first.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clark announce the marriage of their daughter Helen Margaret to Mr. Charles Wheeler Loomis on June the seventh.

The twelfth of June was the wedding day of Katherine Kingsbury Hoag, '15 when she was united in marriage to Mr. Nelson Henry Norgren. They are now at home at 1252 Capitol Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

On June nineteenth Pamela Spargo, '12, and Mr. Nils Bonnevie Eckbo were united in marriage.

The wedding of Eleanor Ramsay Laurens, '10, to Mr. Louis de Berniere McCrady occurred on the evening of June twentieth at Charleston, South Carolina.

June twentieth was also the wedding day of Edith Emily Butterworth, '12, when she became Mrs. Herbert Edgar Pritchard. They are at home at 246 Woodleigh Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

On June the twenty-fifth Bernice Ethel Wood and Mr. Bertram Franklin Garland were united in marriage. They are at home on Tuesdays at 24 High Street, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Cora Belle Fulston became Mrs. David Charles Jordan on the twenty-sixth of June. After the first of November they will be at home at The Genesee, Lockport, New York.

The wedding of Martha Ellen Dale and Mr. Alexander Campbell Loomis occurred on June the thirtieth.

On July the twenty-fifth Ada Esther Swanger, '13, was united in marriage to Mr. James Hawkins at Marion, Indiana.

The marriage of Ruby Harriette Newcomb, '14, to Mr. Roy Edwin McCorkindale occurred on August the eleventh at Holyoke, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Straker announce

the marriage of their daughter Mabel Estelle, '16, to Lieutenant Richard Montague Kimball on the sixteenth of August.

The sixteenth of August was also the wedding day of Eugenia Roberts Skinner, '17, when she was united in marriage to Mr. Ernest Shorrock.

Gertrude Mae Baker, '16, and Mr. Ray Martin Davis were united in marriage on August the eighteenth.

Bishop and Mrs. Wilbur P. Thirkield announce the marriage of their daughter Hannah Pearl to Mr. George Alexander Wood on August the twenty-first.

The wedding day of Margaret Powell was the eighth of September when she became Mrs. Curtis Armon Hertig.

On September eleventh Nellie Halsey Fuller and Mr. H. Alan Dale were married. After October 15th, they will be at home in St. Augustine.

Cards are out for the marriage reception of Phoebe Haskell and Mr. Merton Everett Ober on Friday the twelfth of October.

The marriage of Beulah Elizabeth Coward to Mr. Clarence Douglas Bresee occured on the evening of October seventeenth. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents in Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts.

The second of October was the wedding day of Anna Millar Smith, '08, when she and Mr. Marcus Benjamin Floyd were united in marriage. They will be at home after the first of November at 216 Ridgewood avenue, Orlando, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Carleton announce the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth to Mr. Karl Green Stillman.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Frances Hartshorn, '14, and Mr. Clinton Jerome Underwood is announced.

Miss Evelyn Hawley Dunham and Mr. Harold Whitney Mason have announced their engagement.

The engagement of Dorothy Jean Stewart, '17, to Francis Ellwood Allen is announced.

The marriage of Mary Spinney Lumbard, '10, to Mr. Raymond Edward Doonan on the third of October is announced.

We hope all the bright anticipations of these young people will be realized and extend our congratulations to each and all of them.

Mrs. William A. Hammer (Eleanor Tingley) here in 1912-'13 stopped at Lasell June 27th on her wedding trip. Her husband had just been admitted to practice in the Superior Court in Washington. We were glad to welcome home this happy bride and groom.

During a recent visit to Rhode Island our preceptress did not run across some old girls but they literally ran across her. Alice Jenckes Wilson, '99, was in her auto and overtook Miss Potter as she was tramping from West Barrington, R. I. to Nyatt Point and "gave her a lift." Alice is busy in good work, especially at the time was interested in a Woman's Suffrage meeting which was to be held in her home the next week. She extended a very cordial invitation to her former teacher to be present.

During that same visit our preceptress saw and heard Mildred Smith, '14, who was singing in a chorus at the "Little White" Congregational Church at Barringtotn, Rhode Island at the celebration of its two hundredth anniversary. Mildred was leaving the next week to visit Angeline Emery MacCulloch, '14, who by the way is having a great time with her little six months old daughter. We have not yet learned the name.

Some dear little children have come into the Lasell girls' homes during the past summer among those favored ones are the following:

On February seventh a son, Martin Dole Miller, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Miller (Elizabeth Louise Thielens).

A daughter, Ruth Harriet Manness, was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. Hebard Manness (Elizabeth Linn, '13) on May thirtieth.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Sheppard (Edna McDonald) are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter Virginia on June 24th.

"A dear little baby girl," Charlotte Mitchell came on July fifth to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Seltzer (Alice Stahl, '04).

On July 9th a daughter, Melva Mary was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wise Perin, (Beatrice Cobb).

A son, Leslie Hamilton Peters was born to Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Peters (Julia Hamilton, '10) on July eighteenth.

The birth of a daughter, Martha Knight David, is announced by the proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. David, (Annie Merrill, '12).

Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Bostwick (Nadine C. Malone) are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Etta Francis, on August 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Woodbury Rand (Josephine Louise Woodward, '10) have a son, Woodbury Holmes, born on September eighteenth.

At the old girls' dance given to the new girls this term we were delighted to have with us Ruth Ketcham, '13, Mary Fenno, '13, Helen Wakefield and Mary Fiske, Jessie Shepard, '17, returned at the opening of school, also Mildred Strain, '17 and Gertrude Allen, '17. We were happy to have Clara Strain of Great Falls, Montana spend the opening week at her old school home. She brought with her "sister" Gertrude. And Lena Hauck, '16, came with her sister. Among the sisters of old girls added to this list are Hazel Morrison, Madeline McIntyre, and Christina Briggs.

Miss Dorothy Shank is the head of the Department of Domestic Science. She is one of our former teachers coming home again. During her absence from Lasell she inaugurated and was superintendent of the Domestic Science Department at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Miss Grace Austin, Mrs. Winslow's sister, is now our librarian and although new to this position in the school is by no means a stranger to Lasell. Many will recall her as from time to time she has visited our principal's family.

Miss Nellie Wright is the new teacher of Sewing and Mrs. Joseph Saunders the new Instructor in Millinery.

In Spanish we are favored in having Senora Arozco of Mexico City who belongs to a family of teachers, several of her brothers and sisters being instructors in the Mexican schools.

Our new Head Nurse is Miss Mabel C. Cox, who was night supervisor at the Waltham Hospital. She is receiving a very cordial welcome from teachers and students alike. She is to be assisted by our Caroline Lindsay of last year.

To each of these new members of the faculty, Lasell extends a most cordial and hearty welcome.

Among the visiting parents at the school recently were Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lord of Pasedena, Cal., friends of our principal emeritus, Dr. Bragton-they brought their daughter to enter our Academic Music Course.

We have learned that Miss Rand and Miss Edith Williams, formerly the head of our Domestic Science Department, were both students at Harvard this summer. Miss Rand specialized in French and Miss Williams in Physical Chemistry.

We are glad to welcome again to our village Miss Lulu Hogg, '88 and also for a

temporary visit, Miss Le Hurey. Both are enthusiastic over Lasell of today.

Shortly after school closed Miss Witherbee had a letter from Marion Briggs filled with interesting incidents in the life of her little pupils. The old girls remember that Marion is in charge of the boys in a cripple's school at Newington, Conn. We were quite amused to read that one of the boys refused to read the news of the baseball game on the ground that the players were unpatriotic because they had gone on with their fun instead of joining the army. It seems that the school is located in one of the Connecticut Bird reservations and Marion enumerated between twenty and thirty varieties of little featherfolk which she and her pupils had seen and heard at the time of her writing. She is certainly getting an "awful lot" out of life and we do not wonder at the returns because she is putting so much into life. She speaks of a pleasant visit with Marion Ordway Corley of Johnson, Vt. Aside from her home duties as home-maker and housekeeper in her charming new home in the green hills, Marion also has a number of music pupils and occasionally assists her husband in his banking business.

Lasell, and indeed the whole of Auburndale were surprised and pained to learn in the opening days of school of the resignation of our Dr. William C. Gordon as pastor of the Congregational Church. We were favored in having him as our speaker at the opening chapel service this year and it seemed to old girls and teachers alike that he had never spoken a more potent helpful word than on that day. Dr. and Mrs. Gordon will certainly be a great loss to the community and Lasell.

Rev. Percival Wood is the new rector at the Church of the Messiah. Those of us who have been privileged to meet and hear him feel that the church and the school are favored in having such an able minister in this parish.

In the September 1st "Canada," an illustrated weekly journal published in London and Toronto, we find this splendid tribute to the late Major William H. P. Collum, M.C. Manitoba Regt., husband of our Annie Crowe, '09. He died of wounds received in pushing out a protective flank whereby he cleared up what had been an obscure situation. In this splendid tribute the editor writes, "Courage, energy, and initiative were outstanding qualities, and he had most unusual abilities. He was a natural soldier. He possessed a rare courage and unselfishness which made him stand out among many brave men. Under fire and out of the line he was always the same courteous, efficient and splendid gentleman."

In the early summer our dear Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, and Barbara Jones, '14, lost their older brother, Dr. McMillan Jones, an eminent and talented physician who had been recently practicing in Acme, Wyoming.

On August eleventh occurred in Topeka, Kansas, the death of our Cecil Mary Baker Botkin.

Early in June we received a notice from Mrs. Herbert J. Wells telling us of the death sometime ago of her daughter Grace Wells Coleman. In some way this sad news was late in reaching our school home.

The many friends of Adolphia Garnsey will be pained to hear of the sudden death of her father a few weeks ago. As her brother is in the Aviation Training Camp it was thought best to give up the home in Chicago until the return of her brother. Her address for the present will be Sunset Sea, Grand Haven, Michigan.

Lasell extends heartfelt sympathy to these afflicted friends.

Edna Mai and Mildred Jillson of last year have decided to take up kindergarten work this year and will not be with their senior class. Glad of their good message and shall miss them from our ranks.

Eleanor Neilson will remain near home in order to be with her grand-parents but is grateful for the year she spent at Lasell, a "year never to be forgotten."

Harriett Fera! we are wondering how we can keep school without you. We will surely miss this sunny senior. She is attending Illinois University and we wish her success in the new school.

Lenette Rogers, '17, is now a regular student of Mount Holyoke College and strangely enough finds her roommate to be Frances Dennett of Auburndale, whose father the girls may remember as one of the deacons in the Congregational Church. While homesick for Lasell and saying so in no uncertain terms, Lennette has an eye for the beautiful and exclaims. "The campus here is beyond description, especially just now when the frost has touched the leaves and they stand out in gorgeous red among the yellows and browns. When I remark of its beauty, the people say, "Wait until the snow comes," and I wonder if it can possibly be more beautiful. Again she writes, "when chapel time comes and Miss Wooley opens with "The Lord is in His Holy temple" and that opening is followed by Ancient of Days, I begin to get a comfortable feeling circulating about my backbone." Our best wishes are with you Lennette in the new school work. We feel sure you will "do us proud."

Florence Miller Henn and her husband with a company of friends gave us an unexpected call recently. She is the same happy Florence and how glad we were to see her.

A friendly newsy letter comes to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow from Annie Merrill David, '12, and baby Martha, her little daughter two months old. She is to move soon to Germantown, Pennsylvania. Her husband who is general manager of the manufacture of milk for the Hires Condensed Milk Company has received his exemption papers because of his service to the government at home. We certainly hope that her plans to be with us Commencement time may be realized. Should it seem difficult to leave Martha, we trust she will bring her along. There are about two hundred and fifteen nurses waiting to care of her at Lasell.

A Mid-Summer Reunion

Not a large but a lively reunion was that of the Twin City Lasell gathering last August when, after the hospitable fashion of our western girls, Bess MacMillan House invited all the St. Paul-Minneapolis Lasell girls to her home to meet the Seminary delegate. Bess is an ideal home-maker and mother. The moment you enter her attractive living room you have a comfortable feeling of "belonging." I wish I had time right here to describe the many attractive details of the house. I can see now, for example, a fascinating little window up high by the chimney-side, with dainty chintz drapery and on the ledge a low glass bowl filled with nasturtiums the coloring blending perfectly with the tones in the tiny curtains. A shaft of sunlight streaming through bringing into strong relief the rich coloring. We had the privilege of a glimpse at her five "charming children, the thtree little girls "on their way to Lasell." To be sure they have some distance to travel but we have a feeling they will eventually "arrive."

One of the features of the afternoon were Round Robin messages sent to Miss Blaisdell, Dr. Winslow and our principal emeritus, Dr. Bragdon.

And there too was Dorothy Chaffee Stroud who "*chauffeured*" us over in her fine new car. Dorothy is the proud mother of three beautiful children and told us that the two girls, the oldest four years old, are coming to Lasell, some day.

Mary Potter McConn's, '05, oldest daughter now nine years old had several serious discussions with us as to the relative disirability of rooming in Cushman or one of the outside dormitories. This lively child has gone so far as to learn her mother's class yell and can easily rattle off that, to me, unpronounceable, Een dick-a-deen.

A new to me, and charming "old girl," was Mary Pearson Willius who was here in 1896.

Hannah Bingaman, '15, was visiting Alleda Burnett, '14, and they came all the way from Minnetonka to this party. How natural it seemed to see them together and how happy we were to visit with them.

The Christensen sisters were there and told us of their active interests in Red Cross work. Edna was planning to spend a part of her vacation with "Peggy" Bauman, '14 at one of the Michigan summer resorts.

Ruth Sykes Bloch, '08, was a loyal member of the group and later on the way home, we had a chance to get a flying glimpse of her lively little son. We could not see him very well but did discover that his head was one mass of golden curls. Ruth seems happy and was interested, as ever, in her school home.

Dear Katherine Wheeler '09 never looked better than on that bright August afternoon but she brought to us the one minor note of the meeting. She had just received a telegram announcing the death of Annie Crowe Collum's husband. We have spoken of this brave young Canadian officer in another column of the Leaves.

Margaret Owen, Nell Fuller and Edna Nichols Crosby were out of town the day of our reunion but returned in time for us to have a kindly word with them. Margaret called and told us many interesting things concerning her years spent at the University of Minnesota. She had during the summer been doing a little unusual war work for she was one of the examiners of the candidates for the Aviation Corps. Margaret specialized in English and the Drama and is expecting to take a position later in some institution and we promised selfishly to find a place for her as near her Lasell-home as possible.

Ada was suffering from a severe cold and we did not see her face to face. And our visit with Nell was over the telephone but we could almost see *her* radiant face as she spoke or her wedding which was two days ahead. We have her word for it that "her husband is the best man in all the world." Nell was always truthful, we cannot doubt.

Later we were the guests in the charming home of Mrs Chaffee, mother of our Dorothy and Adele. We were glad to meet the girls, and their cousin Florence Reed who is now one of our new pupils.

In Chicago we were the guests of Julia Potter Schmidt, '06. She was especially proud or her little six weeks old son and was kind enough to allow Aunt Lillie to snuggle the little fellow to her heart's content. Of course we were all a bit shocked when two year old sister Hetty Betty called brother Frederick "dolly." To her he was simply the most interesting live toy in sight.—

Blessings on you dear girls every one.

L. R. P.

A hearty welcome to every new girl! We of the Leaves Staff wish to express to you what we feel sure is the sentiment of the entire body of Old Girls. We want you to feel happy and at home among us and we are going to try to make you do so. And after welcoming you we wish to say "Get into it". There is a great deal of activity among classes here at Lasell and if you will enter heart and soul into the work of your own class, you will soon prove to yourself that Lasell holds a place for "you". Most of the large entertainments are class matters; so it is easy to see why it is best to enter into the spirit of things right away.

Just one other word. We welcome you, we ask you to get into class activities; but will you not also help the Leaves, both by subscriptions and by real interest? A good many of you can produce clever stories or poems, and for those who cannot there are the drawings, snap shots of the girls or of sections of campus and the recording of funny events that occur during recitations or the listing of jokes. We need a few members for the staff. Show us now that you are worthy. We need your support, we want it, You should, however, be willing to make this year a success because the Leaves is *Your* paper.

A hearty welcome to our new teachers. No, we have not forgotten you for an instant and we are all glad to have you with us. May this first year at Lasell prove a pleasure as well as a success for you all!

To the Students of 1917-18:

Greeting

We welcome you to a year of earnest service and work. Under different circumstances than those that have surrounded the students of any former year you have gathered together to "do your bit," to make yourselves ready for the opportunities of the future, greater and more far-reaching than you dream.

This is no year to be fussy over trifles, to worry over hard or uncongenial tasks, or to think of yourselves first. Like your brothers and friends you must fight the battles of life bravely, and cheerfully. Some of you must learn to study, others must learn to play; to do both well is worth while. The conservation of time is as important as the conservation of food and as worthy of your thought To store up knowledge, power, friendships,

and a broad outlook in life is your part just now.

This is your training school and we shall do all we can to help you but the result lies with you. We believe you will measure up to the demands.

We congratulate you upon the opportunity that is yours.

Ever your friend,

LILLIAN M. PACKARD,
Registrar.

DON'T

"Don't" can mean a world of things,—
It all depends, you know,
Upon the one who says this word
Whether it's "yes," or "no."
When Mother says, "No, don't do that,"
Quite often it is true,
That Mother can be coaxed and teased
Till she says "yes" to you.

But on the other hand — look out!
And watch your step, I say;
When Father says, "No, don't do this,"
He says it in a way
That leaves no doubt of what he means,
And also his intent
Of sticking to his "No, indeed!"
In spite of your comment.

If it's canoeing you would go
Upon a summer's night,
And Father says, "No, Daughter, don't,"
Obey him, for he's right!
And while you stay at home and knit,
Or read, maybe, or fat,
Don't long for what you can not have,
But be content with that.

Forget the fascinating lake,
It's cool, mysterious deeps,
The big full moon — so round and bright —
As up the sky it creeps,
Shedding an unreal, golden light
O'er all the land and sea,
And make it seem like Fairyland,
To which you hold the key.

'Tis disappointing, to be sure,
When these good times you miss,
And Mother says, "No, *don't* do that!"
And Father, "Don't do this!"
Be happy! Take life as it comes!
Make the most of everything,
And when the world goes wrong, to you,
Don't grumble. Smile and sing!

—*E. Powell,* '18.

EXCHANGES

Welcome, "*X-Ray,*" you're one of our first exchanges for the new year. Your paper is splendid all the way through and your editorial is unusually energetic.

"*The Tatler,*" Nashua High School. You arrived bright and early, too. Though small the paper is very well put together. Those two poems of yours were clever. Why don't you like an exchange department?

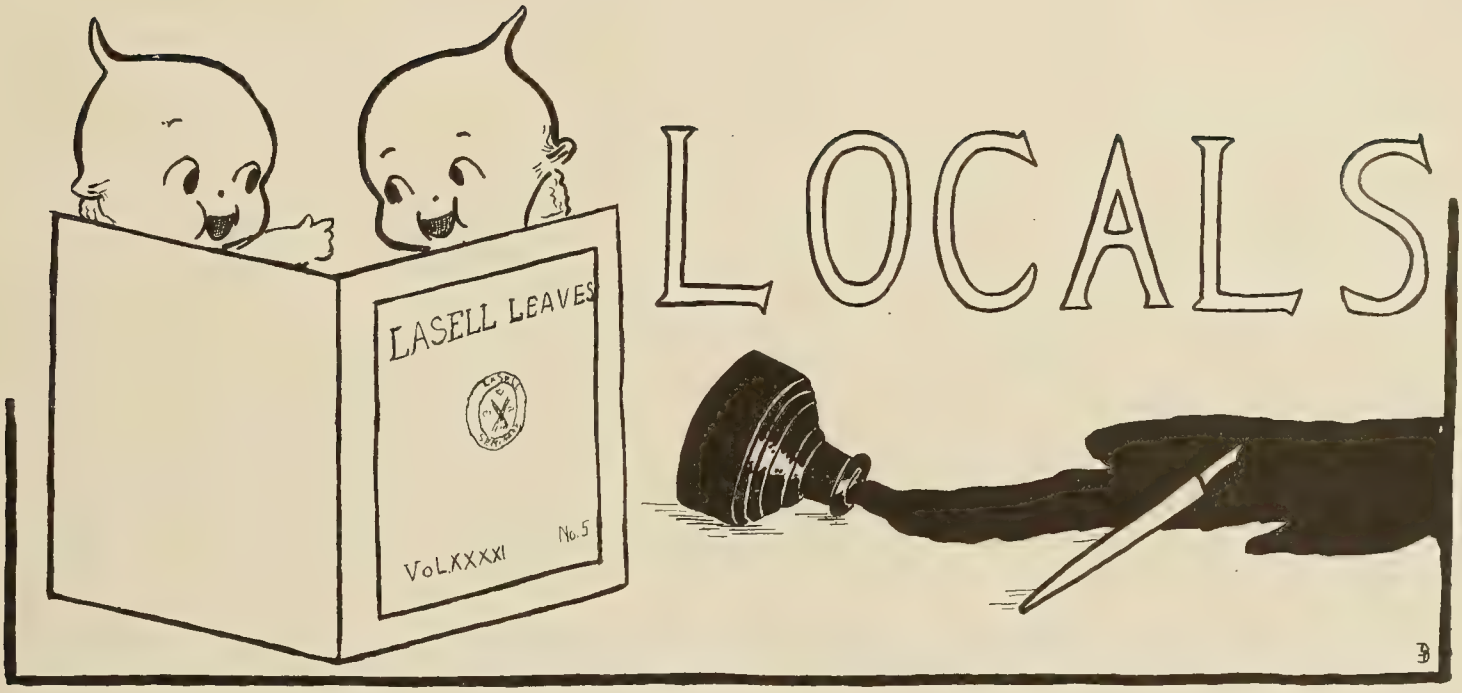
"*The Ocropolis.*" We admire your patriotism immensely as it is shown by your cover design and by your clever poem. Your cartoons were very interesting.

"*The Sassawon*" Your cover is very artistic but wouldn't your paper have more life if a few more cuts or pictures were added?

AS OTHERS SEE US

"*Lasell Leaves* is a paper one likes to receive; very neat and interesting." —"The Acropolis," Barringer High School, Newark, N. Y.

"Your paper still continues its high standard. All departments are well worked out and a very attractive paper results."—"The Abbott Observer."



DR. GORDON LEAVING AUBURNDALE

Lasell greatly appreciates the most kindly word of welcome extended by Dr. Gordon which appeared in the Greeting the week school opened. And also the friendly greeting spoken by Dr. Butters to the students on their first Sunday at the Methodist Church.

The opening night of the sixty-sixth school year, September twenty-sixth, saw more than two hundred girls seated about the prettily decorated tables. The usual orchestra dispelled all signs of homesickness, in addition to furnishing music for the dance in the gymnasium, later in the evening.

On Saturday evening, September twenty-ninth, we were all invited to attend a frolic, in the gym, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor and Missionary societies. Various "Acts" were received with kindly applause and an ochestra of some thirty members, several of whom were highly proficient with the "pan", lent music to the air. The last number on the program was a scource of great surprise--a charade, given by the faculty. The costumes of the entire company were very much admired and many of the spectators were seen secretly sketching, for future use, some of the strange and picturesque designs.

SENIOR ELECTIONS

On the morning of October 5 a messenger, wearing a trim suit of khaki, startled us all by dashing up and down the dining room, shouting the following announcements, "Extra! Extra! Last edition! Wilson receives news from the front concerning Lasell Seminary. The Allies gain fifty miles of new ground on the German frontier recapture Dot. Barnes for Class President.

In Alsace-Lorraine the Teutons made an air raid and dropped a bomb on Grace Tred way, making her Vice-President of the class of eighteen.

The English recaptured the straits of Gibralter and found Lois Nichols at it once more, holding the fort for class Secretary.

Passing through the Straits of Gibralter in a Lasell barge, eighteen attacked Amy Tuthill who again fell for Treasurer.

The last attack made by eighteen was on five and a half feet of long sought for ground

and "Marg." Kunkel was captured easily for class cheer leader."

A crowd of Seniors quickly gathered and expressed by songs and cheers their approval. Our congratulations to officers and class!

Oct. 6—The "Old Girls Dance to the New," was the interesting topic of conversation for the week past. Such remarks as, "Who are you taking?" or "Will you exchange dances?" could be heard about the corridors at almost any time of day. Then at seven thirty on Saturday evening the "Old Girls" started after their guests. The orchestra was so enticing and we all had such an enjoyable evening that we reluctantly left the gymnasium at ten o'clock.

— —

Amy Tuthill, president of the Christian Endeavor Society led the opening meeting. It was the largest attendance ever secured for the opening meeting; and the girls were not disappointed for Amy gave a splendid message, good enough to last throughout the year.

— —

The Reverend Brewer Eddy, honorary member of the class of 1911 and prominent in Y. M. C. A. work, addressed us at the first vesper service of the year. After a few words of welcome, he presented in a forcible and stirring way, the problems which the countries abroad have been meeting and which now, America also is to meet. By vivid word pictures and by thrilling stories he made us see the horrors of war and yet the glory that shines out of the blackness. He made us feel that we must help not by giving material things alone but by removing all selfish traits of character and by becoming personally helpful to others.

The Reverend Grant Person, Rector of the Eliot Memorial Church of Newton, led the vesper service on October seventh. He took as his text, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day"—and outlined these words in such a way that we could readily grasp the timely and modern meaning. Since life is to be mission for us all, we should measure up to our daily tasks. We should not live a morbid life—but a life which is serious from center to circumference.

We are very proud of the fact that the Lasell farm won several prizes at The Garden City Fair which was held, on September twenty-ninth in Norumbega Park. First prizes were awarded for cabbage, celery, carrots, parsnips, peppers, tomatoes and a collection of vegetables; a second prize for beets and two third prizes for potatoes and cabbage.

SCHOOL ROSTER

Abbott, Edith M., Elmwood, Connecticut.
Adams, Dorothy, Chicago, Illinois.
Abrams, Carolie B., Orange, New Jersey.
Adams, Frances, Castleton, Vermont.
Adams, Isabelle L., Dorchester, Massachusetts.
Adams, Lydia A., Bangor, Maine.
Alden, Priscilla, North Weymouth, Massachusetts.
Allen, Constance, Providence, Rhode Island.
Allen, Vera, Waltham, Mass.
Appel, Katharine, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Baer, Hannabelle, Kansas City, Missouri.
Bahn, Doris E., Rochester, New York.
Barkman, Leilya K., Morristown, New Jersey.
Barnes, Dorothy, C., Pratt, Kansas.
Bassett, Luella, Southville, Massachusetts.
Baumoel, Florence R., Cleveland, Ohio.
Beaman, Eleanor H., Plymouth, Massachusetts.
Beaudry, Elise Curtis, Westfield, Massachusetts.
Bell, Miriam DeF., Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.
Benson, Darthea E., Brooklyn, New York.
Bigwood, Elsie A., Spencer, Massachusetts.
Briggs, Christina M., Voluntown, Connecticut.
Britton, Isabel, Burlington, Vermont.
Brooke, Carleen H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Bushnell, Ethel M., Lakewood, Ohio.

Cabrera, Rosenda, Mexico City, Mexico.
Cameron, Margaret G., Ottawa, Ontario.
Cary, Mildred J., Norwich, Connecticut.
Chaffee, Florence A., Amenia, North Dakota.
Chase, Olive L., Laconia, New Hampshire.
Cinta, Concepcion Aguirre, Mexico City, Mexico.
Clark, Dorothy M. V., Hinckley, Maine.

Cody, Ruth A., Gardner, Massachusetts.
Cohn, Bernice E., Kansas City, Missouri.
Cook, Dorothy M., New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Coombs, Frances, Yarmouth, Maine.
Craig, Kathryn, Acme, Wyoming.
Cullet, Marion B., Jonquiere, Quebec.
Curtis, Helen V., Troy, New York.

Davenport, D. Helene, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
DeBaun, Marion E., Ramsey, New Jersey.
Deffenbaugh, Margery E., New Salem, Penn.
Dimond, Annie C., Bristol, Rhode Island.
Doane, Lilian E., Montreal, Quebec.
Dobmeier, Florence A., Springfield, Mass.
Dorchester, Edith M., Southville, Massachusetts.
Dunham, Louise E., Detroit, Michigan.
Dunlop, Ruth R., Framingham Centre, Mass.

Early, Helen, West Newton, Mass.
Eaton, G. Elaine, Montclair, New Jersey.
Edgerly, Janet S., Bradford, Massachusetts.
Edwards, Gertrude C., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.
Ehrhart, Emily W., Hanover, Pennsylvania.
Ehrman, Wilhelmina, Oak Park, Illinois.
Eltinge, Kathryn, New York, N. Y.
Engeln, Marie E., Cleveland, Ohio.
Eshleman, Mary C., Ephrata, Pennsylvania.
Evans, Geraldine M., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.
Evans, Gladys M., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

Flattery, Georgina K., Brookline, Massachusetts.
Flight, Elsie A., New Haven, Connecticut.
Forster, M. Josephine, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Freeman, Mildred, Winthrop, Mass.
Frost, Ethel T., Central City, Colorado.
Fuller, Irene B., Watertown, Massachusetts.

Gamble, Marcella E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Gaty, Cornelia Van V., Morristown, New Jersey.
Goodman, Leontine J., Hartford, Connecticut.
Goodrich, Marion I., Epping, New Hampshire.
Gorke, Doris, Syracuse, New York.
Gould, Mary E., Port Washington, N. Y.

Hall, Dorothy C., Swampscott, Massachusetts.
Haliey, Huldah G., Yonkers, New York.
Harshman, Virginia V., Springfield, Ohio.
Hart, Helen C., Lakewood, Ohio.
Hartpence, Vernice, Newark, New Jersey.
Hauck, Edna P., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Hayden, Ruth D., Ventnor City, New Jersey.
Heath, Frances, Concord, New Hampshire.
Herrick, Clarissa H., Butte, Montana.
Hickcox, Octavia A., Watertown, Connecticut.
Holtorf, Mildred D., Mount Vernon, New York.
Hopkins, Mary, Fort Fairfield, Maine.
Hopkins, Sarah, Fort Fairfield, Maine.
Hotchkiss, Anita D., Seymour, Connecticut.
Houser, Marguerite C., Miami, Florida.
Howard, Ernestine V., Osceola, Missouri.
Hughes, Elsie M., Rochester, New York.
Hyman, Lucille J., Kansas City, Missouri.

Ingraham, Deborah, Augusta, Maine.

Jones, Adele H., Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Katz, Katherine, Proctor, Vermont.
Keniston, Helen G., Boston, Massachusetts.
Kimball, Elsie C., Lynn, Massachusetts.
Kittredge, Julia F., Dalton, Massachusetts.
Kuhn, Carolyn S., Champaign, Illinois.
Kunkel, Marjorie, Bluffton, Indiana.

Langton, Muriel C., Needham, Mass.
Lapham, Ruth E., Detroit, Michigan.
Lashar, Martha I., Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Lee, Ang., Yiin-nan fer, China.
Leonard, Caroline M., Detroit, Michigan.
Lindsay, Caroline, Yarmouth, Maine.
Lippitt, Ruth E., Providence, Rhode Island.
Loomis, Madeleine L., Hartford, Connecticut.
Lord, Julia M., Manchester, New Hampshire.
Lord, Marion E., South Pasadena, California.
Lougee, Katherine R., Milton, New Hampshire.

McFarland, Alice L., Johnson, Vermont.
McIntyre, Madeline W., Sharon, Pennsylvania.
McIntyre, Margaret S., Sharon, Pennsylvania.
McLellan, Barbara H., Dorchester, Massachusetts.
MacKay, Margaret A., Athol, Massachusetts.
MacMillan, Norma C., Glen Park, New York.
MacMurray, Jeannette M., Provincetown, Mass.
Maggi, Helene D., Chelsea, Massachusetts.
Magoun, Ruth N., Haddonfield, New Jersey.
Manter, Mildred, Vineyard Haven, Mass.
Mathews, Huldah P., Rochester, New York.
Maxwell, Dora, Kobe, Japan.
Melosh, Mildred E., Jersey City, New Jersey.
Merritt, Lorna D., Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Morgan, Dorothy, Athens, Ohio.
Morris, Harriet D., Toledo, Ohio.
Morris, Priscilla G., Gloucester, Massachusetts.
Morrison, Hazel A., Melrose, Massachusetts.
Morrison, Lavinia O., Winthrop, Massachusetts.
Moss, Helen W., Glen Ridge, New Jersey.
Moss, Katherine, Allerton, Massachusetts.
Moyer, Elizabeth, Plainfield, New Jersey.
Murray, Esther, Caldwell, New Jersey.

Nardini, Elinor M., Concord, New Hampshire.
Newcomb, Ruth B., Holyoke, Massachusetts.
Nichols, Lois A., South Ashburnham, Mass.
Nichols, Mercie V., Cohasset, Massachusetts.
Norcross, Esther K., Old Town, Maine.

Obermeyer, Lucinda, Chicago, Illinois.
O'Brien, Evelyn, Parkersburg, West Virginia.
O'Brien, Frances, East Orange, New Jersey.
Oram, Marion F., Tuxedo Park, New York.
Orozco, Maria, Mexico City, Mexico.
Osborne, Dorothy T. Newark, New Jersey.
Owen, Marian E., Milo, Maine.

Packard, Dorothy, Reading, Pennsylvania.
Palmer, Marjorie E., Kinderhook, New York.

Patterson, Kathryn F., Delanson, New York.
Pearce, Adelyn B., Edgewood, Rhode Island.
Pearce, Doris, East Milton, Massachusetts.
Pearce, Helene C., Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.
Phillips, Alice E., Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.
Phillips, Amy D., Los Angeles, California.

Pomeroy, Irvina, Gloucester, Massachusetts.
Pomeroy, Marion R., Windsor Locks, Connecticut.
Poole, Vera W., Port-au-Prince, Hayti.
Powell, Edith M., Wilbraham, Massachusetts.
Pratt, Marjorie K., Chicago, Illinois.

Ramage, Ethel E., East St. Johnsbury, Vermont.
Rankin, Marjory C., Woodstock, New Brunswick.
Reed, Florence M., Amenia, North Dakota.
Reed, Miriam, Portland, Oregon.
Rice, Katherine, Detroit, Michigan.
Rideout, Juliette R., Berkeley, California.
Rivera, Aurora delC., Cayey, Porto Rico.
Robbins, Marta I., Fallston, Maryland.
Rodie, Esther P., Kingston, New York.
Rogers, Doris E., Lynn, Massachusetts.
Ross, Esther L., Toledo, Ohio.
Rowe, Phyllis, Westport, Connecticut.
Rutledge, Mabel R., Everett, Massachusetts.

Sanger, Muriel, Brookline, Massachusetts.
Sawyer, Alice M., Gardner, Massachusetts.
Schutt, Elizabeth B., Coleman Station, New York.
Schwender, Eugenia L. M., No. Stoughton, Mass.
Scofield, Marion, Oconto, Wisconsin.
Selkirk, Helen VerP., Albany, New York.
Shekerjian, Esther R., Torrington, Connecticut.
Shepard, Madge L., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Smith, Helen W., Forest Hills, N. Y.
Speers, Marjorie B., Glen Ridge, New Jersey.
Spinney, Clara J., Gloucester, Massachusetts.
Stark, M. Roxana, Louisiana, Missouri.
Stevens, Bernice L., Fort Fairfield, Maine.
Stone, Ethel M., Danbury, Connecticut.
Storrs, Una H., Hartford, Connecticut.
Strain, M. Dorothea, Great Falls, Montana.
Strain, Gertrude, Great Falls, Montana.
Stronach, Annie F., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.
Sullivan, Viola, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
Sweney, Helene L., Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts.
Swinnerton, Anna, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Thompson, V. Eleanor, Amenia, New York.
Thornton, Hazen B., Framingham, Mass.
Towle, Evelene M., Newton, Massachusetts.
Tracy, Winifred, Willimantic, Connecticut.
Trafton, Gertrude S., Fort Fairfield, Maine.
Tredway, Grace, Columbus, Ohio.
Tufts, Katherine A., Glen Ridge, New Jersey.
Tuthill, Amy K., Moravia, New York.

Vance, Edith S., Port Washington, N. Y.

Waddell, Margaret M., Ridgewood, New Jersey.
Walker, Edythe B., Denver, Colorado.
Warner, Helen R., Farmington, Michigan.
Warner, Isabelle K., Clifton Springs, New York.
Wason, Dorothy, Methuen, Mass.
Watson, Ruth E., Newark, New Jersey.
Webber, Marion B., Dorchester, Mass.
Webster, Helen E., Wakefield, Massachusetts.
Wells, Mabelle F., Longmeadow, Massachusetts.
West, Laura E., Holliston, Mass.
Weymouth, Sibyl F., Orange, Massachusetts.
Wieder, Frances A., Hartford, Connecticut.
Williams, Marion B., Edgewood, Rhode Island.
Wilson, Ethlyn E., Carlisle, Massachusetts.
Wilson, Gail, Rutland, Vermont.
Wright, Gladys H., Auburn, New York.
Wright, Josephine, Auburndale, Mass.
Wright, Mary E., Providence, Rhode Island.

Young, Ruth E., Newark, New Jersey.
Young, Vinnette E., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

FIFTY YEARS AND MORE

In June of this year Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, our Miss Blaisdell, celebrated the semi-centennial of her graduation from Lasell in the classs of 1867 and two months later she gave up her work as treasurer, a position to which she has devoted many years of her life.

Miss Blaisdell's name first appears in the catalog of 1863-64. She entered as a student in the spring of '64, coming from Abbott Academy where a part of her preparation was made. As Rev. Charles W. Cushing did not assume the principalship until July of that year she has the unique experience of having studied or served in important positions under four principles, Drs. Briggs, Cushing, Bragdon, and Winslow.

She was graduated in 1867 and the Commencement program of that year names her as the valedictorian of her class giving as the subject of her essay "Life". This was read in connection with the valedictory. There were three courses offered at that time, the classical, scientific, and art course, the requirements of which were met.

The interval between this and her return to Lasell was spent in travel abroad and in teaching in Boston. In the fall of 1873 under Dr. Cushing she took charge of the department of Natural Science and continued her work when Dr. Bragdon, a young man from the middle west, assumed the leadership in September 1874. The friendship thus begun has never ceased and has been a life-long pleasure and profit to each. At this time she added to her classes the business courses in bookkeeping and penmanship She must have been a busy woman in those days for she gave talks and lectures to the students on the Evidences of Christianity, Ancestors of our English Bible, Laws and Bi-Laws of Society, Business Law, and Medical Lectures to the juniors and seniors.

Three other names link the old regime with the new, Prof. Joseph A. Hills, Caroline A. Carpenter, and Catherine J. Chamberlayne. It is true that the English language cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the A B C's and it is to be doubted if the history of Lasell, its influence and success can ever be fully realised without a knowledge of the A B C's which appear in the initials of the first four members of the faculty printed in Dr. Bragdon's first catalog.

Charles C. Bragdon—C. C. B.
Catharine J. Chamberlayne—C.C.
Caroline A. Carpenter— C. A. C.
Angeline C. Blaisdell—A. C. B.

It was largely through her instrumentality that the Lasell Alumnæ Association was organized in 1875. She wrote two hundred letters to the graduates and sent forty-seven advertisements to the newspapers and wrote the constitution. Her interest in it has never flagged and for many years she was its treas-

urer. The Supplement, will at some future date print the opening address of that first meeting.

In the first printed copy of Lasell Leaves which appeared in November, 1876, we find an article called "Chronicles" from which we pull an interesting bit:

"Now among the many wise maidens whom the prince (Charles) had collected, was one Caroline, who did have the entire keeping of the young damsels, and did instruct them in the mysteries of ancient men and their writings. She had lived at the court many days, and her power was confessed by all the maidens. There was also one Angeline, and the knowledge of this maiden knew no bounds. It did reach from the sands of the earth to the stars of heaven. And it came to pass that this maiden was much beloved by all the damsels, because she did charm their ears with pleasing narrations."

In 1882 she gave up the teaching of the sciences but still had charge of the business courses in bookkeeping and penmanship. In 1884 she became the treasurer of the school. With a faithfulness unsurpassed she has fulfilled her duties. "This one thing I do" has been the spirit during these later years under physical conditions which would have overcome most of us. Many of us have longed for her to take time for other opportunities for her own comfort and ease and now that she has at last consented to lay down her active duties we trust there may come to her many peaceful hours.

Miss Blaisdell was a favorite with many of the older girls. She is the honorary member of the Class of '89 and was honored by them at their twenty fifth anniversary by a beautiful floral gift, she calls herself the grandmother of the class of 1897 as she had the privilege of purchasing the cup for the class baby. They will all be glad to know that with the giving up of her work she does not give up her residence at Lasell but will be here to greet them when they come back to visit their Alma Mater.

Lasell has been favored in the last few years in its foreign students. They have been very welcome and this year we are delighted to have with us Miss Ang Lee who comes to us from the province of Yu-Nan, the first girl to be sent out by the government from that province. Miss Lee has at my request allowed me to quote from a Japanese newspaper this paragraph, translated into English.

"A Chinese Graduate of the Tokyo Higher Normal School for Women." Among the graduates of the Tokio Higher Normal School for Women this year is Miss Lee Ang, the first graduate of the Literature Division of that school. Miss Lee came to Japan at the forty third year of Meji and entered the Higher Normal School at the second year of Taisho (1913). Her special courses were geography and history. It is said that she has given special attention to the ancient his-

tory of Japan and has a deep knowledge of it. Miss Lee is sailing for the United States of America on the twentieth of February. We hope that she will have the best benefits of that country."

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

An announcement which will give pleasure to many has come to us for it concerns two who have been and still are friends of hundreds of Lasell girls. The mere mention of their names will recall many happy memories.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church
Evanston, Illinois
MARY ELIZA BRAGDON
and
WILLIAM TRYON SHEPERD
were married
October ninth, eighteen hundred sixty-seven
Greetings of nineteen seventeen.

Lasell sends her salutation.

Lasell will be represented this year in the following colleges:

Smith College
Mt. Holyoke College
Boston University
Connecticut College
Columbia University
University of Illinois
Chicago University
Northwestern University
University of Texas
DePauw University
Wisconsin University
University of Michigan.

This is the way that Alma Bunch taught patriotism to the children in the Chicago Stock Yards before the war began.

OUR HONOR LIST

Lasell has always believed in her girls and in their loyalty to what is true and best. It is not surprising therefore that when the call of the country has put them to the greatest test of their lives they have not failed. We honor them for it and propose to print in this Honor List column the names of those whose husbands, sons, grandsons, brothers and lovers have entered the service of the United States Army or Navy or Aviation Corps.

We realize that this list is very incomplete and will ask all of you to send us before the next Supplement in December the names of others who should appear here.

Flora Drew Sampson, '57, two grandsons, one in the American Ambulance Corps in France, the other trained with the R.O.T.C. at Cambridge.

Fannie Sykes Davis '57, grandson in the American Ambulance Corps in France.

Annie Crowe Collum '09, husband, Major William H. Collum, (see Personals.)

Desdemona Milliken Bevens '92, husband,

Colonel James L. Bevens, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, by this time "somewhere in France," sons Stuart and Jim, cadets at West Point, son-in-law, husband of Dorothy Bevans Kramer, (here in 1913) Major Floyd Kramer, Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

Nellie Packard Draper, '84, daughter, Lillian Packard Draper, private secretary to Mrs. Alice Weeks, at the head of the "Home Service for American Soldiers Abroad." Paris Son, Jack R. Draper, Ammunition Train, 101st Regiment. France

Helen Sayre Jacobs, husband, Richard Jacobs, American Ambulance Corps.

Mary Packard Cass '89, son, Kingman P. Cass, 2nd Lieutenant, in Quartermaster's Corps. Ayer.

Ida Mallory Lyon, husband, Frank F. Lyon, in the Engineering Corps in France.

Mary (Polly) Stebbins Ingham, son, Edward Stebbins Ingham, American Ambulance Corps.

Lucy Johnson Fiske, son, George A. Fiske, Ammunition Train, 101st Regiment.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE
Desdemona Milliken Bevens, '92—Captain of Lasell Batallion 1901

Adolphia Garnsey, '16, brother, in Aviation Camp.

Ruth Ketcham, '13, fiancee, Lieutenant Frank A. Stertevant, at Battle Creek Training Camp.

Elizabeth Linn, husband, Charles H. Manness, in training at Ayer.

Minnie Ransom Wagner, son, Charles Wagner, Lieutenant in the Engineering Corps.

Caroline Hills Leeds '61, son, Captain Tile-

ston Leeds, a West Point graduate. For many years in service, now President of the Examining Board for the district of Los Angeles and San Diego. In charge of the Harbor work and of the enlisting of men for the Engineers' Corps for California.

Nell Woodward '15, brother Lieutenant Woodward, at Ayer.

Gertrude Bull Lea, husband, Captain Andrew B. Lea, Engineering Corps, Camp Sheridan, Ala.

Miss Rand, brother (husband of Nell Perry Rand) Lieut. Robert Rand, Communication Service under Vice-Admiral Sims.

Mrs. Loomis, son, Charles Loomis, Engineering Corps.

Mademoiselle LeRoyer has lost one nephew, and two others are in active service in the French army.

(To be continued)

A LOST ART REVIVED

If you could stand in the balcony and watch our girls come into dinner in their quaint and simple dresses, the large flowered knitting bags over their arms, their hands busy with all styles of knitting needles, the wool for the most part the sombre gray or blue, you would realize that we had caught the spirit of the times and were doing our bit to a degree at least.

Of all the bi-products of this national disaster none is more interesting than the revival of the lost art of knitting. Not only is it bringing comfort to the soldiers and sailors but is proving a valuable asset in the lives of the makers of scarfs, sweaters, helmets, etc. It is teaching us that to keep our hands at work is ofttimes to eliminate worry, that much may be done in spare moments, that it pays to think of others rather than ourselves, and it is giving us an avocation that in years to come will be a great comfort.

I wish you might all see some of our younger girls turn a heel in the socks they are making. They do it with the air of a grandmother. Judging from the letters that come from a number of you, they are simply following your example.

CLASS OF '57

The Class of '57 which had the remarkable record of having three of its five living members at the 60th reunion of its graduation last June has lost one more of its loyal members in the death of Mrs. Mary Murdock Billings on July eleventh. Mrs. Billings has lived in Newton practically all her life and was vitally interested in the welfare of the city, its people and in many philanthropies. She has been very true and devoted to her Alma Mater and we shall miss her much.

We are under obligatiton to Emma Sears May '57 for a very helpful call which she made upon us by appointment in June when she and the writer took the class pictures from the wall into the library and looked them over. With a most remarkable memory she was able to tell the names of each member of the classes of '55, '56, and '57 and the picture of each. I should like to have any of the later graduates try the same stunt after twenty years. On the side she told me many interesting touches of the life of those days. She called my attention to the fact that there were in the class of '57 three pair of sisters, three Sarahs and four girls with curls, one of which was Elizabeth Gardner Bougereau. Their class was the first class to have the Congregational Church for the Commencement exercises and it was completed in a hurry in order that the event might occur there. The fact that one of the class was engaged to the architect was the probable reason that this was accomplished. In those days the

girls wore shawls and she and her sister had two alike which were used for draperies behind the pulpit.

On that day we decided who the life secretary of the class of '57 was to be and I suppose the class has verified it since. The choice was Flora Drew Sampson and we are glad to share a letter written by her to Mrs. Winslow.

After writing of the "Early Days in Auburn Dale" in the publication of which Mrs. Winslow had an important part, Mrs. Sampson writes:—

It was my fortune to be at the front several times during the Civil War which took place in my early life. My husband was an officer on board a government transport and I accompanied him in several trips to City Point (Grant's Headquarters), visited the outskirts of Petersburg, Va., during the long siege, and witnessed many scenes of suffering due to the horrors of war. I never anticipated that my old age would be saddened by participation in scenes so much more dreadful than those of that era — a terrible conflict in which the whole world is engaged. My only grand children have enlisted though they entered Harvard only last year. One is expecting orders for "Somewhere in France" and the other starts soon for a five-hundred mile hike in Maine. Their grandmother realizes that the establishment of a world peace is far, far in the dim distance and that she cannot hope to be here to see it even if such a thing be possible. . . . . However, confirmed we may be in the belief of the wickedness of war, however, unwilling to concede its necessity, we all say "Go and strive to encourage our loved ones to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country's need."

HERE AND THERE

Maude Hayden sent a pleasant note this summer. She was at the Sargent Summer Camp with Marion Griffin for several weeks but wrote from her new New Jersey home.

Ethel St. Clair writes from Los Angeles (6461 Santa Monica Boulevard) where she is now living. She plans to study art this winter which she will very much enjoy after her years of teaching.

Maude Wetherbee writes of having a delightful lunch with Fraulein Heinrich this summer at St. Johnsbury, and having a fine gossipy time. She had also met Hazel Harris who was enthusiastic over starting a Vermont Lasell Club.

Cora Fullston Jordan had a delightful wedding journey through Alaska.

Laura Hale took the Canning Course in the summer session of the Connecticut Agricultural College and was so enthusiastic over it that she was to enter the college this fall. I wonder if she is planning to cultivate "Hale Apples." We doubt if they can be improved.

Lois Brader writes from East Bank, West Virginia. She is to teach there again this fall. "But the children are bright and apparently eager for knowledge, and so far it has seemed more pleasure than work."

Mary Fenno is taking a secretarial course at Miss Peirce's School in Boston. How well equipped she will be for the life-secretaryship of the class of 1913. Alma Bunch is also taking the same course in Chicago. Alma is always doing something worth-while. Mary Fenno and Florence Evans have both been camp counsellors this last summer. Mary also visited Mary Goodwillie and reports Dora as improving in health after her summer with Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, (Mae Harrison) announce the birth of a son, Gerald Packard Clifford, August 23.

Miss Witherbee spent a day with Ida Mallory Frank and her two children at East Gloucester where she was summering with her two children.

George Lasell Briggs whose death occurred

some weeks ago was the son of George W. Briggs, former principal of Lasell.

Clara White, Lizzie Burnham Lowe, Sallie Head Gault and Edith Kimball had luncheon together this summer at the Copley Square Hotel.

IN STRICKEN ARMENIA

For almost a quarter of a century the Lasell Missionary Society has voted annually a small amount of money to be sent to Emma Barnum Riggs, a Lasell student of 1889 to be used by her for girls under her care in her mission work at Harpoot, Turkey, and each year has come the grateful response, not only for the children's sake but for her own because the school of her choice had not forgotten her. Last June the gift was sent as usual the day before the cablegram was received that she had died. Lasell never had a more real heroine on her register. Born of missionary parents she returned to them after her education in this country was completed and was their great inspiration and helper while they lived. A few years ago she married Rev. H. W. Riggs, the president of Euphrates College, and together they have worked for their desperately stricken people, the Armenians, who have been captured, deported, and murdered in their very midst, in these last months. *Life and Light* speaks of her as follows: Through her own losses she was prepared with her husband to comfort the Armenian friends during the war, with its deportations and martyrdom. Only God knows how she sustained and strengthened men, women and children. The frail body was not strong enough for the strain, and God took her to Himself after a severe illness of ten days. Heaven is nearer and the world better because of her life. One who has known her for years said of her.

"I never knew any one so absolutely self-forgetful and who so rejoiced in living for others."

A BREEZE FROM THE WEST

By the
Class Secretary, '15.

1307 Josephine St.,
Denver, Colorado,
Oct. 5, 1917.

Dear Miss Potter:—

Yes, we really are out here in our old home again, living in a furnished house, for it looks very much as though we were going to be here this winter, at least. And now I am going to tantalize you — don't you wish you could have a whiff of our nice clear mountain (with fresh snow on the highest) air? And now that the fall is upon us the air is getting more crisp every day.

Before I forget — let me remind you that the Alumni Association Executive Committee of which you are Chairman, is in charge of the June meeting this year, with the aid of Kathleen Knight and Elizabeth Bailey.

Have you heard the good news about Josephine? She is the proud mother of a jolly little brown-haired, brown-blue-hazel-eyed little boy, by the name of Woodbury Holmes Rand. He came to town Sept. 18th, and his Grandmother Woodward, left her two daughters in D——, to become another member of the admiration Club in Boston.

Speaking of baby boys — I received, not long ago, a picture of Myrtle Brix Buehner and our *Class Baby*, — and that very afternoon our minister called, and he espied the picture and said—"What a *splendid* head! Why it's a regular college *President* kind of head. Now, isn't that a pretty nice outlook for the future of 1915?

Mary Taylor '17, happened to come to visit her aunt at the same little place up in the mountains, this summer, that we were staying.

Needless to say, we were glad to see each other. Mary is still here — has a position in an art store and is going to night school.

Then the other day Rose Baer called me up. She was visiting here in town. Altho' we arranged two or three times to have a visit, we never were able to have more than a two or three minutes conversation. She saw Ethel Muray while she was here,—but I haven't been down to Colorado Springs yet. I certainly am going to look up "Little Murray" just the minute I do go, however.

Now that Mamma is away, time does not rest very heavily on my hands. Housekeeping, canning, studying, bookkeeping, and assisting a music teacher (and today she told me that she had four pupils in view for me. She is a wonderful woman—and she herself studied with the great Leschetiszky, and consequently knows her business) along with Red Cross work and Church and Sunday School work, keep me fairly busy. But then, every one who is happy is too busy to be unhappy, so ———. Last letters from Sue, Bess Emerine and Floss Evans all indicate that they are busy also. Sue has taken wonderful strides along the lines of Red Cross and Relief work. Splendid for her!

According to a Transcript that came the other night, Lasell is launching forth with a full quota of girls. And we read the names of several new teachers. I'm glad Miss Shank is back, for I liked her immensely. We were in her P.K and I know what I'm talking about.

Last week Jean and I had the experience of going back in a mine up at Georgetown, over 2,000 feet, and we had climbed to a 10,000 feet above-sea-level mark before entering the mine too. Waded in water and mud up to our ankles and bumped our heads on the rocks. It was a glorious experience, but a rather scary one at times. We donned heavy rubber shoes—old coats and hats, and carried our candles or gas lamps, just like the rest of the miners. The man who led us, delighted in warning us about the various holes along the way; about the rather shaky rocks over head; and about the rattling timbers along the sides. But Papa was with us, so he couldn't scare us; we stuck it out, clear back to the breast (where the drilling and dynamiting is being done, to extend the tunnel.)

Mary Taylor and I often wonder just what you folks are doing now —— now—— now. Many times this winter I am going to be wishing that I could get on an Auburndale streetcar and come out to see you folks. But how glad I will be when the time does come!! By that time, you people maybe will be rested from having seen me so often last year, so you'll be willing to let me peek at you. I know I'll be glad to see the October Leaves when it gets here, for I mean to send for it—as yet I haven't heard from any one who has been back to school this fall.

Honestly I'll stop now, Miss Potter, with love from —Nell Woodward.

LASELL SEMINARY

Clara A. Winslow

Lasell Seminary for Young Women, or Lasell Female Seminary, as it was called in its early days, has long been a prominent factor in the life of Auburndale.

At a time when school for girls were a rarity, Edward Lasell, Professor of Chemistry in William College, and a frequent visitor in one of the original Auburndale families, conceived the idea of such a school crowning the beautiful wooded slope by Woodland avenue. There in 1851 he erected what is

now the middle and library wing of the main building.

He died soon after the founding of the school, but his work was carried on by his brother, Josiah Lasell, and his brother-in-law, George W. Briggs, who acted as principals for about ten years.

The following are extracts from the first catalog, which was published in 1853:

"This institution is located in the beautiful village of Auburndale, West Newton, Mass., on the line of the Worcester Railroad, ten miles from Boston and within eight hours ride of the cities of New York and Albany. Being situated upon a commanding elevation, it takes in an extended view of the environs of Boston, which are unrivalled in the beauty and variety of their scenery."

"Young ladies in all their social relations are put upon their own good sense, and when that fails them, they are counselled by the appropriate teachers."

"Pupils are required to attend church twice every Sabbath."

"Weekly compositions are required from all members of the Seminary. We aim to secure ease and propriety of expression."

"Lesson in Music, Painting, Drawing and other Ornamental Branches are given."

"There is a public examination at the close of each session, continuing two days."

"Young ladies must come here for purposes of *study* and not for eating and drinking. Young ladies will not be allowed to eat confectionery."

"In bad weather the Seminary carriage will be in readiness to convey pupils to and from the depot." The carriage referred to was called by the pupils the "black Maria," and was the conveyance which took them to meeting at West Newton before the time of Sunday services in Auburndale.

The school year extended from the middle of September to the middle of July, with tuition of two hundred dollars for boarding pupils.

Mrs. Flora D. Sampson of the class of 1857 writes, "The graduating exercises of the class of '56 took place in the West Newton Congregational Church because there was then no church building in the village of Auburndale. During my school days we attended service twice a Sunday in the village hall over the only grocery store in the place, reached by an outside stairway. Week days we bought apples and pickles and other schoolgirl dainties of that sort, and Sundays received spiritual nourishment in the room above, where ordinary wooden settees served for sittings and a half dozen or so at the side of the reading desk were occupied by Lasell girls, of course in full sight of the whole congregation. It is needless to state that most exemplary behavior prevailed in that company of much stared at young women, several of whom were mere children.

It has always been a consoling reflection that the class of '57 took the then Harvard exams without being conscious of the origin of the questions. Perhaps had they known what they were doing they might not have been so confident of success, or can it—can it be that the Harvard intellect was not really so superior as it seemed to us at that time?"

Five years after the opening of the school, lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, and practical work in Gymnastics were introduced. The announcement of this departure is headed in the year book, "A New and Most Important Feature," and is followed by this statement;

"The general recognition manifest on every hand of the great importance of physical culture as an integral part of a true education will now justify, it is believed, a thorough and persistent employment of those measures

which are soon to result in a healthy body."

Semi-monthly "literary exercises" were held in the Seminary Hall to which were invited the relatives of the pupils and friends of the Principals. "An opportunity is thus afforded," states the catalog, "of observing the progress of the pupils in the various departments represented, namely: Composition, Elocution, Recitations from the Poets, Music, French, etc. The time remaining after the close of the exercises is devoted to social enjoyment."

Rev. Charles W. Cushing became principal in 1862 and remained at the head of the school for twelve years. In 1865, the following statement is published:

"We deem it fortunate that the tone of the public schools in and around Boston—an outgrowth of the educational taste of the people—demands that the Institution be of a high character. While we furnish the best of facilities for ornamental and aesthetic culture, we yet wish it distinctly understood that an ornamental education is by no means the chief aim of the Institution. Solid culture will be made as prominent and be pursued as thoroughly as in any ladies' seminary or college in the land. A new emergency demands that young ladies shall be educated so as to be able to fill important posts heretofore filled by the other sex; and it is the purpose of the Lasell Seminary to do her full share in this noble work."

From the catalog of 1869-70 appears this announcement, "A most valuable Chalybeate Spring has recently been discovered on grounds connected with the Seminary. Dr. Hayes, of Boston, State Assayer, pronounces it one of the best tonic waters he has ever analyzed. Many young ladies have found very great benefit from the use of these waters."

In 1871 Mr. Charles C. Bragdon became principal. He introduced the now popular courses in Home Economics. They appeared in 1878 under the heading, "The New Departure," later, "The Handiwork Department," and "Domestic Science." The idea of incorporating this branch of work into a school curriculum aroused much opposition and ridicule. This school was a noteworthy pioneer in this line.

Dr. Bragdon was principal of the Seminary for thirty-four years. Under his leadership, it increased in number of students, in buildings, equipment, and power.

Lasell has been privileged to exert a wide influence, her students having come, and still coming, from all over the United States, and from many foreign countries. She is proud of her noble company of alumnae, nine hundred strong, many of whom are doing worthy work in the world and living up to their Commencement admonition, "Lasell Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name. You must protect her honor."

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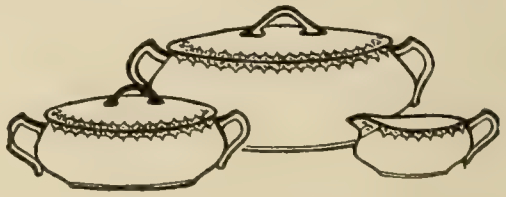

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

THE MUMMY WAKED UP ..... *M. Casey* 5

THE SULKY AUTOMOBILE ..... *H. Selkirk* 6

NOVEMBER GIFTS ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 6

TO GARDNER ..... *F. A. C., '18* 8

DINNER AT LASELL ..... *F. A. C., '18* 8

SENIOR ENGLISH ..... *F. A. C., '18* 8

EXCHANGES 9

LOCALS 10

EDITORIAL 12

PERSONAL 14

FRESHMEN CLASS PRESIDENTS

THE MUMMY WAKED UP

John, the night watchman in the great Art Museum, walked through the wide corridor shutting and bolting the doors and windows, then paced up and down for a half hour or more, yawned and sat down. He knew he was shirking his duty,, but he said to himself "I'll just rest a few minutes and no one will know."

Before him was a huge Egyptian mummy in its case. And as he sat at ease his eyes fell upon the thing, and he said half aloud, "I wish that queer chap in there could come to life and see some of our modern inventions."

Then a strange thing happened. No sooner had he said these words than the mummy's arms moved languidly, then its legs followed suit, and lo! in a moment more it stepped from its case, advanced to John, touched him and said "I heard your wish. In answer I have come to life again. Now show me these remarkable inventions you are so proud of. Come let's be going."

John, almost frightened out of his wits, said "I can't, I am on duty until two o'clock; and then my brother relieves me."

"Ah, but no one will know," argued the mummy, "Please do," and a pleading tone crept into his dusty voice.

Now one ceases to fear when one is besought to do a thing, and fear straightway departed from John's soul. "All right," said he, "I will. Come along with me."

But first John must go after his hat, and meanwhile the mummy accidentally leaned against a steam pipe nearby and burned his hand, so that on returning John had to explain the heating system of the Twentieth Century, and serve the victim to a little salve.

Then together they started for the door, the mummy having fast hold of the arm of his new found friend and conductor, who in a moment reached up and touched a button, with the result that they were left in total darkness.

"Oh," said the mummy in alarm, "what is that?"

After John had made this plain and had turned the lights on and off a couple of times by way of explanation, the mummy insisted on doing it too, enjoying it as much as a child would delight in some new toy. This done, leaving the large and gloomy building, they went out to the street where the great and wholly unexpected brightness so dazzled the stranger that he grasped John's arm still more tightly, saying, "Why I thought it was night! Is it then, day?"

John gave a friendly chuckle and with a "Just wait a bit" crossed the street with his charge, a street car clanging past them as they did so and automobiles, full of theatre-goers, whizzing by rapidly. The mummy

stood bewildered and speechless as these undreamed of marvels flashed past. Had he not been so dry he would have sweated with fear.

Just then a newsboy standing on the corner was shouting, "Papers! Extra! 'Nother ship sunk!" John bought a paper and handed it to his companion that he might see the printing, wondering as he did what the old Egyptian would think of that.

"I should think it would take weeks—nay months, to paint all of those letters," said he.

"Oh, we don't paint them; we have machines to stamp all that on the paper," was John's reply. Wonder made the mummy speechless.

Now they stepped into a drug store where John telephoned a friend of his who worked in a printing establishment to ask if they might visit it, receiving swift assurance that the friend would be glad to have them do so and a kindly urgent invitation to come immediately. On the way thither John explained the principle of the telephone to the mummy to whom the occurence had been simply magic and a thing to make one shiver. Arrived at their destination, they saw hundreds of papers being turned out, printed and folded, and all ready to be sold to the reader. The dusty old fellow's amazement swallowed up his words again.

As they were coming away the fire gong clanged, and they saw crowds of people hurrying in one direction. John fearing to lose the mummy in the crush, hurried him into a taxi which immediately took them to the scene of the fire, reaching it just as the engines, puffing and throwing out jets of steam, arrived for action. They watched the streams of water shoot high up to the roof of the burning building. Everyone was trying to keep the crowd back.

The mummy felt sick and touching John said, "This is too much excitement, Please take me back to my case," and John obligingly complied. Together they got into the taxi and were soon at the museum door.

When they got back to the place where lay the familiar case of the mummy the old fellow of 3000 years ago said in a faint, gasping voice, "I have enjoyed it—but I am content. I thank you and goodby." With that he stepped into the case.

Suddenly John felt someone touch his arm and looking up saw his brother.

"You're a fine watchman. Asleep at the switch!" said he.

John rubbed his eyes and looked at the mummy. It was quite still in its case, its arms folded, and looked in every way just as it had before, just as John knew it had looked for hundreds of years. But then—it had gone up and down the streets with him—it certainly had!

M. Casey.

THE SULKY AUTOMOBILE

Outside the garage is was cold and starless; the wind howled and shrieked, rattling the bare branches and scattering the dry leaves in every nook and corner; but inside it was dark and warm, and the cars had long since had their evening baths, and now stood in their places cosily covered from radiator to rear license. The little grey racer car stood between the huge family limousine and Sister's dainty electric. He had had a long hard day with plenty of hill climbing and nerve racking narrow roads to try his mettle, and ,oh, how glad he was of a long rest before another day! With this thought he settled drowsily down and had just gone to sleep when the garage door opened quietly and a ball of light appeared, followed by the figure of a man. He closed the door softly and flashed his light around, letting it linger on the racer for

a moment; then he extinguished it, removed the covering of the car, and noiselessly opened the garage door, thereby letting in a gust of wind so chilly that it completely woke the grey car. For a moment he meditated on the queer state of things, but could find no solution until he felt a hand on his steering wheel and heard a voice say softly "Run, my Beauty, as you have never run before." It was his master's voice, and it meant a long journey out in the cruel cold world. So being high powered, when aroused, and French into the bargain, he naturally did not try to restrain his disgust, but emitted an angry snort and a deep grumble as he backed out.

It was cold outside, and for a long time he ran fast and smoothly to keep warm; then at last, persuaded by his master, he stopped before a house that he knew well. It was the home of the Girl; he had been there many times before, but never at such an unearthly hour. Almost before they stopped, a slight figure ran down the steps and climbed in with never a word. It was the Girl and she had a bag and—at last he saw the whole thing—they were eloping. So this was the cause of the breaking of his rest. Just for the pleasure of two silly creatures—it was too much! He groaned loudly and startled forward at a terrific pace. As he flew along, he heard vaguely the tender murmurs of the Girl; he saw dimly also the ghostly figure of the Law, warning him to stop; but he kept on, his muscles like steel, his energy tireless.

At last they left the city behind and came to the open country where the wind blew keener and the roads grew rougher. The little grey racer began to feel tired; and it was plain his vitality was ebbing. To add to his misery it began to rain, not a gentle April shower, but a steady downpour. He could hear the groans and exclamations of disgust from the two and felt some strong power urging him on; but he didn't want to go. His sleek shiny coat was being splashed with mud and his brass was growing dull; now and again his wheels slipped dangerously, and he began a crazy zig-zag journey across the road. At last he took matters into his own hands, and decided he would not go on. So he just quietly dropped a most necessary screw and then ran on for a short distance, just enough to be sure that the screw was left far behind; then with a chuckle of satisfaction and a sigh of relief he stopped short and refused to move.

After trying all the methods he could think of to persuade the stubborn car to start again, the man climbed in, slipped on his nice oil coat, and rolled under the car to begin an operation on its machinery. He worked and worked, lying in the nice soft mud, until he ached in every bone but the car showed no symptons of recovery. Finally he scrambled out and said a few encouraging words to the Girl as he began a thorough examination of the engine. Everything seemed to be normal there, so he concluded it must be elsewhere. Accordingly he settled himself once more on the soft road bed, with a nice hard stone for a pillow and set freshly to work.

The grey racer enjoyed himself hugely in spite of the rain until he saw another car approaching and recognized in the driver the Girl's father, who stopped, climbed out and with more haste than grace, unceremoniously picked up the girl and placed her in the seat beside him, and was off before she could protest. Then the sulky car decided to lend a helping hand to his crestfallen master and squeaked a little. But this was not necessary because at the first sound of another car the man, helplessly stretched out under the car had tried to wriggle out but had been unable to move quickly enough to prevent the shameless action. When at last, he did stand erect

and glared with helpless wrath on the retreating auto, he was useless. Too stunned to think he just sat down on the running board and bowed his miserable head in his hands, unable to see a way out of the wretched mishap. The miserable racer had also his own share of trouble; spattered with mud and soaked by a steady downpour, he could only think of the nice warm garage he had left behind, and he wept a little puddle of oily tears in the road. In fancy he heard again his master's murmur. "Run my beauty, as you never ran before." and he knew that he had done just that; but down deep in his now cold, sparkless heart he wished he hadn't.

H. Selkirk.

NOVEMBER GIFTS

"November days with crispy air,
And nipping mornings come apace,
And smiling nature everywhere
Presents a kindly sort of face.

Frost-diamonds cluster round her brows,
A scintillating coronet;
And from her over-brimming rows
She pays the Harvester his debt.

The garnered grain she heaps up high,
Reward for him who's used her well,
And fortune's gifts right lavishly
She scatters over hill and dell.

Her treasury she opens wide,
And bids us share the gleaming wealth
That lies in view on every side
In corn, and coin, and rugged health."

John Kendrick Bangs.

TO GARDNER

G-ardner, the symbol of Senior-hood's best,
A-lways you'll stand at the head of the rest.
R-ound you we cling with a smile and a tear,
D-early loved home of this, our best year.
N-ever forgetting your rooms known so well,
E-ver close friendships for us they will spell.
R-ing thou with joy of this year at Lasell.

Dear Gardner!

F. A. C, '18.

DINNER AT LASELL

"Knit one, purl one." "Ouch, I've dropped a stitch!"
"There, I've knit a row without a hitch."
"Tell me, will this neck be large enough?"
"Would you knit this plain, or have a cuff?"
"Will you show me how you're casting on?"
"Now, at last I think this sock is done!"
As I eat I hear this endless buzz,
And how I wish that knitting never was.

F. A. C., '18.

SENIOR ENGLISH

There is a class at Lasell Sem.
I have no doubt you've heard of them;
For ev'ry other day you'll see
Them listening to Miss Witherbee.
They learn their sonnets ev'ry one,
And seem to think it lots of fun
To versify or poetize;
I'm sure that no one 'twould surprise
If one found poet Laureate,
They're heading there at any rate.
Ask one what this is, when you meet her.
She'll say "Iambic Tetrameter."

F. A. C., '18.

"Lasell Leaves" has received the following exchanges during the two months that school has been open. Our list is not as complete as usual this year but we hope to receive many more before long. Owing to war conditions two of our exchanges have discontinued their magazine.

The Acropolis, Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

The Alpha, New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

The Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Boston University Beacon, Boston, Mass.

The Clarion, East High School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Collegian, Clinton, S. C.

The Comet, Glen Ridge High School, Glen Ridge, N. Y.

The Commerce Caravel, High School of Commerce, New York City.

The Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

Facets, St. Anne's School, Charlottesville, Virginia.

The Gleam, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Hallock School Record, Great Barrington, Mass.

The Hermonite, Mount Vernon, Mass.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.

The Imp, Brighton High School, Boston, Mass.

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Maryland Collegian, The Maryland College for Women, Luterville, Baltimore Co., Maryland.

The Magpie, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

The Orange and Blue, Union High School, Weehawken, N. J.

The Salem Oak, Salem High School, Salem, N. J.

The Student, Detroit Central High School, Detroit, Mich.

The Sunnyside, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York.

The Radnonte, Radnor High School, Wayne, Penn.

The Rail Splitter, Lincoln High School, Lincoln, Ill.

The Tatler, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.

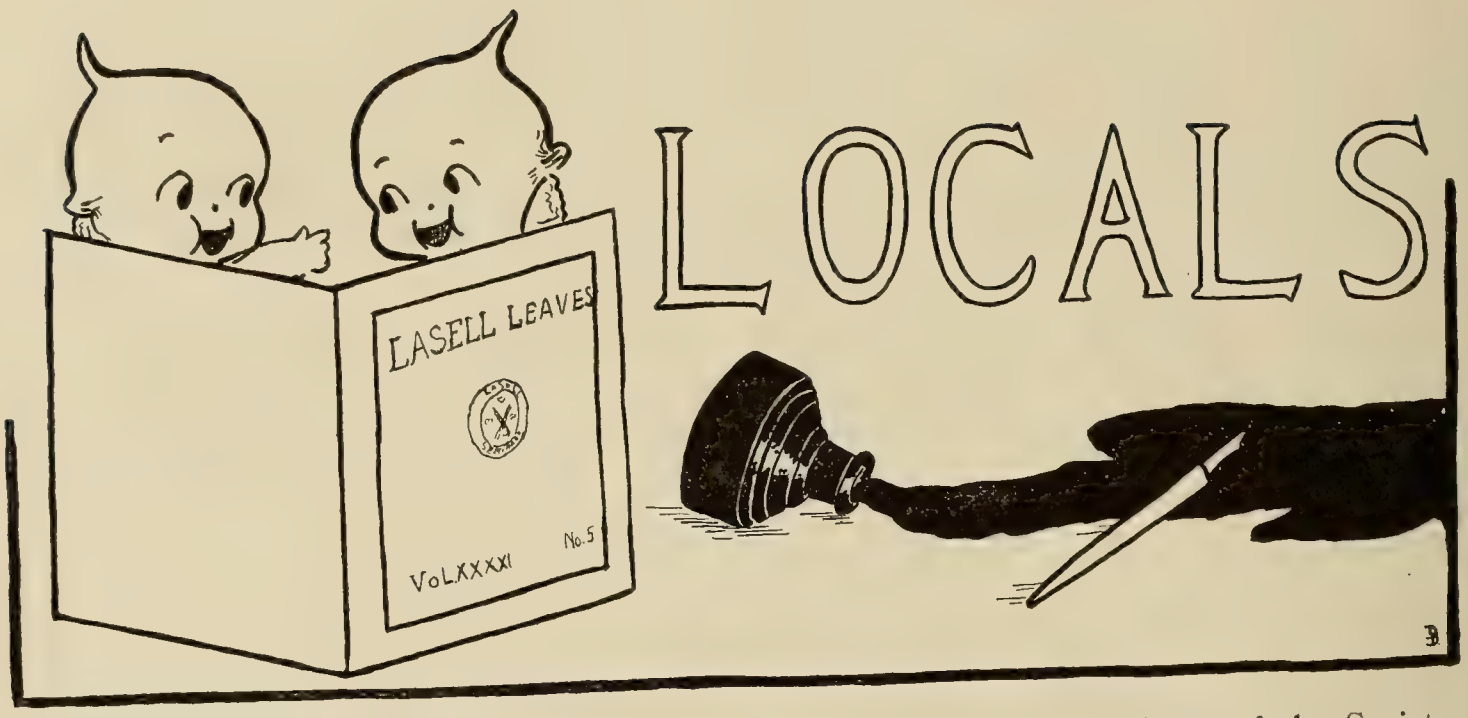
The Abbott Observer, Abbott School, Farmington, Maine.

The Dial, Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Ceberus, Ashley Hall, Charlestown, S. C.

Dickenson Union, Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Penn.

(Continued on Page 13)



LOCALS

The Dramatic Club officers were elected during the past month with the following results: Huldah Mathews was chosen President, Edith Vance, Vice-president, Leontine Goodman, Secretary, and Helen Smith, treasurer. The first work of the new officers was to arrange for Mrs. Martin's reading of "If I Were King" which was planned for Friday evening, November the second.

The Missionary Society has also held its elections and the officers are: Doris Gorke-, President; Priscilla Alden, Vice-President; Ethel Ramage, Secretary; Miss Packard, Madge Shepherd, and Marcella Gamble, Executive Committee; Katherine Rice, Merice Nichols, Ruth Young and Caroline Abrahams, Collectors. The society has mapped out varied topics of wide interest and has also arranged for some pleasant school socials.

On October 16th, G. Elaine Eaton led the meeting and spoke in a very practical way on "Reverence and Respect," principally as applied to our chapel services.

Octavia Hickcox led on October 23rd, with the words "Be Ye Kind" as her topic.

Doris Gorke, the president of the Society, was in charge on October 30th. That evening Ang Lee told a little about Christian Endeavor work in China and of her interests in our meetings.

LIBERTY BOND RALLY

Between seven and seven-thirty on October 24th a Liberty Bond Rally in the gym was attended by the majority of the school. As a result of several stump speeches from teachers and pupils, it was discovered that the Faculty had taken a bond, that the girls in Berkeley had purchased one, and that the Seniors had also subscribed for one. A poster that Vinette Young—the Leaves' new Art Editor—had drawn to advertize the rally was raffled off at the price of seven dolars. After a collection had been taken, we found that altogether the school had $193 towards helping the government. The money raised by the girls, as it comes back, is to be used for scholarships; that raised by the Faculty is to go to the Missionary Society in loving memory of Miss Nutt.

Dr. Vincent spoke to us on Thursday evening, Oct. 25th, with Jane Austen and her

writings as his subject. He told us that we would enjoy her work especially because she wrote of the "world as it is" and made her men and women seem truly life-like.

CLASSIFICATIONS

The Seniors received their classification notes at dinner on Tuesday evening, October 30th. The list for the entire school was posted on the following Thursday afternoon and that night at dinner the announcements of all the class officers were made.

The Freshmen made their announcements by having Ernestine Howard sing an original song to the accompanment of her ukelele. The officers are: Caroline Abrahams, president; Mildred Melosh, Vice-President; Dorothy Osborne, Secretary-Treasurer; Marion Williams, Cheer Leader.

The Sophomores chose Katherine Rice as President; Doris Rogers as vice-president; Adele Jones for Secretary—Treasurer; and Carleen Brooke for Cheer Leader. The school was informed of these elections by lurid "lantern slides" which were passed along the outside of the dining room windows.

1919 marched into the room carrying their large purple and white banner. After they had halted in the center of the room their "prisoners" were sentenced by Officer Kuhn. The verdicts were:

Edith Vance—President
Marian Scofield—Vice-President
Dorothea Benson—Secretary
Julia Lord—Treasurer
Georgiana Flattery—Cheer Leader.

May each and every class have wonderful success in all ways during the year to come!

Mr. Winslow (in chemistry):—"Miss Speers, what is a good way to make this water hard?"

Marjory Speers:—"Freeze it."

We read that:—"The monkey's antiques alarmed Clifford Pyncheon"; "Elizabeth was a charming croquette;" "Jacob and Isaac were famous ancestors of Abraham;" "Metabolism is the result of forming metal with another substance making it more metal."

A good joke—70—Senior Room.

Miss Rand:—"When was the revival of learning?"

L. Nichols:—"The night before exams."

If "Hamlet" let "The Merchant of Venice" ave "A Midsummer Nights' Dream" on "Twelfth Night" concerning "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," would that be "As You Like It?" —Ex.

A pleasant Thanksgiving to each and all of you! Many of us seem to feel that in this year we have great cause for sorrow rather than for thankfulness; and yet, when we think more deeply, can American girls find anything for which they might give more thanks than for the fact that the democracy and liberty which our forefathers fought for and gained is to be extended far beyond the limits of our own country. And although our home circles may have vacant places this Thanksgiving day, could we be more proud than we may rightfully be of the boys who have left those places to fight for our glorious cause?

The old members of the "Leaves" staff are particularly fortunate in having gained several splendid girls to complete their personnel. Julia Lord is Assistant Subscription Manager; Gladys Wright, Assistant Joke Editor; Vinette Young and Carleen Brooke are Art Editors; Frances O'Brien is Assistant Exchange Editor; Elaine Eaton has charge of the Local Department and Lois Nichols of the Literary.

We greatly regret our loss of Dorothy Barnes as Exchange Editor. Her duties as Senior President made her resignation necessary. Congratulations and good wishes, Dorothy!

We congratulate Lasell upon the addition of the Woodland Park Hotel as a school for younger girls, and wish Dr. Winslow great success in this new undertaking.

The Seniors will certainly appreciate being able to house guests there at Commencement time next year.

A great lack in the education of girls is being met by Dr. Winslow in his Saturday morning talks on "Parliamentary Law" and in the practice he gives the girls at that time in Parliamentary Procedure." These half-hours are very interesting and practical.

Every one is entering heartily into the War Work. It is surprising how rapidly the finished products accumulate. Miss Tuttle's afghan made from scraps of wool and her pillow made from scraps of cloth "snipped" are eloquent examples of what may be done with waste material. The generosity of faculty and students is doing much for all the organizations to which we are privileged to contribute. Let us hope the good work will go on.

(Continued from Page 9)

Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass.
Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
Optomist, South Side High School, Newark, N. J.
King Edward's School Chronicle.
The Sassaman, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.
St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.
Villa Marion, Villa Marion Academy, Immaculate, Penn.
Grotonian, Groton School, Groton, Mass
The Osborne High School Record, Osborne, Kansas.
Central Outlook, St. Joseph, Missouri.
The Mirror, Pratt, Kansas.
The Ramble, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.
The School Life, Effingham, Illinois.
The Shucis, Schenetady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.
The Tatler, Palmetro Hall, Sewannee, Tenn.
The Tufts Weekly, Tufts College, Mass.
The University School News, University School, Cleveland, Ohio.
The Colby Voice, New London, New Haven, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Acropolis—We found your exchange editors but not the department. We greatly admire every other feature of your paper and hope you will come regularly as usual.

The Collegian—We enjoyed our first exchange with you very much and will try to co-operate with the idea expressed by that department.

The Comet—Your cuts, cartoons, and joke columns are very clever.

Hallock School Record—Wouldn't a joke column make your paper brighter?

The Rail Splitter—Your "notes" are very good. Your paper as a whole is well arranged. How about commenting on your exchanges?

AS OTHERS SEE US

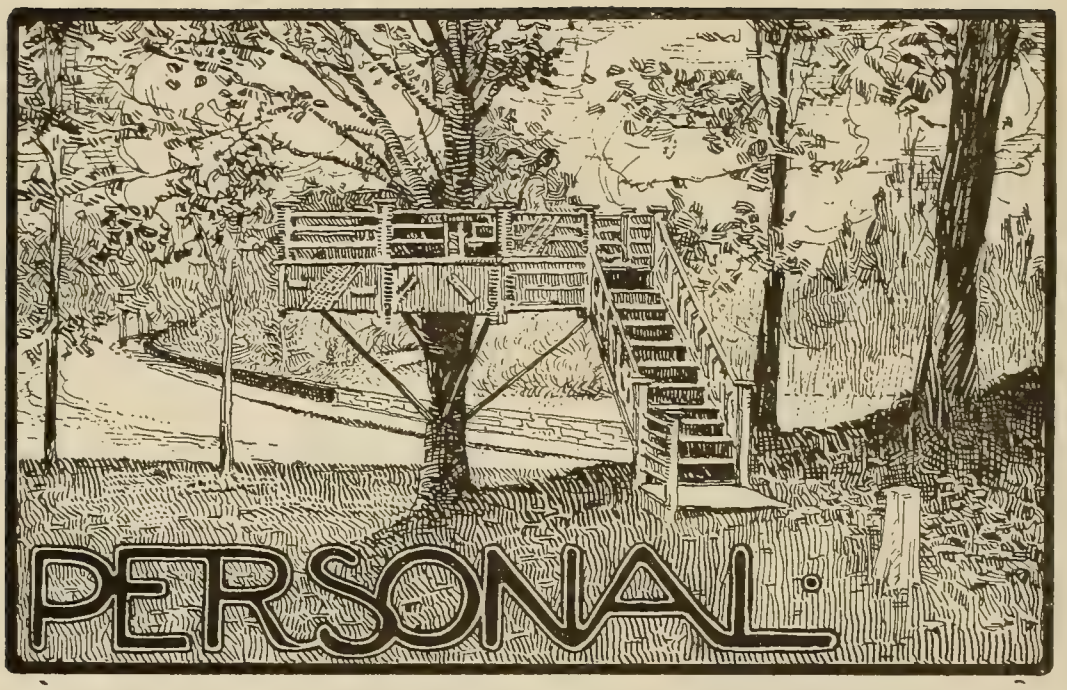
"Your cover is attractive in this time of War. The two themes on western beauty are both well written."—*The High School Aegis.*

"The article on 'Yellowstone National Park" is notable for the vivid and convincing way in which the writer describes 'A bit of western loveliness.' Come again and come often—you are always welcome!"—*The Imp,* Brighton High School.

"'Lasell Leaves' is a fine paper. We noticed especially the large exchange department it has. It could be made systematic by arranging the exchanges in alphebetical order.
—*The News.*

"I'd love to pay my class dues,
I'd give them with delight,
I'm sure I never would refuse,
I'd certainly never fight.
I'd try to be the first to pay,
I'd pay them as I should,
If ever I was a millionaire,
At least, I think I would"

A goat ate up all our jokes
And then began to run.
"I can not stop," he softly said,
I am so full of fun." —Ex.



June has been called the wedding month but evidently a goodly company of wise young maidens have decided to make "October as pleasant as June," as the following list of autumn weddings will indicate.

Edith Forrest Day and Charles Martin French were married on the first of October at Seymour, Connecticut. They will be at home after the first of November at 111 North street, Seymour, Connecticut.

On the eleventh of October Dorothy Baker Smith, became Mrs. Daniel Sawin Tolman at Brockton, Massachusetts.

Cards are out for the marriage of Juliette Buckingham Beach, '13, to Doctor Creighton Barker on the fourteenth of November at New Milford, Connecticut.

The engagement of Marion Harris Shaw to Mr. Jean Lucien Parker is announced.

Our most hearty congratulations and best wishes are extended to each of these friends.

Dear Dora Goddwillie, '14, spent her summer vacation with her sister Mary Goodwillie Townsend, '12. In a letter received from Mary she speaks of Dora's improved health and how much she is missing little sister who has returned to Chicago. She also gives an interesting bit of news in announcing the engagement of Ruth Ketcham, '13, to Frank Sturtevant who has just received a commission in the army. Since Mary's letter was received we have seen Ruth who verifies the statement and we had an opportunity to congratulate her personally.

In Barbara Jones', '14, last note she speaks of Dot Bushnell's, '14, marriage. We wish we had more particulars for she was one of our very best girls.

This stirring message has come from an old girl from Long Beach, California, and we give it just as it came to us.

Dear Girls, old-young or middlin:—

We had a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon yesterday and we are better for it.

Never miss a chance to go to Mr. Bragdon and receive that hearty, cheery, wholesome, characteristic welcome that awaits every one of us girls. It is worth a long trip to look into that good face and hear that same happy laugh and even have that keen searching look from him and know you are one of Lasell's girls

Lill Tukey Byron used to say that she felt as though Mr. Bragdon had taken a large

spoon and stirred her brain during classes. I am sure my heart was stirred with that same spoon.

Greetings from Nora Westheimer Rothschild."

Lasell "new girls and middlin'" much appreciate this stirring message from this loyal old girl.

Mary Taylor, '17, is now a woman of affairs. She is in Denver, Colorado, and doing art work for a book-wholesale curio place painting on leather goods and doing "air brushing," whatever that may be, and is enjoying her work very much. Frequently she comes in touch with Nell Woodward, '15, of whom she writes, "Nell is to be in Denver this winter. She is certainly a girl worth knowing, always doing something for someone. Every Sunday afternoon up in the mountains she used to tell the children stories and now she knits all the time for the soldiers, writes to French soldiers who have lost track of their relatives or friends." She tells us that Lucile Folkers is attending Northwestern University this year. She had a good word from Eleanor Thompson, one of our students, and hopes to be back at Lasell in June and closes with best wishes for a successful year for Lasell and hopes the school will mean as much to the girls of 1918 as it did to her.

Florence Harper, 17, is studying at the Peabody Institute in New York this year.

Ruth Straight, '17, is attending the University of Nebraska.

Clara Nims, '07, spent a part of her vacation in Minneapolis. In a letter to our preceptress she writes "I had a wonderful trip from Chicago by the Burlington route, most of the way along the Mississippi." In Chicago she visited Mrs. Hanna (Marion Bartlett) whose husband is the cashier of the Bank of Coleman, one of the Chicago suburbs. Clara adds "I think constatnly and lovingly of Lasell and wish to be remembered to Miss Witherbee and Mrs. Wagner." She is still one of the librarians in the beautiful memorial library at Watertown and between times is busy every moment with war relief work.

In a friendly word received from Virginia Anderson, '17, telling us of the coming to Lasell of her sister next year, she also adds, "I am having a very pleasant winter free from any great responsibilities. However, am very much interested in Red Cross work and busy doing my bit, knitting, making comfort bags, and helping to earn money for the Patriotic League to which I belong. We gave a dance recently and are now planning a waffle supper," a suggestion perhaps to some other Red Cross worker. "I am planning to take the work offered by the Red Cross as soon as the classes are organized. I am teaching a class in the primary department of our Sunday School and just love the little children. Yesterday we had a large parade to boom the sale of Liberty Bonds and I marched, expect later to spend a week in New York with Helen Saunders. Florence Morris wrote me that she was going to attend the Oneonta Business College this winter. I certainly miss Lasell very much and am looking forward to returning for the Commencement exercises."

Martha Hazelet Crooks, '10, has just left us for her home in Williamsport. There is no more welcome guest ever comes to us than our former student and teacher. She has still the happy faculty of "getting in" with the new girls at once and in so many loving delightful ways serving them.

The music pupils, especially the harmony classes, miss their former teacher Miss Mary Frances Curtiss, now Mrs. Bertrand Vassall Degen. We are glad that her new home is nearby 217 Harvard street, Brookline, and trust she will be neighborly.

Since our October issue we have been obliged to part with our beloved Miss Irwin who returns to Sandwich, her home town as superintendent of the High School. Miss Susie Johnson is in part supplying her place. Miss Johnson is not a stranger to the old girls and will soon be a friend of the new ones.

Another word concerning Dr. Gordon. He sails November 14th for France where he will enter the service of the Y. M. C. A. Many prayers and good wishes will follow him from Lasell girls old and new and from the faculty.

One of the pleasant social functions of the fall was the reception given by the parish of the Church of the Messiah to their new rector and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Percival M. Wood. Members of the faculty and a delegation of students who attend the Episcopal church were privileged to be present and enjoy the hospitality of the church folk.

Mrs. E. O. Fiske and Miss Eleanor Larrison, former members of our faculty, had charge of one of our recent chapel services. Miss Larrison delighted the students with her bright and potent message.

Our preceptress received recently a very interesting letter from the Alumnæ Treasurer, Mrs Ella Cushing, '73, who is spending her winter in Miami, Florida. Notwithstanding the great distance which separates her from her Alma Mater, there are few people who keep in as close touch and vitally interested as in this loyal Lasell girl.

Teachers and old girls alike will be interested to hear of the approaching marriage of Maria Riker, '09, to Mr. B. T. Hume, Jr., On acount of war times the ceremony will be very quiet. Our most hearty and loving congratulations to Maria and the groom.

Miss Parkhurst has recently had a letter from Annie Crowe Collum, '09, a brief tender message from this bereaved girl who is fighting as hard a battle as was ever fought on the real battle field but we know her strong character and Christian faith and we are sure of the outcome. Annie is still in London. Her address is Artillery Mansions, 75 Victoria street, London, S. W., I.

In the columns of the Leaves will be found the account of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club luncheon taken from The Hartford Courant.

Mlle. Le Royer in addition to the amount mentioned in the Courant received previously from the Connecticut girls some ten dollars with a promise of even a larger subscription.

Laura Hale, '16, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, met them at the station with her fine car and after the Reunion showed them Hartford in its best light. Laura is now singing in one of the largest churches in Hartford. Our Preceptress said, "We were greatly touched to learn from Laura that her father during those last weeks of suffering was interested in their plans for this reunion and insisted that whatever came, they should be carried out. Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, was on from Maine and has in mind and hand to start a Lasell Club in her new home

Bess Robinson, the graceful president of the club, (dare we say, prettier than ever) is assisting Miss Jessie Hayden in the Public Library of Hartford.

Notwithstanding the luncheon was made simple we have rarely seen more artistic table decorations than were furnished by the autumn foliage and a lone collection of chrysanthemums.

Both of our delegates wish in this way to express their sincere appreciation of the generous and unusually cordial hospitality which they received from the Connecticut girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rice Jenks (Ruth Thresher, '14) announce the birth on October 7th of a son, Richard Alvin Jenks.

On the eighth of October Master Arthur Leonard Mullin came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Meylert Mullin.

On October 12th Mr. and Mrs. Milton Pomeroy (Orra Hammond, '12) announce the birth of a daughter Elizabeth Hammond Pomeroy.

A son, Allan Irving, Jr. was born on October 20th to Mr. and Mrs. Allan I Dean, (Eleanor Smith.)

Thrice welcome dear little children one and all. Lasell is proud to put you on her roster of future students or callers.

Miriam Day was recently a guest of Elsie Kimball, one of our Household Economics hostesses.

Helen Saunders came home for a few days recently. She did not stay long enough to please us but we let her go when she promised to come back at Commencement time if not sooner.

On October 13th Mr. John H. Hale passed away after a long and serious illness in his beautiful home at Glastonbury, Connecticut. Mr. Hale, known throughout the United States as the "peach king" was the father of Emily, Marion and Laura Hale. He occupied many positions of prominence and trust, was head of the American Chronological Society and the Nursery Men's Society of Connecticut. He had written much on fruit growing and general farming and for fifteen years was the agricultural editor of the Hartford Courant, for twelve years Associate editor of the Farmer's Journal of Philadelphia. Lasell has seldom had a more loyal and valuable friend than Mr. Hale.

On October 3rd Mr. Sumner Prindle, husband of our Cornelia Eaton, '07, passed away at his home in Williamstown. Mr. Prindle was one of the most prominent and well known men of the city and occupied many positions of trust in the community. His wife and three dear children, Cornelia, Julia and William survive him.

Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to these bereaved families.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB RECEPTION

Forty-five Present at Annual Gathering Hartford Club

The thirteenth annual reception and luncheon of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held yesterday at the Hartford Club. Forty-five members were in attendance, including Miss Potter, who is preceptress at Lasell, and Mlle. Jeanne Le Royer of the faculty. The luncheon was made simple and the money usually expended for flowers and favors with the addition of many personal gifts, amounting to $25, was collected by the treasurer. This sum was given Mlle. Le Royer, teacher of French at the seminary, for relief work in France.

Following the luncheon the club was addressed by its president, Miss Bessie Robinson, who graciously welcomed the guests, and asked each one to bring a new member to the club next year. She also asked for loyal support of the school paper, "The Leaves."

The report of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. C. Henry Olmsted, was read and accepted, and the following officers chosen for the ensuing year: President, Miss Jessie Hayden; vice-president, Mrs. C. S. Darling; secretary and treasurer, Miss Sarah Hammond. Letters were read from Dr. Guy M. Winslow, principal of Lasell, and from Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson, president of the Chicago club. The president then introduced

Miss Gladys Stultz, president of the New York club, who spoke briefly of their good times and good fellowship.

Mlle. Le Royer told of her "beautiful ruined country," and the loyalty of its women. She said many of her countrywomen had asked her when she could, to tell the Americans of the gratitude of the French for generous gifts and deeds. She said, "Put your names, addresses and photographs on your Christmas bags. You cannot realize how the boys appreciate the personal touch."

Miss Potter spoke of Lasell as being on a war basis, the lawns being given over to cultivation of foods; and meatless breakfasts and butterless dinners being served. Several Lasell songs were sung. Those present were Bessie Robinson, Marjorie Watkins, Laura Hale, Mabel Deming, Laura Comstock, Esther L. Roberts, Lois Hammond, Sarah Hammond, Marion Hale Bottomly, Fannie Mackenzie, Bessie Fuller, Ruth Miller Wolfe, Susan H. Couch, Florence G. Skinner, Ruth Tuthill, Clara McLean Rowley, Eva C. Robertson, Jennie Johnson Brewster, Bertha Libbey Wells, Mildred E. Hotchkiss, Mabelle C. Hamlin, May Beardsley Youngs, Sarah Dyer Darling, Ruth K. Meriam, Helen Meriam Cornell, Susan E. Tiffany, Gladys Stultz, Bessie L. Brainard, Elsie L. Bolles, Marjorie Halliday, Grace Purtill, Gertrude P. Reynolds, Elsie Reynolds, Bertha Hayden King, Jessie Hayden, Grace Holmes Stiles, Dorothy Dale Smith, Helen M. Saunders, Edna Strickland Olson, Annie Ives, Edith Burke Wells, Mary E. Goodwin Olmsted.

The Hartford Courant, Sunday, Oct. 28.

Psychology Notes

Emily Erhart (studying Psychology in the library). "Oh girls! Did you know that our brains are surrounded by a fluid ---- ?"

Marion Pomeroy (interrupting absent-mindedly) "Wonder if that's what makes our heads swim?

Miss Rand (in class) "Oh dear, what *is* that subject that illustrates my point—I can't think of it now. Anyhow it's one I know very little about, and you probably less. *What* is it?"

D. B—n (hopefully) "Psychology?"

"What is a counter attack, papa?"

"When mother goes shopping, Johnny."

—Ex.

Julia L.:—"Goodness, that clock needs fixing; it just struck one, four times."

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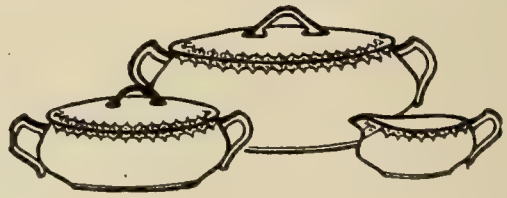

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

THE OLD BLUE SUGAR BOWL ..... *E. Ehrhart* 5

THOSE POCKETS ..... *P. Norris* 6

PACKING FOR A WEEK-END ..... *E. Powell* 7

DILL PICKLE DAYS ..... *C. Spinney* 8

EDITORIAL 9

LOCALS 10

PERSONAL 17

JOKES 20

LASELL'S WAR DOLL

THE OLD BLUE SUGAR BOWL

The other night I could not sleep at all;
So after I had tossed and turned in bed,
I rose, just as the clock out in the hall
Was striking twelve, and everything seemed dead.

Down to the library I made my way,
And tried some rest to find in a fine book;
When suddenly, "Hello," a voice did say.
Around the room I gave a startled look.

"Oh, don't be frightened," said this voice so clear
And sweet and tinkling. Now, who *could* it be
That thus so reassuringly to me
Did speak? The sound did not seem very near.

"Please come out here" it called. With step quite slow
Out to the dining-room I went. And, lo!
My great, great grandmother's sugar bowl
Was speaking as though human, with a soul.

"I've long looked for this opportunity
To speak to you, for 'tween the witching hour
And one o'clock my voice is given to me;
Yet seldom do I care to use this power."

"Oh, Sugar Bowl," I cried excitedly,
"My great grandmother's story tell to me.
What was it that far back in days of yore,
She hid in you, during the Civil War?"

"Oh, dear, my old blue sides bulge out with pride,
Whene'er I think of the trust she gave to me.
I swore that that which precious was, I'd hide
Forever, where no one but she could see."

Quite breathlessly I listened, hoping then
To hear what was the true solution to
This mystery we had tried, now and again
To solve, but ever were unable so to do.

"The Yanks were coming o'er the mountain ledge,
Your great-grandmother's lover hid in the hedge.
But first he gave her with his last embrace,—
A look of love, fear, hope upon his face,—

This " . . . . "O-n-e," the clock upon the wall then moaned.
Alas, no longer could the bowl have speech.
Outside the wind howled while I groaned,
For lost was that, so nearly in my reach.

E. Ehrhart.

"THOSE POCKETS"

"But Mumsie dear, lots of girls younger than I have them. I don't see why you won't let me have just a little one. They're so much fun."

"I know, dearie, but you would always have your hand in that pocket, and, really, it wouldn't look one bit neat after you had stretched it all out of shape.

Such was the conversation that frequently took place between Betty, aged ten, and her mother. Perhaps her mother was a little old-fashioned, especially when it came to putting patch-pockets on a pretty gingham dress, but Betty did want that pocket so badly. Soon, however, she realized that it was useless to tease mother any more; so she quite gave up the idea of having a pocket, and for three long years peacefully sauntered to and from school, only to gaze longingly every now and then at somebody else's pockets, and try to guess what interesting things were tucked in them.

Of course when Betty arrived at the age of fourteen, she was too old to have a pocket. How mother must have detested pockets! Father merely said Betty should have been a boy.

Ever since Betty could remember, she, with her mother, father, and brother had lived on the old homestead in a small town, forty miles from Woodstock, the largest city in the state, which she and her mother were accustomed to visit two or three times a year to do their shopping. A few days before they were to make a trip, Betty's mother was taken slightly ill. A letter was accordingly sent to Aunt Liza who lived in the city, asking her to meet Betty at the station.

Now, of course, even though Betty had never owned a pocket, she had often heard how useful they were when one was shopping. So when she was quite sure that no one was looking, she went up into the attic and searched for old material that she knew was there. At length she found some stout percale. No, it wasn't pretty, but it would do. The next morning a large apron prevented Mother from seeing those large patch-pockets, and at her departure, later on, a coat covered them.

Betty arrived safely at the large station, but no Aunt Liza was there to greet her. What was she to do? Should she wait a while? After a half hour had passed, she concluded that something was wrong. Of course she did not know that Aunt Liza in reading the note had not bothered to put on her specks, and that the good lady had mistaken Tuesday for Thursday. Anyway, Betty knew her way. So she took out her shopping list and went from store to store, each time dropping her parcels into the two huge pockets until they bulged suspiciously.

Suddenly, in the midst of the crowd, a woman screamed. A moment later Betty felt a strong hand upon her shoulder. What did the man say? That her pockets would have to be inspected? The excited woman was telling the floorwalker that she had seen Betty put her purse in one of the pockets. Then the important-looking man led them to the manager's office where a general search was made, but no pocket-book was found, amid Betty's newly purchased treasures. Now, I'm sure if anyone had watched that woman's face carefully, he might have seen a very peculiar expression on it. It might have been dismay, and yet again, it might have been shame. But the manager and Betty turned around only in time to see her put her hand in her dress pocket and gently draw out the purse that had been the source of all the trouble. Then and there Betty ripped both pock-

ets off, and vowed never to have another one.

Several weeks later when the dressmaker was to spend a few days at the Thompsons, making dresses for Betty, her mother suggested that she have some pockets put in her new dresses; and it was not until then that Betty told her about the incident which had nearly broken the charm of pockets.

—*P. Norris.*

PACKING FOR A WEEK-END

"Good-bye, dear, I'll have to run!
  I've only half an hour!
I'll meet you at the station, Peg,
  At quarter after four."

The phone banged down and she was gone,
  This much excited Nell,
To get the necessary "per,"
  So well-known at Lasell.

This done, she ran with lightning speed.
  Up two steep flight of stairs;
And reached her room all out of breath,
  But minus all her cares.

"Ah, Nan! I'm going in to town,
  To stay with cousin Peg;
And I must pack in just a jiff
  So help me, please, I beg!

"I wonder where my suit-case is,—
  Upon the closet shelf?
Or over there beneath my bed?
  I have it now, myself.

"Five minutes past! My heavens! Nan!
  I'll never make my train!
Here's my kimono, put that in!
  It's started in to rain!

"I'll have to wear my other suit!
  Just can't get this one wet!
Please finish packing, while I change?
  There goes my new hair net!

"I want that dark blue satin dress,
  And pumps with high French heels;
So long since I have worn them, dear,
  I don't know how it feels!

"There now, I'm ready! Are you through?
  My hat! Is it on straight?
Thanks! Now my rubbers and umbrel—
  I know I shall be late!

"Yes close it up! I've everything
  I guess!— If not, all right!
My glove won't fasten, help me, do!
  The left one is so tight!

"Well, now I'm off! Good-bye, old dear!
  Wish you were going too!
Oh! I forgot my knitting-bag—
  Whatever shall I do!

"Do you know where I left it dear?
  I simply cannot think!
Oh, to be sure—across the hall!
  I'll have it in a wink!

"Will it squeeze in? The bag's so full!
  It has to, that is all!
And where's my yarn,—I rather think
  I'll take another ball!

"Be good, Nan, while your room-mate's gone!
  And have a good time, too!
And thanks just heaps for helping me!
  I'll do the same for you!"

E. Powell.

DILL PICKLE DAYS

Do you ever stop to think about the days when you were ten or twelve and you used to tease and tease for a pickle? I shall never forget the expression on my mother's face when I used to ask her for two cents to buy a pickle. She would exclaim, "Why, my dear child, you will make yourself sick! So many pickles will eat your stomach right out!" But I loved pickles just the same.

Only the other day as my chum and I were walking by Johnnie's, the Greek's, (as we children used to call the fruit store), we happened to spy the same large glass jar of round, fat delicious, juicy dill pickles that we had so many times before longed for. My, how my mouth watered every time I passed by that window!

Suddenly my chum exclaimed, "Do you remember the day when we bought one of those on our way to school, and as we didn't have time to eat it before the bell rang, we took it into school and put it in our desks?"

"And well I recall how the teacher went *sniff, sniff*, around the aisles and how red we got; for she had told us never to bring pickles into the room."

"And will you ever forget," said my chum eagerly, when Mr. Ireland, known as Pat, the Principal, looked over the top of the glass door and caught Trude eating her pickle during the prayer; and how he had her go out in the hall and finish it."

"I certainly won't forget that," said I. But another thing I can always picture in my mind is Grace slipping off her chair, trying to make believe she was getting a pencil way in the back part of her desk, but really taking a big bite of her juicy pickle which I so much longed for at that moment."

Doris, my chum, and I walked along a little further and met Maybelle, another old friend, who also brought back to our minds other instances. But to her mind the surprising thing was the fact that we survived our feasts. On the same night we would eat a large pickle and then an ice cream. Once we had steamed clams besides the other two.

"Did I ever tell you about the time my mother got so scared about me?"

"No," they cried, "but do tell us."

"Well, girls, it was this way. My mother thought that I was eating too many pickles for a girl of my age and that there must be something wrong with me. So one day when she saw the Doctor's auto outside, she called him in to look at me. I was round and plump then, quite different from what I am now. Then he gazed at me steadily and wanted to know what ailments I had. When mama told him, he just laughed and laughed as if the idea of a fat little girl, like me, being ill was a good joke. Mamma looked at him in dismay; so he explained that when children, especially those of my age, craved pickles they should have all they wanted."

"Then I suppose you had all you could eat after that?" said my chum.

But to her delight I told her I still was limited although mother didn't feel worried any more.

Then Doris broke in again, "Can you remember when at recess time we used to offer our playmates bites of our pickles and they would almost bite our fingers off in their attempt to get just a little bit more than we measured off for them."

Maybelle was always falling down when she was a kid and she happened to recall how one day as she was running to school she stumbled and fell *ker-thump*. Away went her

(Continued on Page 21)

THE SUPPLEMENT

The Supplement appears in the Leaves four times a year. The months for this year are October, January, March, and May. This is a change from previous years from December to January, made for the convenience of the editorial staff. The interesting report of the Chicago Club Luncheon will be reserved for the January number.

Merry Christmas, everybody! Doesn't that just thrill you to the core? It brings to mind such pleasant pictures of happy faces old and young, and misty visions of bright fires and crackling logs, of holly and mistletoe, and of Santa Claus that best of all saints. Christmas does mean good cheer, hospitality and brotherhood, doesn't it?

This Christmas brings other visions of vacant places, decorated with honor wreaths; or hearts filled with pride over the stars displayed on the service flag; of boys in khaki and blue receiving enormous boxes full of good things; and of letters read at home from those same boys who are making us so proud of them!

It will be a Merry Chirstmas, even tho' we are at war: Not so many presents, not so much of candy, not so much for the Christmas dinner; but more good fellowship and genuine happiness in giving, to make the time the merrier, more of ourselves, and in helping to send some cheer "over there."

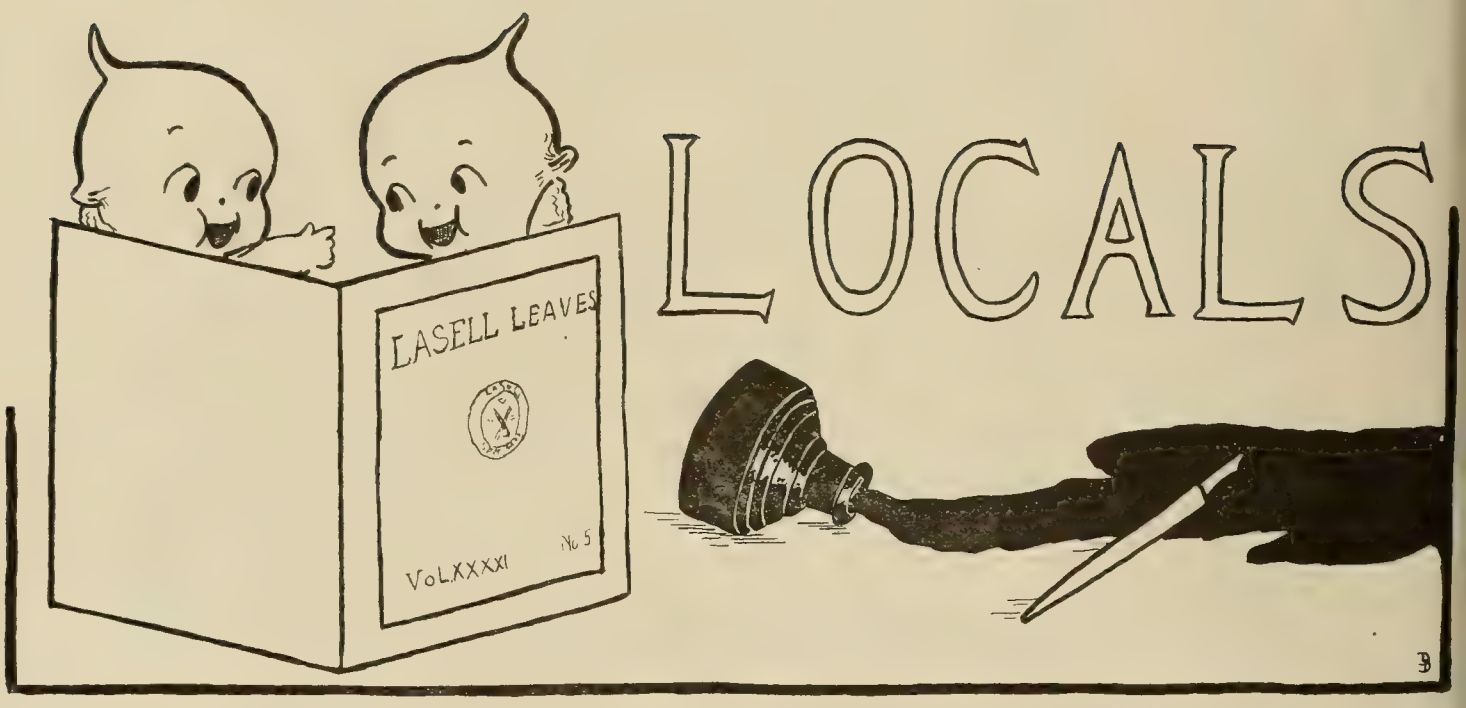
Before we meet here again, another year will have dawned. Another year! such possibilities it holds for all of us—the possibility of success, of health, of service, of devotion. And we hope it holds the possibility of a triumph for our cause and the establishment of universal peace.

May it be a Happy New Year, full of success for all of you!

We greatly appreciate the addition of several days to our Christmas vacation. This will mean so much to those of us who live a good distance from New England. We really are glad of the exchange of our two Mondays for the extra vacation.

We feel it necessary to correct the mistake made in our November issue. The title of the frontispiece should have read "Class Presidents."

(Continued on Page 22)



THE LASELL WAR DOLL

When, in November, a Patriotic Bazaar was held at the Copley Plaza, Mrs. G. M. Winslow was asked to contribute a doll to the Newton table. The sewing department was asked to dress the doll, whose picture is used as a frontispiece for this number of the "Leaves." She is about twenty-two inches tall, very pretty, with brown eyes and thick brown curls.

Miss Dolley, assisted by Miss Tuttle, Miss Wright, Mrs. Saunders, and several of the girls, dressed her completely. All of the patterns were drafted and the clothes cut out by Miss Dolley, who also made the little under vest and an under-waist, to which were buttoned the drawers and a little flannel petticoat. The drawers were exquisitely hemstitched around the bottom by Ruth Magoun, and put together by Kathryn Craig. The petticoat was made by Miss Lindsay and Leontine Goodman. A dainty flounced chemise petticoat was made by Miss Dolley and Miss Wright, who also made the little white socks. All the lace on the bottom of the drawers and on the chemise was hand rolled by Frances Weider. Miss Dolley, helped by Amy Tuthill and Miss Wright made the dress, which was of pink chambray, smocked, and trimmed with cuffs and a little jacket effect of heavy white linen, laced under the arms with narrow black velvet. Every tiny stitch was done by hand, and the whole was a miracle of daintiness and perfection. All the pressing was done by Miss Tuttle.

A big pink bow sat a-top her curls, and little black slippers encased her feet.

Mrs. Saunders, the millinery teacher, made the hat, which was of pink chambray, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet streamers, and a cluster of pink rosebuds. As a "crowning" touch the tiny label sewed in her bonnet proved her a true "Lasell" creation.

That others admired our War Doll is shown by the following extract from a letter of appreciation written to Mrs. Winslow:

"I want to send a word of thanks to you all at Lasell for the beautiful doll you gave to the Newton table at the Patriotic Bazaar. It added very greatly to the attractiveness of our table, as well as so materially to our returns.

"It was, I think, the most admired of our

charming family."

Perhaps the nicest part is that she is still our very own Lasell War Doll; for Dr. Winslow, desiring to make her a permanent member of the Lasell family, authorized her purchase. The price, fifteen dollars, was the highest given for any doll at the Bazaar. Mounted pictures of her are being sent to the various Lasell Clubs, and later on pictures of her may be had at the school store.

—*K. Craig.*

OUR BIT

The Friendship Fund aroused us to other things that our girls are doing. By examining the following list it will be seen that since September the twenty-first Lasell girls have been doing their bit to aid the sufferers of war. The list is under exaggerated as we could not reach every single pupil.

Wash-mits—102	Mufflers—30
Bandages—59	Helmets—19
Towels—96	Bed Socks—11
Kits—25	Mittens—2
Scrap books—4	Comfort Bags—78
Pillows—67	Boxes—121
Afghans—3	French Orphans—30
Sweaters—183	Red Cross Members—127
Wristers—73	
Socks—63	

American Defence Members—4
Magazines or Papers—about 500
Friendship Fund Money —$1856
Liberty Bonds—$150

(The Liberty Bond sum does not cover individual subscriptions)

We have also, since September, aided the Italian Fund; French Wounded; Belgium Relief; American and Canadian Red Cross; French, English, Belgium and American Blinded Fund; the Patriotic Bazaar. On December the seventh, an Arts and Crafts sale for the benefit of the Red Cross and French Wounded brought in about sixty odd dollars more. We have also been trying to live up to Mr. Hoover's Food Conservation rules.

It will be of interest to know that Dr. Winslow has been acting as chairman of the Auburndale Committee for the Y. M. C. A. funds and the Liberty Bond loans.

MRS. MARTIN'S READING

On Friday evening, November second, Mrs. Martin read "If I Were King" for the benefit of the The Prison Camp Fund. Mrs. Martin delighted her audience, as she always does, with her wonderfully vivid impersonation of the characters, and with her delightful personality. In closing she gave "Vive La France" with the greatest fire and enthusiasm. The Prison Camps have few finer or more staunch supporters than Mrs. Martin, from whose generosity a substantial sum resulted.

We are indebted to Mrs. Wagner for the following lines. They are especially interesting to this community of knitters and to any Lasell girls afield who are also busy getting ready these knitted arcticles for the "soldier boys".

Jane Alden tells what the lady knit into the sweaters.

"She couldn't fight—she could only sit.
And just pitch in—and knit—and knit;
But what went in along with the wool
Would fill the soul of a soldier full
Of courage and hope and brave desire
To do his best though tried by fire.

She knit in the chief of the U. S. A.
With a thought of King George across the way.
What she thought of the Kaiser would not be fit—
For a lady so perfect—to dare to knit!
She knit in her heart—and she knit in her hair,
And once in a while she put in a prayer;
She knit in her faith in her God, and her men,
And her love for her Flag, again and again!

SERENADES

On Friday evening, November the second, as the Seniors were gathered in Gardner, they suddenly heard a cheer outside of the house. It took but a moment for them to reach the porch and to discover that their sisters were singing heartily to them. Here is one of the Sophomore songs with the Senior reply:

"Senior Class, Senior Class,
See the Sophs out tonight in full force,
Don't you see the drooping Junior Class?
Can't you hear their tears fall thick and fast?
Senior Class, Senior Class,
Here's the best of luck to you!
From your class of 1920, hear,
Senior Class, they are cheering you."

SENIORS REPLY

"Now you Sophs came to serenade us,
Everyone for the White and Red,
And we are singing,
Dear sister Classmen,
Of our thanks quickly said.
For your music has pleased us much, dears,
And your songs have been very sweet,
And so we thank you and say good-night, dears,
For t'was one fine treat."

On Monday evening the Preps were out in full force to serenade the Seniors at the two houses. Though their class is small they surely did manage to make themselves heard to advantage. Here is one of their songs:

"Hello, Seniors, we all honor you,
We have come your friendship to give.
Our best regards to sing.
To be Seniors is our desire,
But credits are always hard to acquire,
Tho' we are few, we will all honor you
So, Senior Class good-bye."

The serenades fall thick and fast and the Seniors appreciate each and every one. When the Juniors come on Tuesday morning at six o'clock the Seniors knew it had taken a good bit of devotion and courage for these schoolmates to get up so early. The songs were clever indeed:

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

"Hello, Seniors, listen to our ditty,
Don't deny we're a happy class.
We are loyal to our Alma Mater,
And to every Senior lass.
If you want us we'll be ever ready,
Say the word, and the deed is done.
We'll be twice true to the class of '18.
For its just A1."

SENIORS REPLY TO JUNIORS

"Hello, Juniors, we're so glad
To see your faces bright;
And your songs so sweet and clever
Fill us with delight;
We love to have you visit us,
And thanks for your good will,
Long after you are gone we'll hear
Your voices sweetly ringing still."

LECTURE

On Thursday afternoon, November 8th, Dr. Vincent gave his second lecture. This time it

was on Anthony Trollope, the author of "The Three Clerks" and "Barchester Towers." Trollope may be placed in the same class with Dickens, Dr. Vincent told us, although his works have never held quite so high a place as those of the former. Trollope was also largely responsible for the building up of the postal service in England.

JUNIORS TO THE SOPHS.

The Juniors graciously acknowledged the fact that the Sophs. were ahead of them in serenading, by singing the following to 1920 in the dining room on Tuesday morning, November 6th.

"JOAN OF ARC"

"Sophomores, Sophomores,
We're proud of you everyone,
Your serenade was very fine,
We liked your time and liked your rhyme.
Sophomores, Sophomores,
You've honored your sisters all.
Juniors wish you all prosperity.
1920 we sing to you."

The Specials went to Gardner and Carpenter to sing to the Seniors one chilly night shortly after their elections. In spite of a fit of shivering that could not be avoided, every listener was enthsiastic over the loyalty of these students for the upper Classmen.

ELECTIONS

The Sub-Freshmen anounced their officers shortly after the other election results had been made known. A large placard was hung in the balcony on which was printed in yellow:

President—Lillian Doane
Vice president—Vera Poole
Secretary-Treas.—Marjorie Pratt
Cheer Leader—Gertrude Strain

That evening at dinner the "chef" appeared to make a few remarks as to the Conservation of food. *He* was Una Storrs, who told us that the Specials had selected Norma McMillan as President; Kathryn Patterson, as Vice-President; Evelyn O'Brien as Secretary; Alice Sawyer as Treasurer and Helen Webster as Cheer Leader.

The very best of luck for the year to you, Preps and Specials!

Norma, the Special's Pres.

On Monday, Nov. 26, several of the girls took advantage of the opportunity to visit Fenway Court, the home of Mrs. Jack Gardner. The many treasures located in this beautiful building were enjoyed greatly. The Court itself was especially interesting as Miss Mullikin had often referred in the House

Decoration Class to its architecture, furnishings, and decoration.

THE SALEM TRIP

One bright, sunny Monday morning, a group of us, under proper chaperonage, went to Salem, "the old witch-craft town." We visited the birthplace of Haw horne built before 1685, walked down past the Custom House where Hawthorne began his "Scarlet Letter,"

The House of Seven Gables

and saw the Grimshaw House described in his "Dr. Grimshaws' Secret." In the Peabody Museum we observed wonderful natural history objects, marine paintings, and a large geological collection. In the Hall of Ethnology were exhibits of utensils, implements of war and articles of dress. The Japanese collection in Wild Hall is the largest and most complete of any possessed by a museum.

Essex Institute contains wonderful picture galleries, old furniture, curios, manuscripts, and ancient relics. We walked past "The Old Roger Williams House," or "Witch House" and visited the "House of Seven Gables". Here the girls bought candy and souvenirs, not by any means forgetting Hepzibah's famous Jim-Crow gingerbread men.

The day was clear and the trip never to be forgotten.

On Sunday afternoon, November the eleventh, at 2.30 o'clock, Miss Meina H. Wanzer of Foochow, China, talked to us on the school life and customs of these people whom she is serving. It was a pleasure indeed to see the enthusiasm with which this missionary put herself whole-heartedly into the work so needed among the Chinese. The Methodist Young People of New England are the supporters of Miss Wanzer and her work.

Mr. Charles W. Furlong, the artist and author, gave an illustrated lecture on November the fifteenth with the *Guianas* as his subject. Mr. Furlong is an able speaker who gives us plenty of information and holds our interest throughout the talks. His excellent pictures make the trips he tells of seem very real.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Two new officers have been elected for this society: Margery Deffenbaugh who will be vice-president, and Annie Dimond who is to serve as Secretary-Treasurer.

On November twenty-seventh, a Thanksgiving meeting of the Society was held when President Amy Tuthill spoke a bit about the holiday, and when those attending brought fruit and crackers and other eatables which were distributed among poor families in Boston.

Edith Vance led on December fourth and pointed out to us that the charities at home must not be forgotten in the days when all of us are trying to do so much for the soldiers and their families. She urged us to do all in our

power, in little ways, to make life happy for those we meet each day. Katherine Rice sang at this meeting.

LECTURE

Dr. Vincent delivered the final lecture on the twenty-second of November, when his subject was Thomas Hardy and his writings. We were told that this author was selected because he is one of the few people "who can write and who knows something." We find in Thomas Hardy a man who knew men and women well, who appreciated nature and who was in sympathy with all living things.

HALLOWE'EN

On Saturday evening, November the third, we had all kinds of Hallowe'en fun. First there was dinner, when every table was decorated to suit the occasion. Each had a Jack O'Lantern in the center of it; when we came into the dining room the only light was that given from them. At the masquerade, held in the Gym, from eight until ten, all kinds of fascinating, weird costumes were seen. There was a good number of "men" present, too, for the Seniors had changed themselves into sailors to meet the demand for partners. They made their entrance by standing at salute on the platform and singing, "The Flag," which Miss Witherbee and Adele Chaffee had made it possible to adopt as a school song. Its words are:

"Cheer when the Flag goes by,
Cheer as it floats on high.
Stars for the sky in it,
Stripes for the Earth in it,
Folds for the home in it,
The Flag, The Flag."

"Cheer when the Flag goes by,
Cheer as its colors fly.
Red for the blood in it,
White for the love in it,
Blue for the God in it.
The Flag, The Flag."

(Please all learn the words so that the song may be a real success when the entire school uses it.)

The singers from the Alice Freeman Palmer School in North Carolina delighted us with many songs at the vespers on November twenty-fifth. Their leader, Mrs. Brown, gave a short resume of the progress made in the school since the representatives were here last year.

THE LAMPS OF KNOWLEDGE

The Seniors have taken their pins! Yes, they have — and it was done as a Thanksgiving surprise; for it was the Wednesday morning on which vacation began, that they come down to the dining-room in a long line, each proud possessor of the tiny lamp of knowledge pointing it out to the school. Here is their song:

"Here we come, we have our pins on,
And we hope that you can see
Them shining bright,
With Senior light, our symbols to be.
Each little jewel sends out its radiance,
With a strong and guiding beam,
And these little lamps of knowledge,
Will be sacred, to the class of 1918."

The Juniors are wise, always on the watch, it would seem; but the Seniors have so far proved the more alert. Monday evening, December third, two Junior officers failed to come to dinner; so the Seniors kept their eyes and ears open, soon to be rewarded by discovering that the two had been at the trunks in Gardner. What for?—well didn't the Seniors take their pins the other day, won't they take caps and gowns soon; and wouldn't it be

time to hide those precious possessions? The plot was discovered in time; so the next morning the Seniors gave this advice to the school:

"What do you want to find our caps and gowns for?
When you don't know where they are.
They may be here, they may be there,
In fact you may be able to find them anywhere.
What do you want to rummage round our trunks for?
Surely you won't do it any more!!
Lord and Vance, you better beware each night,
Or you will surely find, you're flirting with dynamite,
So what do you want to find our caps and gowns for?
When you don't know where they are."

THANKSGIVING

Our first vacation has come and gone. It seems quite too impossible to believe! Of course a great many girls went away but those who stayed had a happy day here together. The Thanksgiving dinner was served for about one hundred people, for those who remained had guests to make the day really jolly. After dinner Marion Lord sang and Miss Flavia Barnes, Dorothy's sister, gave two clever readings. Then games were played in the gym.

The Rev. Mr. Wagner of Newton Centre led vespers on December second. He gave us a most helpful talk, taking the *Feeding of the Five Thousand* as his subject. He said that we should make the most of what we have, no matter how small that may be.

Our congratulations to Marjory Rankin who has just made Senior!

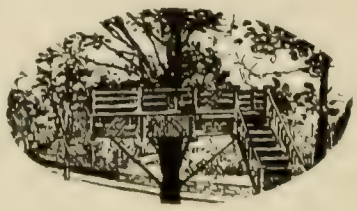
Some interesting trips this year have been those to Concord and Lexington, to Charlestown, and to Cambridge.

EXCHANGES

To Our Girls: You will find about sixty interesting exchanges on the table in the reading room or on the shelf marked "exchanges." You will enjoy reading about what the other schools are doing now in war-time, how they arrange their papers, and many other valuable suggestions.

To our Exchanges: We are very grateful to all our exchanges that come so regularly and hope to profit by your kindly criticisms. We are sure that you will accept our few suggestions in the spirit in which they are given —that of friendship. Our exchange list is so long that we are unable to comment on each one every month, although we read it with great enjoyment. The weekly papers need no criticisms; we are always glad to welcome you with your record of daily events.

About a hundred and twenty-five exchanges have been sent out each month since school began, but we have received only half as many in return. We are continually receiving more, however, and are always glad to welcome new ones which will be added to our exchange list. We now wish to inform our exchanges that after Christmas we shall be unable to send our paper to those who do not return the compliment.



Last month we mentioned the coming marriage of Maria Riker, '09, and Mr. B. T. Hume, Jr., and it is now our pleasure to announce the important event which occurred on November 14th at Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

From Portland, Oregon, the City of Roses, comes the announcement of the marriage of Marjory Taylor Read to Mr. John Vincent Murphy on the twenty-seventh of November.

The only Christmastide wedding among our girls so far as we know is the marriage of Helen Louise Bauman, '17, and Mr. Ralph Emerson Routier which occurred Wednesday evening, the fifth of December in the Danish Lutheran Church at Grayling, Michigan. We are hoping later to hear the particulars of the interesting ceremony and reception which followed.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to these young folk.

The Leaves as Alice Jenks, '17, sees them is a very pleasant picture. She writes, "I have the first copy and it made me homesick for dear old Lasell. I quite wished I was a Senior all over again." She adds that Mary Rich, '17, is taking a course at the Chicago Kindergarten Institute and likes it very much. Edna Crane is in an Art School in Chicago. Mrs. Robert R. Jenks (Ruth Thresher, '14) has a darling baby boy. Alice adds, "I certainly spent two of my best years at Lasell and would not mind doing it all over again, but now I am taking a Secretarial Course at Mrs. Gibbs' Secretarial School in Providence. The work is interesting and I like it very much. This course gives a girl a fine sight of the business world." Alice did not forget to send a cordial friendly word to the members of the faculty.

Clara Strain writes that on her way back to Montana she made quite a lengthy visit in Chicago and also spent some time in St. Paul. She adds, "In St. Paul I just missed seeing Hazel Bower who is in Minneapolis attending the University of Minnesota in connection with the Red Cross work." Hooverism is just being started throughout the west and they will be having less meat and white bread before long. This war has not taken hold of the westerners as in the east. It is rather interesting to us New Englanders to find that for just once the East has gotten a little ahead of the West."

A splendid letter has come to our preceptress from Jean McKay and she would love to share every word of it with the old girls. Jean writes, "Our summer days were mostly devoted to canning. The autumn days in Montana have been unusually pleasant this year but the recent unexpected slide of the thermometer from sixty degrees to zero was rather a blow. However, the warm "Chinook" winds hurried over the mountains this morning and relieved us for the time being." Jean is in possession of a Black Beauty in the form of a fine new horse which she confesses she had been eyeing all summer. We have a delightful picture in our mind of this expert horsewoman carried across that westland on her fine steed! I wonder what she will call him. We are not surprised that she declared her voice would be raised in protest had she had opportunity and could have stopped the resignation of Dr. Gordon. Jean is kind enough to say that she misses us all very much and O, Jean, we are still hungering for the sight of your own dear self.

Thanksgiving afternoon Dorothy Loomis ran in for just a moment. She is back from California looking well and reported herself very happy in her new work. She is now a full-fledged teacher.

Among the Thanksgiving guests was Miss Flavel Barnes, sister of our senior pesident, and last year's president of the senior class at Emerson School of Oratory. She delighted us with her recitations during the impromtu program which was carried out in the gymnasium.

Vera Poole's brother with a college friend dropped in for just a short call recently. Constance Smith also recently visited "Cousin Vera." Constance is now a student at Miss Chamberlayne's School, The Fenway, Boston and seems very happy in her new home.

Mrs. Beulah Coward Fresee was a guest of Madeline Loomis recently at dinner. Beulah and her husband are at home with Mr. and Mrs. Coward for the present but when we heard the full program which this little bride is carrying out we fancy she is not at home very long at a time.

We hear indirectly some very delightful reports of Prof. Henry Turner Bailey honorary member of the class of 1917, who is in Cleveland as Art Director. His responsibilities, of course, are great but we know he is fully equal to it. Without asking him we are daring to print below his timely and beautiful poem written Christmastide 1914.

"The fire of Bethlehem's guiding star
Thrills yet the purple night;
The war clouds of a world in arms
Cannot obscure that light.

The music out of Bethlehem's sky
Still floats across the sea;
The thunders of a million guns
Drown not its prophecy."

In a recent issue of Zion's Herald of Boston, mention was made of tthe splendid work carried on by Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, for the Red Cross in Pasedena, California. A friend who works with her reports that she is really an expert in this splendid service.

Gertrude Trafton recently entertained her father and mother at dinner. We were glad to meet these genial friends from Maine who in turn have so many friends among our old Lasell girls in their home town.

Ethyl Bushnell received a great surprise recently in a call from her aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Stafford. We were disappointed in not being able to persuade them to accept the hospitality of the school.

Rosalind Winslow's pen is busy again. This time she has written a charming story which appeared in the Newton High School Review.

Dr. Winslow at last is having a iittle rest from his arduous duties as a member of the Constitutional Convention. The conference has adjourned until April.

Mrs. Gordon reports that a cable has been received saying that Dr. Gordon has reached France in safety.

Miss Packard has been sharing with teachers and girls alike some unusually interesting letters from Paris written by her niece Miss Lillian Draper, who is private secretary to Mrs. Alice T. Weeks who lost a son in the early part of the war and is now devoting her time and means to the comfort of other soldier boys.

Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05, and her husband recently spent a Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Wagner. She did not have time to visit Cushman Hall but we were glad to get a report that she was well and we learned also that she is one of the leading workers in the Red Cross service in her city.

Our preceptress was recently delightfully surprised in receiving a call from Genevieve Evans Eshleman. She and her husband were on their wedding journey. We did not wonder as we saw this stalwart chemist that Genevieve was proud to introduce him to her teachers at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon H. Vincent were recently guests of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. The same evening Mr. Vincent gave his closing lecture in his course. His subject was the Wessex Novels, Thomas Hardy. No more valuable or interesting speaker comes to Lasell during the year that this gifted author and lecturer.

Mabelle Whitney, '03, spent a Sunday in December at Lasell. She resigned from the position of deaconess in the Home Missionary Society of Boston where she has served successfully for four years and is now a regular student in the Gordon Bible College. In addition to her regular work she is the preceptress in one of the dormitories and tells some interesting facts concerning her little family. She is enthusiastic over her work and we are enthusiastic over her. Mabelle seems to be constantly progressing. We wish her success in her new course of study.

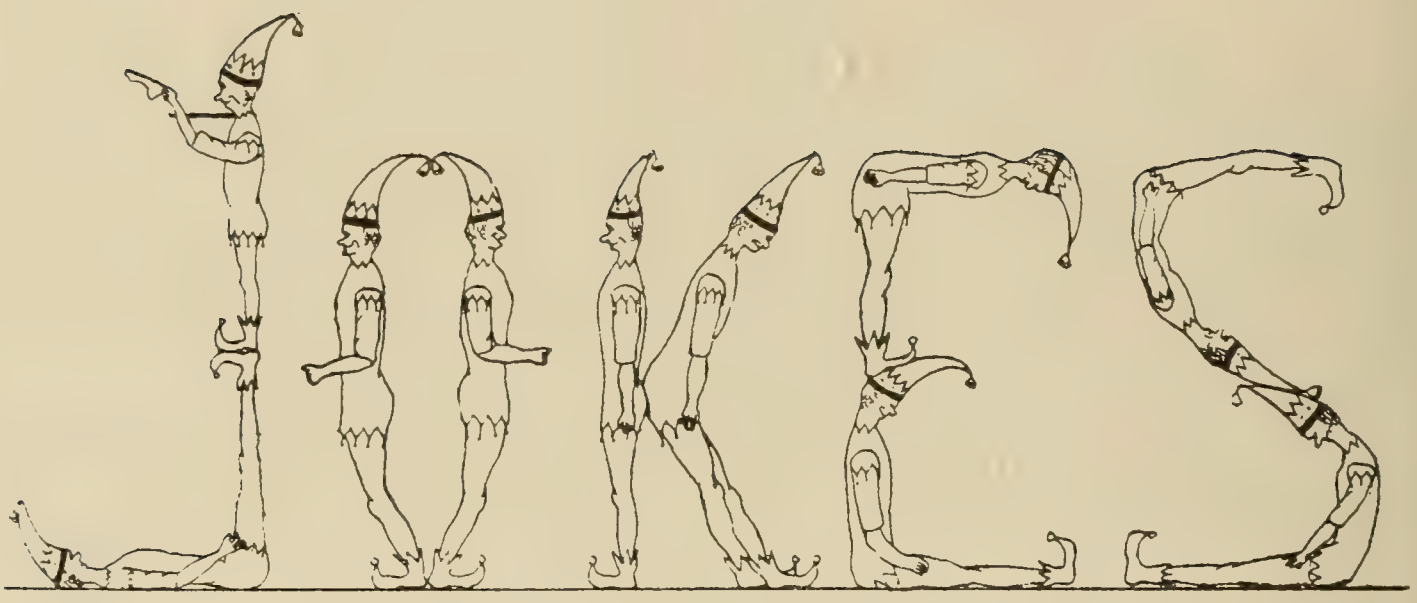
Juliette Rideout's brother, a recent instructor in Brown University was with us one evening. He reports Mrs. Rideout (Charlotte Wythe) and the boy, both well, and we only wish that he had brought the little family back "home" with him.

Our hearts are turning very tenderly and constantly these days toward Emma Elizabeth Richards who is mourning the loss of her mother who died on November 6th. We remember Emma's loving and constant solicitude during the months when she was at Lasell and separted from the invalid mother.

We are indebted to Mrs. Day for in forming us of the death of Mrs. D. F. Wells (S. Jennie James, '55) of Exeter, New Hampshire. Up to the last she kept her keen and loyal interest in Lasell and in touch with her class-mates of long ago.

We were indeed shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden death of Eunice Anderson, the little sister of our Virginia Anderson of last year. We remember this bright young girl as she visited her big sister and felt so pleased to have her name on our roster for next year. We have not learned the particulars but certainly our tenderest sympathy is extended to Virginia and her family in this hour of their sorrow.

BOSTON TRAFFIC



JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

J. Lord:—"I move the nomination be closed."

D Benson:—"I second the nomination."

Intelligent Sophomore (picking up Caesar) —Oh Latin is easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here "pointing to several passages, "'Forte dux in aro', Forty ducks in a row. Passus sum jam.' Pass us some jam. 'Boni leges Caesaris,' Bony legs of Caesar." —Ex.

"As a rule a man's a fool
When it's hot, he wants it cool
When it's cool, he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not."

Mr. Amesbury:—(in shorthand) — "Be careful; every little motion has a meaning all its own."

THIS MEANS YOU

"The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh don't be too wise."

"He that falls in love with himself will have no rival."

Miss Weatherbee:—"I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long."

Seniors with one accord:—"Yield not to temptation."

REPLIES WE NEVER HEAR

Teacher:—"I have decided that we shall have a test to-day."

Pupils:—"Oh, joy! Great! Fine!"

Dr. Winslow:—"It is decided that we will trade two Mondays for an extended vacation."

Pupils:—"Horrors! Oh wicked world! Would that I never had been born!"

IN SEVERAL STATES

"O, come with me, my love," he said,
We'll seek some quiet, shady Del.,
Where I Kan. kiss a dainty Miss.,
Ore. tell again of cupid's spell.

Tenn. times I love you and I Wis.
You'd Ark. to me N.C. my heart
A-beating inwardly for you.
I swear from you I'll never part."

"O, La.," said she, "I'll Nev. Va. go,
I'll call Pa. Better let me be.
Besides you only want my Mon.,
So don't get Ga., No. Conn., D. C.?"

"A chandelier
A mistletoe
A lover near
A maid below
A scuffle dear,
A kiss or so
And that is Christmas, don't you know."

WINTER

"One man's grumblin,
Says t'aint nice,
Kickin' at the cold snap—
He sells ice.

One man's happy,
Bless your soul,
He wants it zero—
He sells coal." —Ex.

"There are more people who are not Turks in Turkey than there are turkeys."

"Generally speaking, girls are—"
"Yes, they are."
"Are what?"
"Generally speaking."

WANTED

Wanted:—A first initial for Magoun's O'Brien.
Something for Aurora and Ethel to scrap over.
A curling iron for Roxana Stark.
A mob at the Post-Office at mail time.
A traffic cop for the vestibule.
A funeral march for chapel.
A sister at Wellesley for Dot and Gert Strain to visit.
A crush for Dot Benson.
To know who the "James" is, Miss Rand has lost track of.
A longer breakfast hour for Lorra Merritt.
A hair dresser for Jo Forster.
A new gait for Brookie.
A pull for Amy Phillips
Something to make Lavinia Morrison talk.
Some glue for Kuhn and Shepard.
A new giggle for Dot. Packard and Eleanor Beaman.
Less popular music for the victrola.
Someone to help Edith Abbot with her 30c menu.
Connie Allen's recipe for apple pie.
More chances to sing "One Friday Night."
More attentive room-mates for Frances Wieder and Ruth Lippett.
A pedigree for the "family" in Clark.
A little face powder for the Evans twins.
Some *"honey"* for Emily Ehrhart.
Some means of making Esther and Julia more "clubby."

(Continued from Page 8)

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pickle, rolling into a puddle. She said she cried more because she had wasted her pickle than because she was hurt.

Having laughed and laughed over our jolly reminiscences, we all decided to set aside some day of the following week as *Dill Pickle Day*, and enjoy once more the delights of eating from a paper-bag these old-time delicacies.

—*C. Spinney.*

(Continued from Page 9)

The name of "Caroline Abrahams" should have been printed "Carolie Abrams." We are very sorry that these errors occurred.

A HANK OF WOOL

Out in the grassy fields among the hills,
Where streams come down formed by the mountain rills,
Here to this land of beauty every day,
Come countless flocks of sheep with shepherds gay.
Sheep graze and roam about, but in the Spring,
The men these flocks into a shelter bring
Here they are sheared, then back again to field
Until next Spring another crop they yield.
This wool into the city now they take,
And into many garments skilfully make;
Part woven into cloth for dresses new
And coats and other things they fashion too.
Then part of it to yarn they firmly weave,
And ne'er a scrap for wasting do they leave.
This wool is taken to the shops and sold
For knitting things for all our boys so bold.
Before the war the yarn in colors bright
Was placed for sale so that the ladies might
Buy and knit all things of brilliant hue,
But now we see the khaki and the blue.
These colors, although sombre, may mean life
To many a man who's in the war and strife.
The gray and blue are for our sailors brave
Whose mission takes them out upon the wave
The khaki wool is for our soldiers bold
Who are fighting in the trenches wet and cold.
And so a hank of wool has quite a part
In making fighters warm and brave of heart;
These little hanks of khaki wool and gray
Will help to hasten on the victory day.

—*E. Kimball.*

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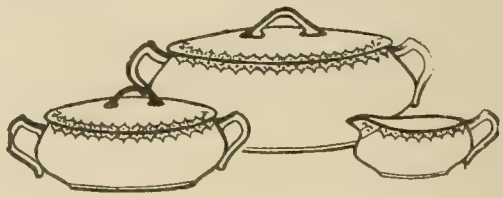

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

VICTROLA IN THE HOME ..... *Doris Bahn* 5

MY SUMMER CANNING ..... *M. Goodrich* 6

THE BEWILDERED VIOLIN ..... *E. A. Chaffee* 7

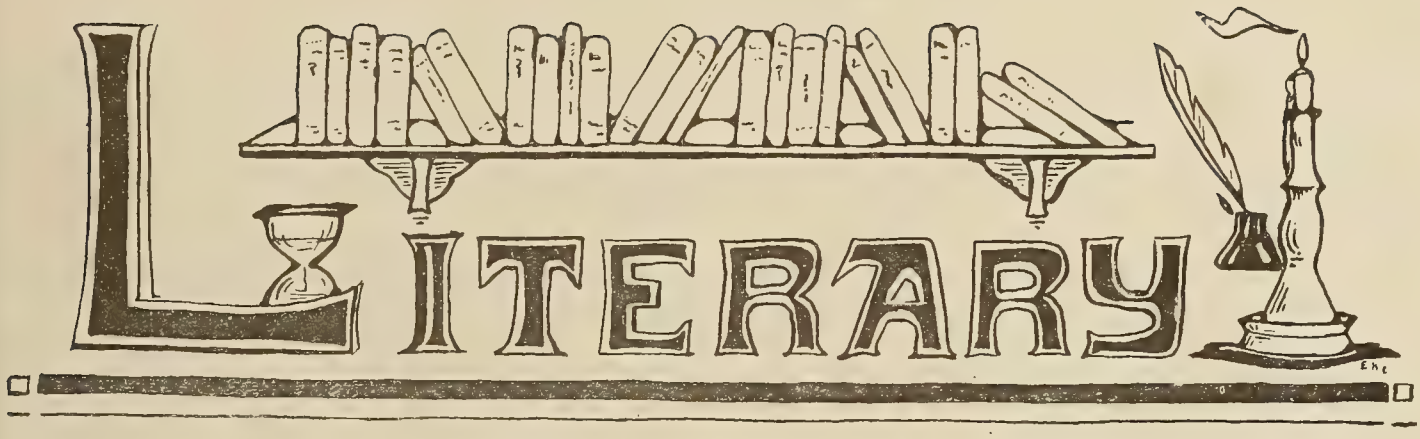
KNITTING KNEEDLES ..... *R. I. M. P.* 8

EDITORIAL 9

LOCALS 10

PERSONAL 12

SUPPLEMENT 16



THE VICTROLA IN THE HOME

Canned music! How absurd it sounds, yet how familiar. Just as we have canned fruits and vegetables, and meats and fish, so we have canned music. Mr. Thomas Edison thought of the idea when he invented the talking machine, and then a hundred other people took it up, until now, in the shape of records for the victrola, we have as many different varieties of canned music as we have of pickles.

Yet what a wonderful and splendid thing this invention is. I agree with you, of course, that people did live comfortably and pleasurably before the coming of the victrola; but let me also remind you that they seemed to live equally comfortably without automobiles, electric lights, telephones, aeroplanes; and yet, think what they missed? Besides, I am not directing my arguments to them but to you, people of 1918, and so I ask "What is home without a victrola?"

I never thought so much about the subject until I visited friends of mine in a little suburban town, five miles from Rochester. They were Smithers by name, and like almost every modern American family, they enjoyed music. Sister Anne delighted in classics; Willie adored rag time; Father favored patriotic music; Mother wasn't particular; but Grandmother doted on hymns and old fashioned melodies. But the difficulty lay in the fact that only Sister Anne played, and she, not being always able to accomodate everybody all the while, generally accommodated herself and practiced scales by the hour and exercises by the yard. Willie, too, was learning, to be sure, but he never seemed to get any farther than "simple confession; even Grandmother exclaimed "My stars and conscience," when he tried to rag it, while Mother sighed, and Father, thoroughly out of patience, demanded a rest from that infernal noise. And so what should have been a delight came to be a sorrow to the Smithers.

Furthermore Sister Anne was forever demanding parties, and Father was forever putting his hand into his pocket and bringing out money for orchestras for dancing, although forever exclaiming and scolding about expensive young people. And that wasn't the only difficulty either; for, everytime they had weekend guests, Mrs. Smithers seemed to think it necessary to take them to a theatre, or to an expensive concert which Mr. Smithers couldn't afford—but then, they must be entertained somehow. Besides all that, Willie never stopped talking about the Joneses, because they had a pianola and all the latest rags, until Mr. Smithers wished that the Joneses had never existed.

And aren't there a great many families in the world more or less like the Smithers, and wouldn't a victrola be a priceless addition to

their homes? *Think* what it would have meant to these same Smithers! Music would have become a joy, because each member of the family could have had just the kind most enjoyed: Sister Anne, her classical; Willie, his popular; Father his patriotic; and Grandmother, her hymns and old time melodies. Father wouldn't have thought that young people were expensive, because Sister Anne's parties could have danced gayly to the strains of the victrola. Mrs. Smithers wouldn't have insisted upon going to the theatre and to high-priced concerts, because she could have entertained their week-end guests at home with victrola songs, jokes, and instrumental selections. Lastly Willie wouldn't have driven the family nearly frantic, talking about the Joneses, because they, the Smitherses, would have had a victrola of their own.

And so I think, dear friends, that the victrola, canned music, plays a very important part in a great many homes. Do you not agree with me that it is a money-saving, pleasure-giving, temper-sparing, and altogether profitable investment?

Doris Bahn

MY SUMMER CANNING

In response to the great cry for food conservation during the past year, special attention has been paid to the new methods of canning in all the schools that have the domestic science courses and free demonstration lectures have been given in almost all cities and towns. As I had taken the course in canning at Lasell and as my mother had raised an exceptionally large crop of vegetables, I thought it was up to me to do my duty and can, or at least, try to can.

The first thing that I attemped was some culivated strawberries. While the syrup was cooling, I picked over the berries and packed them in the sterilized cans. In a short time the syrup was ready and I poured it on the berries and partially sealed the jars. Then I placed the jars in the water-bath to sterilize for eight minutes. After they had cooled about four minutes, I looked at them and noticed the cover on one can loose. I took it out but found that the water had mixed with the syrup and spoiled that jar of fruit. At the end of the eight minutes, I started to take them out. One jar came out succesfully, but the bottom of the other one fell out, before I could save the contents of the jar. Of course it was rather discouraging to get one good jar of fruit out of three, but I didn't let that bother me any and, a few weeks later, I canned blackberries and raspberries with better results.

Next came all the different kinds of vegetables. Among these to my delight Dad wanted me to can a lot of tomatoes. They were the easiest of all to manage and they looked so attractive in the glass jars.

After canning about thirty-five cans of tomatoes, I started in with the sweet corn which took ever so much more time to prepare as well as to finish. Mother had planned to have the corn canned on a certain day, not knowing that I had arranged to go away. The corn, however, had to be picked because it was getting older every day and would soon pass the canning stage. Accordingly, I decided to get up about five o'clock in the morning and can the corn before I went. With the aid of my younger sister, I picked a two-bushel basket heaping full of corn and husked it all before breakfast. Directly after breakfast we started the canning process We blanched small quantities at a time and cut the corn from the ears while another basket of corn

was blanching. In this way, a great deal was accomplished. After packing all the corn in the sterilized glass jars, I put it in the hot water-bath to sterilize for three hours. While this was sterilizing, I cleaned up all the dirt I had made and by nine-thirty was ready to go for my outing.

Besides the tomatoes and corn, I canned string beans, shell beans, peas, beets, turnips, carrots, rhubarb, peaches, pears, butter beans, and corn and tomato combinations.

Preparing the shell beans for canning, was quite a lot of work but it was interesting to see the different changes they underwent. When they were first shelled, some were red and white, black and red, and black and white; but after they were bleached for five minutes, they all turned to a homely dark green. After three hours of sterilization, the beans became a grayish brown and looked the same as when they are ready to serve on the table. If they are not cooked over time, they keep their shape and really do look appetizing.

After preparing about two hundred jars of different kinds of fruits and vegetables, I felt as if I had done my duty along that line of food conservation. My summer canning, although it was the first I had really ever done, will look mighty good to the folks this winter when the snow is about three feet deep and the wintry winds are blowing.

—*Goodrich '18*

THE BEWITCHED VIOLIN

A musty garret underneath the eaves,
Of some half-ruined, quite deserted store.
Shelters a man with skin like withered leaves,
With falt'ring step, and hair and heard of hoar.
Beneath a dusty sky-light long he sits,
And deftly shapes with gnarled, twisted hand.
A bit of wood, then gently, surely fits
Another piece, and firmly glues each band.
At length 'tis done; a master's violin,
He sits and fondles it with gentle care:
It's mellow depths send forth no jarring din.
Or loud discord. Each note is perfect, fair.
"My daughter's hand shall play it: None but she
Shall woo sweet music from this magic viol."
And when the little maiden, laughingly,
Came dancing in, with sunlight in her smile,
He placed it on her shoulder; and the bow
At first uncertain o'er the strings she drew.
The golden tones poured forth with music slow,
Then faster, as more self-assured she grew.
Each day she played, and ever spread her fame,
Until a lover 'neath her window sighed.
Her father trembled as he heard that name;
'Twas known o'er all the country, far and wide.
One morning when he 'woke he chanced upon
A message, on his pillows laid, and read
He was alone. "I love you, but have gone
To dwell with him who is my life," it said,
"And lest you miss me sore I leave with you
Your other child, the violin." 'Twas all.
His sunlight fled, the days dragged slowly through,
And weeks, and years from spring unto the fall;
He kept no count, the violin lay dumb,
It's music gone, though many an eager one
Had sought to play it, and had even come
To hold it: and its mirth had turned to dole.
That glorious tone had fled, and in its place
A harsher sound; no music had remained.
Then one day when the clouds had come apace,
And all the sky was lower, and it rained,
The door was opened, and a laughing maid
Came gently in, and slowly to the shelf,
Whereon the violin was always laid,
Advanced; and seeming quite unconscious of herself
She laid it on her breast; and as before

A girl had wooed sweet melody, so now
Enchanting music filled the room once more.
The sage, though sleep was resting on his brow,
Sprang up with unbelieving eyes, "'Tis she!
Nay, still I dream! Pray, mistress, speak your name."
"Ah, grandsire," spake the girl, "so dear to me,
Thy daughter's daughter. From afar I came;
For she is dead. I promised, when she went,
To seek you out, and here I am." And then
She kissed him; o'er the strings the bow she bent,
The music swelled, the viol sang again!

—E. A. Chaffee '18

KNITTING-NEEDLES

Proudly decked in brilliant blues,
Yellows, greens,—all startling hues;
Gold and white, cerise and pink,
Prettier shades than one can think;
Over, under, up and down,
Went the knitting needles round.
How they clicked and clicked each day,
Just to while the time away!

All this now has quite gone past;
None for self while war doth last.
Silk, angora, Shetland floss,
Fare ye well! We're through with gloss!
Both old and young, all o'er the land
Needles ply on every hand,
Each desiring now to make
Something for the country's sake.

Some offering a heartfelt prayer,
As they knit with patient care.
No more tatting, "ukes," nor fun,—
Seriousness for everyone;
From early morn to evening they
Garments make in blue and gray.
Needles new, with painted end,
A daintiness bewitching lend.

Whether helmet, jersey, scarf,
Wristers, socks, in their behalf,
For our valorous boys in blue
Or for jolly tars you do,
For it they will grateful be,
Men on land as men on sea.
Don't be one of those who lag;
Put some needles in your bag.

Irvina Pomeroy

C, as you see, is for Carpenter Hall,
A senior house, just the best of them all.
R is for Ruth, whom we love without cease;
P is for Pom, playing Kreisler's Caprice;
E is for Esther, our house president;
N ow we enjoy Student Self-Government.
T ea in our home is a Joy to us all,—
E very one eats quite enough to appall.
R is Miss Rand, head of Carpenter Hall.

—R. I. M. P. '18.

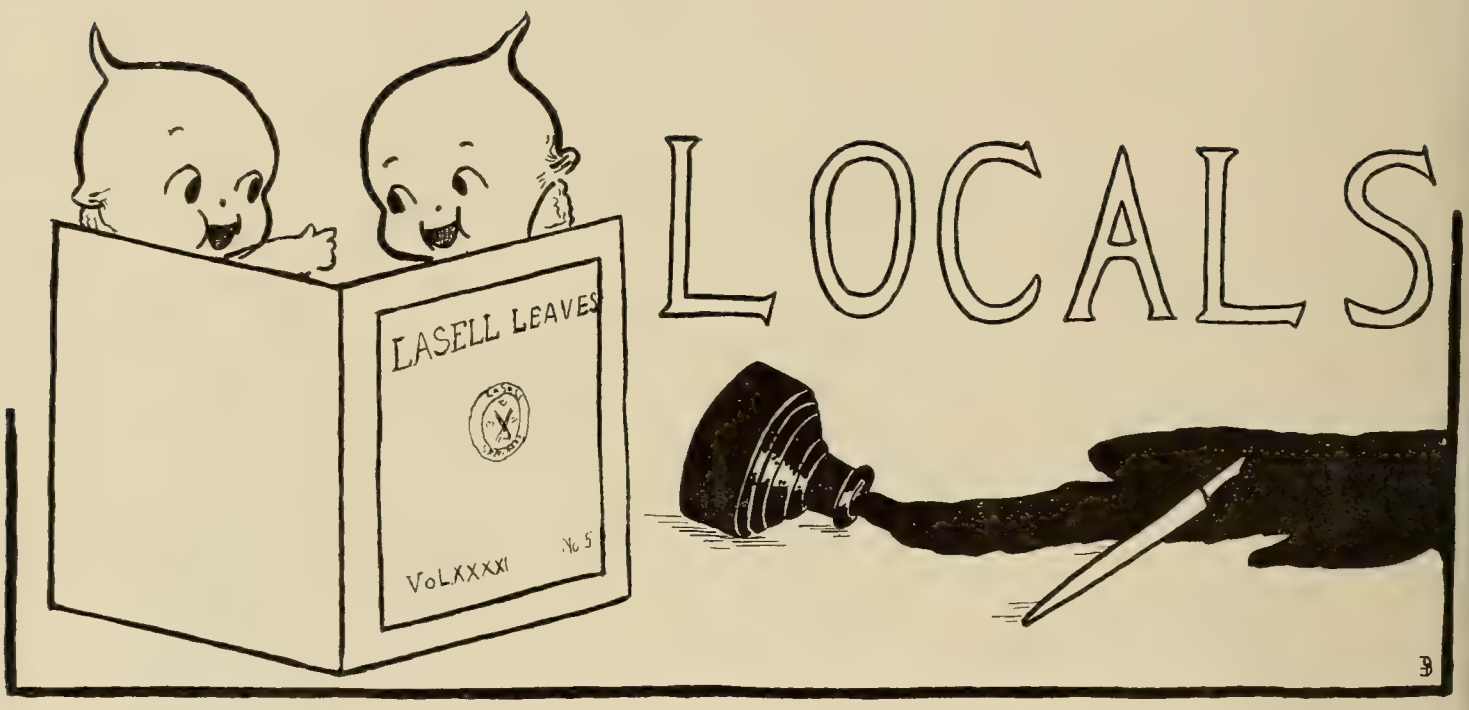
Happy New Year—Everybody, and may 1918 bring you all kinds of success and good luck! Nineteen-seventeen was wonderful to be sure, but this year is going to be even finer. Let's start at once to make it so by forgetting the things that seemed wrong or disappointing about the old year and by making the most of our privileges and advantages here at school.

Do make nineteen-eighteen successful from the studying stand-point! Start in now to do each lesson for each day well and see if satisfying results will not follow.

Most of our Lasell friendships are already made, but that is all the more reason for carefully watching our own actions for the rest of the school year. It is so easy to slight those who are not of our special "crowd" and to forget that we may have thrown away a real chance for service by so acting. Help the other fellow along all you can — for it is the being of assistance to others that makes life truly worth the living. Let each day really mean something because the world has been met with a smile.

Just a word about the Leaves and the new year. The Editors want to give you a splendid magazine—every month; but magazines do not make themselves and material must be forth-coming. Where are all the story-writers of our school—for surely there must be quite a few among us? Once more the Editors beg you to hand in material—stories, poems, accounts of Christmas visits with old girls, jokes that occur in the class-room, and, in fact, any material that you think would add to your school paper—for it is yours, you know, and it is up to you to make it good.

The other members of the Leaves Staff regret the absence on account of illness of the capable Editor-in-Chief. A speedy recovery to you, Lucinda!



THE ART EXHIBIT AND SALE

The parlors and Room 72 were given over on Thursday afternoon, December sixth, for an art sale and exhibit for the benefit of the Red Cross and trench wounded. Nellie Wong, a student here last year, served Chinese tea for us and sold Chinese candy. As a result of this afternoon, between $60 and $70 was realized. The next morning Miss Porter and Vinette Young raffled off the posters that had been made to advertise the sale. Four of these were sold for prices ranging from sixteen cents to one dollar and sixteen cents.

At this same assembly the second afghan was displayed and we were indeed proud of it and glad that we had spent odd minutes making the squares.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. have been having a drive lately and as a part of that Mr. Brewer Eddy and Miss Alison Horton spoke at the Castle-on-the-Hill. Ten girls from Lasell were invited to attend. They then came back to take up the work here in school. On December twelfth every girl signed up for some small amount of money for the work and the mandolin club played for the dancing in the gym that evening when five cents was charged for admission. One hundred dollars was thus secured.

Mr. F. E. Davidson of the Rescue Mission in Boston spoke to us on Sunday evening, December ninth, under the auspices of the Missionary Society. He told us of the new building and of the work that the Mission is doing to assist the poor of the city. Miss Coates came with Mr. Davidson to thank us for the eatables that we had sent to the mission and to tell us one or two stories of the sad incidents that are continually brought to the notice of the Mission. After the meeting about twenty girls went to Boston with Mr. Davidson and were all most enthusiastic over the work being done.

CAPS AND GOWNS

Friday night was a busy one indeed for Seniors and for Juniors. People began to think it about time for caps and gowns to be appearing and so kept eager eyes open for signs from the Seniors. Two Juniors were

caught on Friday night while they were attempting to capture the senior song and after that the school had not long to wait for the event. The caps and gowns were on for assembly Saturday morning, the fifteenth and every Senior is proud, as she has the right to be, of these precious possessions. Here is the Senior song.

"The Seniors grand, before you stand,
As they've ne'er stood before;
Behold each one in cap and gown.
All worthy of renown.
Thru this short year, they'll e'er be dear,
To every Senior here.

Here's to the class of '18, the Seniors of Lasell.
For red and white, we'll always fight,
And strive with all our might.
These colors that we all adore,
We'll cherish ever more.
And when from school, we soon shall go,
We want you all to know,
That 1918 loves so well, the rest of dear Lasell."

HALIFAX

The awful disaster at Halifax naturally enough affected all of us and when Dr. Winslow sent out a call for clothing to relieve the sufferers, the town and Lasell quickly responded. On Sunday morning $3000 worth of things was started off to these destitute people.

The last Christian Endeavor of the year was held in the parlors and consisted mostly of Christmas singing. A few people gave their ideas on the season. As our Thanksgiving donations of fruit and crackers had been so appreciated by the Rescue Mission, once again donations of the same kind were collected.

Certainly everyone present appreciated the dandy Christmas dinner that we had on Wednesday night, December the nineteenth, and enjoyed the many slams and jokes that continued throughout the meal. As all work was over everyone could "let go" to join heartily in the frolic and spirit of the evening. At the close of the meal Alma Mater was sung and good-byes said, for we were not to meet again as a body until after vacation.

We trust that every student at Lasell thoroughly enjoyed her holiday.

The classes have given rather beautiful gifts this year and ones that will indeed give joy throughout the entire year. The Juniors have given 1917 a present of a French Orphan; the Sophomores have given their sister classmen, the Seniors, an Orphan; and the Seniors themselves have retaken their child of last year. Can our hearts be sad when such joy has been made possible for the needy?

LECTURE

"Our Brains and What to do with Them" was the subject of an entertaining lecture by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman on the evening of December nineteenth at the Congregational Church. By clever illustrations this well-known writer and speaker brought out the limitations imposed by custom and tradition upon the social brain and upon individual brains. She showed that the former holds possibilities, world wide in their beneficence; she urged that the latter be trained not only to receive and retain noble impressions but also to correlate and express them. Only thus can the world and the Creator be rightly served.

The Auburndale Brotherhood and other townspeople shared with the school this unusual opportunity.

The editor of the personal-column wishes a Happy New Year to old girls and new and is looking forward to a host of interesting news-items which we trust will fill our columns during 1918.

———

On the twenty-second of December Elsie Mead Post was united in marriage to Lieutenant Arthur Dorward Drake at Belleville, New Jersey.

The day before Christmas Margaret Williams became the wife of Sergeant Ormrod Titus. The announcement was made by her uncle, Mr. William Laurence Ormrod whom Lasell will remember as an enthusiastic visitor at the school during Margaret's sojourn here as a student.

We received this interesting item from one of the local Columbus papers and know that old girls will be interested in every word of it. "The engagement of Miss Elinor C. Ryan ('12) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Ryan 297 Woodland avenue, to Mr. Walter A. Hixenbaugh, Jr., of Omaha, Nebraska, was announced Friday by the parents of the bride-elect. Both Miss Ryan and Mr. Hixenbaugh were members of the Ford peace expedition in 1915, the former representing Ohio State University and the latter the Polity club of the University of Nebraska. Mr. Hixenbaugh is a member of Delta Chi fraternity and Miss Ryan is a member of Delta Delta Delta, Theta Sigma Phi and Phi Beta Kappa. She is secretary of the Columbus Day Nursery association. Because Mr. Hixenbaugh is in military service with the regular army, the wedding plans are indefinite. He is a member of the medical corps, stationed at Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas."

Among the Christmas greetings which came to Lasell was an artistic (as we would naturally expect) card from Professor and Mrs. Henry Turner Bailey. It evidently is a sketch of the entrance to their new home with the address beneath, 1851 Rosemont Road, East Cleveland, Ohio. This original message follows: "689 miles from dear

Trustworth but just as near as ever to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Bailey." Many of the old girls will be glad to have the address of this popular and loyal friend of the school and Lasell takes this opportunity of sending Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and their family New Year's greetings.

From January third to sixth occurred at Northfield, Massachusetts a special conference under the Student Volunteer Movement. This conference took the place of the quadrennial meeting and was under the direction of that master leader, John R. Mott. Lasell felt honored that Miss Packard was among the seventy faculty delegates. There were about three hundred sudents in addition and who better fitted for a missionary delegate than our Registrar?

We were delighted but not surprised to receive an announcement of the marriage of Mildred Keasor to Mr. Charles Joseph Pitman. The Laconia, New Hampshire daily paper in commenting on this happy union says "the bride and groom are among the most popular young people of the city."

There has recently come to our attention a full account of the Brannan-Ansley wedding (Amy Florence Brannan '10) which occurred in the Woman's Club at Cleveland, Ohio. The account includes a description of a cameo surrounded with pearls over two hundred years old and unusual adornments in the trousseau of this favored bride. Amy now is at home in Minneapolis where we hope she has met our other Lasell girls.

Sara Alma Dunn, '11, and Lieutenant Clarence S. DeLong were united in marriage on the first of November at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. They are at home temporarily at Lawton, Oklahoma.

A newspaper clipping has recently been sent to the school announcing the marriage of Caroline K. Steinmetz, '09, and Mr. J. William Schweitzer. The reporter adds that the happy couple are now honeymooning at the bride's apartment at 141 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania. Mr. Schweitzer is the Eastern organizer of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association which aims to raise the status of the migratory worker. He is a disciple of J. Eads How, the "millionaire tramp." Mr. Schweitzer has been writing for the Hobo News under the nom de plume of Jack Merril Leighton. In this aspect he will not be alone as the bride has in preparation several verses with which her former poem "America" will seem tame.

Among those who remembered us at Christmastide were Mr. and Mrs. Von Fong Lam. A charming card with two salutations in Chinese which being interpreted mean A Merry Christmas, A Bright New Year. Mae and her husband are still in Philadelphia. We heartily reciprocate their kind greetings.

Perhaps the most unique Christmas card which came to our preceptress was that from Angeline Emery MacCullouch '14, a postal adorned with a picture of Angeline and her little baby Betty. We have rarely seen a more attractive and unique greeting than this one. We can hardly wait for Betty to grow old enough to come to Lasell.

Another Christmas card contains this message which will interest the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd and Bess. "If we cannot be "Merry" or "Joyful," we can be courageous and hopeful and prayerful, can't we? The memories of the years are "happy" to us. The three Shepherds."

Dear Olive Bates Dumas, '19, who has been very ill is now convalescing and one of her first messages was a Christmas greeting to her "old school on the hill" and best wishes to all for the New Year.

In her Christmas letter Ella Stedman Frank '82, reports good news from her lieutenant son now in France in the department of engineers. By the way Ella doesn't tell us but we have heard through others that he has been honored by "raise in rank" and expressions of appreciation from his superior officers as to his marked ability. In referring to her visit "home" a year ago Ella writes "how I did enjoy seeing you all and dear Dr. Bragdon and the Seminary."

We were glad and surprised to receive Christmas greetings from Mrs. Mabel Mosher, our dear Miss Nutt's assistant nurse. Mrs. Mosher is now at the home of Mr. C. Mitchell, Coleraine, Minnesota, where she would be glad to hear from Lasell girls of her time.

Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79 is at 1517 Jarvis St., Columbia, South Carolina for the winter. She is certainly a very busy, happy woman taking a hand literally in war work and enjoying to the full the special advantages of that charming southern city. She writes "the churches of my city are omitting the evening services on account of the shortage of coal and the schools are having three weeks vacation for the same reason. Lasell sent her a photograph of the War Doll and Carrie writes "she is certainly a very deceptive little lady. I had pleasure in showing her off to many friends. At the first glance she does look like a real Lasell child."

Florence Nelson Flanders arrived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Flanders of Winnipeg on November twenty-second, almost a Thanksgiving baby. Our congratulations to parents and daughter.

On October 8th a son, Robert Fielden Hull was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton M. Hull (Margaret S. Livermore, '13).

Mrs. Wagner had a very merry company at Xmastide. Elizabeth Hazelet Weis and her husband, Mr. Paul Weis, were not only in New England for Christmas but are settling, we hope, not far from Boston. Mr. Weis has a new position as inspector in one of the government plants. Sanford Wagner and wife were also guests at their parent's home. Mrs. Wagner has one son in service, Lieutenant Charles Wagner stationed at Spartansburg, S. C.

Miss Mary B. Williams here in 1882-'84 passed through the Seminary recently making a hurried call. We hope to see more of her later as she is making her home in Newtonville. She had with her a niece who is a student in one of the young women's seminaries in Virginia.

Through Dr. Bragdon the sad tidings has come to us of the sudden death of Mabel Judd Whitney which occurred in Chicago in September. Our tender sympathies go to the bereaved husband and parents. Mabel's mother was Eva Bragdon Judd, '77.

Melville F. Webber, a member of the English Embassy is a brother of our Marion Webber who is a day pupil this year.

We have also learned some interesting items from a letter received by Dr. Bragdon from Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01. One of the most pleasing words is the assurance of this old girl that her deep gratitude to our Principal Emeritus and appreciation of Lasell have grown greater with the years. After spending seven happy, prosperous years in old Mexico she returned to the States and was a guest for sometime of her husband's parents at their beautiful home, The Pines in Decatur, Illinois, where little Eleanor Brooks Clokey was born. She is now living in Denver, Colorado and speaks of having met Mrs. Gertrude Bucknum Acors, '95.

One of the unique benefits for the war fund occurred right in the nursery of the little Winslow children. Members of the faculty and older friends were the only folk favored

with invitations. It was certainly a proper place for a children's fair. There was the veritable calico dog and gingham cat and no end of soldiers able, and disabled, and all sorts of toy delegates from Noah's Ark in full view. The affair was happily arranged and the dear children, especially Master Richard, were perfectly equal to the business end of the enterprise while little Donald and Priscilla did their share in calling attention to the pretty things and Marjory was the graceful little presiding hostess. Many of the Christmas cards and calendars had been colored by the children and in just a modest way within a few hours, these little Red Cross enthusiasts netted some twenty-one dollars.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter take this opportunity of thanking a host of old girls for their generous and loving thought of them at the Christmastide and New Year. All the good wishes which came to Lasell are warmly reciprocated in the words of one of the messages which was received at this time. "We pray that the New Year may be filled with unexpected blessings for every dear girl who has been at some time a member of our school family."

The following notice of the passing of one of our distinguished graduates occured in a recent number of the Transcript.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Pratt, '55, for many years a trustee of Wellesley College, and known as a philanthropist, died at her home in Whitinsville after a long illness. She was born in Hopkinton, on April 18, 1836, the youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. Jefferson Pratt. She married John C. Whitin of Whitinsville in 1875. Mrs. Whitin was known for her benevolent and public works. Her life was full of activity. She was greatly interested in the development of higher education for women, and for many years was trustee of Wellesley College, to which she gave an observatory and whose growth, she followed with deep concern. She was also appointed a trustee for the Worcester Asylums for the insane, and was on the board of trustees for the Baldwinsville Cottage Hospital. Her gracious hospitality made her friendship a rare privilege. Mrs. Whitin died after a long illness on Dec. 26, in her eighty-second year.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS

December 16—The Reverend Brewer Eddy gave a thoughtful and stirring address at our Christmas Vespers, taking as his subject "God's laws abide."

He reviewed briefly the history of the chosen people as related to Mount Zion upon which so much of our christian religion also has been built. It was there that Abraham prepared to sacrifice to his God, his only son, that Solomon builded his Temple, that the city of Jerusalem was founded; for hundreds of years, since 1187, this sacred place has been in the hands of the Turks, the Mohammedans, but now, for the World's Christmas gift, it had been restored to Christians; this shows plainly that God's laws of justice and integrity do abide. To preserve these laws we pay a great price but the price will be still greater if we break them by attempting to form a peace not based on His great principles. During the vacation and through all the year, we should carry this thought.

The music given by the Glee Club was a credit to Lasell.

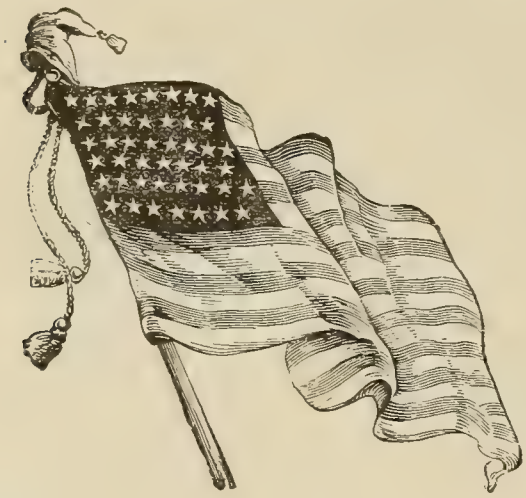
BOSTON TRAFFIC

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*



WORLD SACRIFICE, WORLD VICTORY

Supreme the hour, supreme the call,
  Supreme will be the test
A world in death-throe agony
  Demands of us our best

Above the sob of anguish
I hear a still small voice
It breathes of love and loyalty
It bids my heart rejoice.

. . . . . .

It is the song the angels sang
On that bright star light night
When Heaven stooped to welcome men.
From darkness into light.

It is the song of harmony.
With God's eternal plan
The purest, clearest note of which,
Is the "Brotherhood of Man."

Ellen W. Palmer, Lasell '57

DETROIT LASELL CLUB

The attendance at the Michigan Lasell Club luncheon was small this year but we believe that the reason for it was that so many of the girls are busy doing Red Cross and other war work. Those who were present brought their knitting and accomplished quite a bit, besides having a very enjoyable afternoon.

Your letter was most interesting and the girls think it a very fine plan to open Woodland Park Hotel as a school for younger girls and hope it will be a great success. We also enjoyed the picture of the Lasell War Doll. What fun the girls must have had dressing it and how well they did it.

Lasell is indeed doing splendidly in the war work and we are sending a small check as our contribution to the Lasell War Fund. So many of our girls are helping in this great work. Edessa Warner is very active in helping in Port Huron, while Eleanora Stroh Cole, Cora Nicholson Gray, Irene Stroh and myself are knitting.

Ella Puchta Knight and Lucy Aldrich Berston were kept at home by their little ones. Little Miss Knight is six months old and Master Berston just two weeks old.

After the luncheon a short business meeting was held and the following officers were elected;

President; Jennie Hamilton
Vice President; Cora Nicholson Gray
Secretary-Treasurer: Irene Stroh

Reported in letter to Dr. Winslow by Luella Krentler.

THE CHICAGO LASELL CLUB

The Chicago Lasell Club Luncheon was a great success. I am sending you the names of those present. It is a bit late in reaching you but after the luncheon the Illinois Women's registration followed so closely I put off straightening the lists until I got home (Dayon) for Thanksgiving.

You will see we had a good number. Lieutenant Hamilton was called to Canada so Sargeant Baldwin came in his place. What seemed disaster for a time proved great good fortune for Sargeant Baldwin was so splendid a speaker and so well filled with "War" he held the girls for an hour and a quarter. All knitting ceased and even though the bands in the Liberty Loan parade could be heard the girls were not anxious to have Sargeant Baldwin stop speaking. Mrs. Kenny made us feel most comfortable in the College Club rooms and was charming indeed. Colonel Clokey (Bell's father) closed the program in a very effective manner. I wish you might have been with us. It would have made the gathering complete.

Merry Christmas greetings to your family and all Lasell. — Reported in letter to Dr. Winslow by Edith McClure Patterson.

Those present were:—

Bertha Hax Auld, 1885; Hazel Carey Adam '05; Margaret Gregson Barker, 1914; Alma Bunch, '13; Gertrude Buettner, '17; Frances Bragdon, '05; Josephine Burt, '17; Grace Emerson Cole, '08; Katherine Morris Coombs, 1912; Helen Carter, '07; Sarah Hayden Carlton, '95; Edna Nichols Crosby, 1913; Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10; Dorothy Darrow, 1914; Margherita Dike, '10; Lucy Wilson Errett, '06; Jessie Connell Elwood, 1892; Mrs. D. N. Ellsworth; Lucille Cottrell Friez, 1916; Lavinia Fera, '16; Pauline Fera, '17; Harriet Fera, 1917; Lucile Folkers, 1915; Elizabeth Welty Foreman, '02; Lucile Guertin, 1914; Helen Guertin, 1917; Flora Gardner, '93; Rose Hoefflin, 1914; Frances Avery Hoof, 1918; Ina Harbor, '06; Mildred Hinners, 1916; Mona Ryan Inman, 1907; Mabel Jones, 1902; Ida Jones, '05; Florence Jones, '12; Barbara Jones, '14; Clara Eads Levings, '93; Ariel Long, '17; Julia Funkhouser Millin, 1907; Helen Holman Moore, '96; Frieda Mayer, '11; Louise Mayer, '11, Edna Mai, 1917; Henrietta McCullock, 1916; Jennie Maxwell, 1899; Elizabeth Thielens Miller, 1904; Eleanor Nielson, 1917; Mrs. A. M. Oppenheimer; Edith McClure Patterson, '02; Mrs. C. J. Peeples, 1904; Clover Robley, 1914; Marjorie Risser, '12; Mary Rich, '17; Cornelia Stone, '10; Julia Potter Schmidt, '16; Charlotte Thearle Sulcer, '04; Alice Mott Stewart, 1902; Loretta Salmon, 1902; Rebecca Shepherd, '94; Clara Roesing Taylor, 1892; Vera Wallace, 1913; Edith Harbor Wright, '05; Louise Funkhouser Williams, 1909.

CHICAGO NOTES

Fifty seven dollars was contributed to the first ambulance the Chicago College Club sent abroad.

At the autumn Luncheon it was voted to give the Red Cross Fund ten dollars.

At the last luncheon sixty-five packages containing toys were donated and were on a boat sailing November sixth for France. So we know that Lasell girls gave sixty-five little hearts a happy throb.

To the girls of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club.

The help you sent to L'Oeurre des Petits blesses, 21 rue Valette, Paris, through me,

came on time as the two courageous women who have done the work there since the beginning of the war had to close their door for lack of funds.

This work gives shelter to wounded men out of the hospitals who have seven day leave before going back to the front. It gives some comfort and joy to those who have lost everything even the very place on which their house stood and who will return to the front to face the horror of the trenches.

Thank you, girls, for this help. Another friend gave me some money which made the fifty-four dollars. —*Jeanne Le Royer.*

Sallie Moore of New York and her cousin, Miss Draper, were here in December. Sallie has been doing several very interesting things. She has been private-social-secretary for some New York women. She has had courses in Columbia in Costume Designing and Household Arts and for a time she and a friend carried on a successful mail-order business in that line.

DOING THEIR BIT

One day last fall we were favored with a visit from two or our teachers of many years ago. Mrs. Louisa Richardson Fiske has been a welcome guest several times in the last two years but Miss Larrison had not been at Lasell since the eighties. It was a pleasure to have these friends share our chapel service. Both have had a wide experience both at home and abroad. Each has served as professor at Carleton College and in other important positions. Mrs. Fiske was for ten years at the head of the Student Hostel in Paris, France, and Miss Larrison has spent four years in Europe in study and travel. The girls were delighted with the latter's reminiscences of her life at Lasell.

One of the other teachers of those days went to Carleton College also and later to Marsovan, Turkey, where she is still laboring under the desperate conditions of that country. We refer to Miss Willard whose courageous efforts in the rescue of forty-eight of the girls of her school from the unspeakable Turk is one of the most thrilling of missionary history.

Miss Willard went in the year 1895 to visit some of her Carleton friends who had gone to Marsovan, Turkey, as missionaries. It is impossible to omit the mention of her friend and co-worker Miss Gage. Not long after her arrival the Armenian massacre of 1895 reached the city but the school building was saved. The city was full of people bereaved, afraid, despoiled, and impoverished. For about two years relief work was needed. One of the faculty, while attending the distribution of flour in the city, was exposed to smallpox. Miss Gage and our Miss Willard battled with the disease with all the resources at their command,—there was no American physician then—without avail. Miss Gage's health gave out and Miss Willard became after a time the principal of the school. In 1914 the Jubilee of the school was celebrated. The following paragraphs, as the former one, are quoted from a letter written from one in close touch with the whole situation.

"Turkey was mobilizing and soon the whole war, with accompanying scenes of massacre, city, with accompanying scenes of massacre, was ablaze with the lurid fires of looting and unbridled passion . . . . . .August College and on the morning of the twelfth the 'deportation' from Miss Willard's school. All efforts to prevent the dread event were unavailing. Sixty-two persons, most of them girls or young teachers, were carried away in fourteen horse-carts, most of which had neither cover nor springs. I went with them that day and as we rode across the Marsovan

plain I thought of the difference between a high school girl in America, safe, happy, and comfortable, and an Armenian girl 'deported' by the Turks.

The sequel to the story forms a narrative second to none in interest in the history of the Western Turkey mission. Miss Willard and Miss Gage succeeded in brushing through the tissue of difficulties woven around them by the Turkish officials, and made their way to the provincial capital, overtaking forty-eight of the girls on the road. They reached the viceroy, or governor, won his favor after the manner of Joseph of old, and they returned to Marsovan bringing these girls safe and sound.

For wisdom, strength, and tact it would be hard to match the arrangements made by these brave women for and with those frightened, huddling, clinging, school girls, arrangements which included food, money, and all the rest of the plans necessary as they faced death, or a worse fate at every step of the enforced and awful journey, in the hands of mounted Turkish police.

The story is not finished but Miss Gage and Miss Willard have staid by their adopted city under great difficulties and now comes the word that Miss Gage has died and Miss Willard is left there almost alone. How our admiration and sympathy go out to her.

FROM THE CLASS SECRETARY OF 1916

Adolphia Garnsey, '16

Honor List. My brother, E. Grant Garnsey is in the Coast Artillery at Fort Eliot, Mass. to learn flying and get his commission. He took the ground school work in Champaign, Illinois. Lena Hauck's brother, Carl Hauck, is in Chillicothe, Ohio. He was at the R. O. T. C. at Fort Benjamin Harrison and was there commissioned. Gena Bettcher's brother is in the Coast Artillery at Fort Eliot, Mass Hallie Dickey's fiance, Sidney Stout is in the Aviation section of the Signal Corps. I have heard that Hazel McLellan's brother is in some branch of the service.

FROM THE LIFE-SECRETARY OF '89.

Mrs. Nat C. Coffin, Des Moines, Iowa. (Winnie Ewing, '89) has recently been east with her husband, and while in New York gave a lovely luncheon at the Biltmore. The class of '89 was represented by Mrs. Frances Barbour Sontag, Mrs. Bessie Harwood Fones, Mrs. Carrie Brown Cassell and Miss Grace C. Huntington, other guests, also Lasellians were Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton, Mrs. Elizabeth Atwater Starrell and Mrs. Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87.

We were much pleased to meet Mrs. Coffin's friends, formerly of Des Moines who were also guests as covers were laid for ten.

This shows again the loyalty of the class of '89 not only to her Alma Mater but also to each other. Truly it was an occasion long to be remembered.

Mrs. Robert T. Cassell is spending the winter at 517 West 113th Street, New York. Mr. Franklin and his wife (Mrs. Cassell's daughter) are taking a special course in Chemistry at Columbia.

Grace C. Huntington, '89.

HONOR LIST

(Continued from October Supplement)

In addition to those mentioned in the various letters of this number, the following sent by the Class Secretary of '82. Ella Stedman Frank '82; Son, Lieut. Frank, Engineer in charge of the planning of the largest United States Aviation Camp in France.

Sophie White Locke, 1882; Son, John Locke, in Aviation Camp at San Diego, Cal.

Jessie Joy Macmillan, '82; Nephew, Don-

ald Macmillan, in Aviation Class at Institute of Technology.

Glenna Webb Tilton, husband, Commissioned. Washington, D. C.

FROM A CHICAGO DAILY

Two Chicagoans Win Frist Prize as Patriotic Poets

Eighty-five poets of Illinois will wake to disappointment this morn. The awards in the Chicago Woman's Club patriotic poetry contest were announced yesterday, and the first prize was divided between two Chicago young women, Miss Mary Quayle of the University of Chicago and Florence Kiper Frank, contributor to the literature of the little theatre. These two will each receive twenty-five dollars. We print the one written by our Florence Kiper, here in 1905.

Village by village they are gathered,
Farmhouse by farmhouse!
The summons touches out in the night and
and reaches them,
Reaches them in high cities —
America is marching!
And endlessly over my heart they are marching
And the thunder of it is in my ears
Forever,
Marching,
Marching,
The young men of America.

They are going—where?
What dim event moves them,
The hope of what ending?
The earth is riven,
Riven and shaken,
The marching sun moves in the sky to some
large endeavor,
In the heavens the windy moon strives.
The prairies are shaken.
Marching, relentlessly, forever—
Whither?
What word?
Gather up your meaning!
Passionate, far-flung land, gather up your
meaning!
Vivid, beloved, flame with your meaning!
The oceans wait.
Thunders of a people are about us.
Youth over the far-flung land is reaching.
What is the song of their coming?
What is the song of their coming?
Call as with trumpets,
Call as with the blare of many trumpets,
Speak from the mountain tops,
Shout out of the thunders,
America!

OUR MAIL BOX

North Adams, Mass.

A delightfully newsy letter has come from Carre Fuller Eldridge inspired by the receipt of the October Leaves. It is refreshing to know that the Supplement is read with interest. She writes: "Whenever I read it so many questions come to my mind that I wish it could speak and answer. For instance, how I should like to hear something of the Winslow children, and Julia Potter Schmidt's address (5400 Woodlawn Ave Chicago) and many other things. So you see the paper stimulates interest. All day I have had Lasell in my mind, the old pictures of the 1857 'girls' in the library as well as wondering what Julia Potter's 'Hetty Betty's' real name is (Henrietta Elizabeth.) She sounds as if she might be a dear little edition of Julia. I wonder if they still keep albums for the Lasell babies. That was one of the many things that made Lasell seem like a great family. I wish I could present my two-year old son to you. He is every bit a boy.

This from Almira Shepard. Haverhill, N. H. I received my Lasell Leaves this evening which was the next best to a visit there. I

was very sorry to hear that Dr. Gordon was leaving Auburndale.

She set an example that I wish many Lasell girls would follow. She sent a check which was from herself and some of her girl friends towards the support of one of our French orphans for this year. She is interested in the war-relief work of the community.

Madamoiselle Le Royer shares a part of Barbara Jones' letter with us.

. . . . "I can read and think of nothing but the war. . . . . I have a cousin who is a surgeon in a base hospital "somewhere in France." I am glad this country is in the war because it is a wonderful cause that we are fighting for and it would be dreadful not to be helping.

My brother is a major down at Houston, Texas, and will be sent to France in a very short time. He is leaving a wife and four boys but he feels that it is his duty to go. He is in the Quartermaster's Department and expects to be stationed within three hours of Paris. Ten of my cousins are in service.

This little Paris that I live in is doing some splendid work. We have a very live Red Cross Chapter and some days we turn out as many as nine hundred bandages. I work there several days in the week."

Susan Stryker writes that she is back in New York again and working hard at the Red Cross in the Surgical Dressings Department. It takes every minute of her time but she is happy in it.

It is possible she may go to France as she is registered for Surgical Dressings work in that country and is ready for that service if the call comes. She has seen Louise Morrill, Louise Paisley, Julia DeWitt Read and expects to see Florence Swartwout in the near future.

Ruth Straight, '17 sends us a message from the University of Nebraska where she is studying this year. She is specializing in French which she hopes sometime to use in war work. Her great ambition is to go to France — but dreams do not always come true.

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE

"What are you doing now that you are free?" was asked of a young woman lately graduated with all the dignity and satisfaction of cap, gown, and diploma.

"Grubbing, just plain grubbing," she answered, discontentedly. "It does seem to me too bad," she went on, "after the delightful and uplifting years at college to have to come home to menial labor. What with this everlasting housework and constant trivial interruptions, I haven't read twenty pages this month." Drooping lips and puckered brows made the fine face anything but pleasing at that moment. "Mamma thinks," she continued, "that we ought to get on with just one servant this year because there have been so many extra expenses lately, and then the twins are to go to college in the fall. Consequently, I'm doing the dusting and the desserts and the bathroom, to say nothing of ironing my own shirtwaists."

"While your mother is idle, I suppose," suggested the older woman.

"O, of course not. She works all the time when people aren't telling her their woes and getting her advice. I don't see how her strength and patience hold out. Still, she really seems to enjoy everything she does, and she doesn't seem to be bored by anybody, either."

"And you would like people of more congenial tastes?"

"Why, naturally, I like a good many of our old friends, but all the same what's the good of a college education if I have to do

second girl's work and listen to the trifling concerns of a country town?"

"None at all," was the unexpected reply. "I can't see that it has done you the least bit of good in the world. You might better have stayed home and saved the money for the twins."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the now-aroused young woman.

"I mean that if your college course hasn't disciplined your mind so that it grasps with ardor any new problem, even if it concerns dusting or starching shirtwaists in the best possible manner; if your studies haven't developed a taste for what is real and true rather than for what is superficial; if the information you have gathered seems an end in itself rather than an inspiration to discover what any environment, however limited, has to offer—if all this has not taught you to look upon the unavoidable 'menial' details of daily living as your opportunity to help along the neatness, comfort, and sweetness of the world, then your college education has been a failure. I do not doubt that nine tenths of all the year's girl graduates left college with the sincere desire to make the world better. Perhaps you said so in your essay."

"I did," admitted the girl.

"And right here at the very threshold your first test meets you, and you are practically refusing it. You looked for some nobler task, more suitable for your training and your nobilities? There is nothing nobler than doing the right thing. Ability is shown in choosing the task for its rightness rather than its delightfulness."

"I see," said the girl, thoughtfully, "it is the 'faithfulness over a few things.' I accept my test. It may be the necessary post-graduate course before my vocation finds me."

Mary Starbuck, in Congregationalist.

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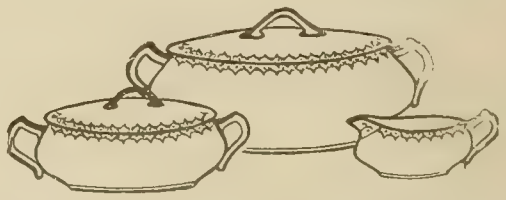

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

My Own Judgment ..... *K. Rice* 5

Are You a Slacker? ..... *Leontine Goodman* 6

The Heart of a Girl ..... *G. E. Eaton* 6

Patricia's First Attempt to Drive a Car ..... *K. Patterson* 8

Faith ..... *Robert W. Service* 9

LOCALS 10

EDITORIAL 12

PERSONAL 13

EXCHANGE 16

JOKES 17

MASSETTS TOOLS

MY OWN JUDGMENT

"Well, why can't I go? You always let me." Thus I sought to find out the reason, why my mother would not allow me to go across the street to the new house, where some workmen were laying a fresh side-walk. I don't know just why there was that statement, "You always let me," because I think I was not accustomed to go to houses where there were any new walks; in fact there had been no other new houses in that neighborhood. It was doubtless just a habit of mine always to say that when I could think of no other reason.

I had a great faculty for running away to anyone's house whenever I thought the people were unable to go on any further with their pies, cakes and bread-making, without my presence.

"No! You can not go across the street." That was my mother's final answer. But as I was quite a few years younger than my mother and consequently knew more, I decided to act on my own judgment.

As soon as Mother's attention was taken up by the ringing of the telephone bell, I engineered myself carefully across the street, over the lawn and around the back of our neighbor's house. Right there was where the excitement was. And right there was where I was going to stay. I wondered how my mother could ever remain at home, when something nearly as good as the circus was happening right opposite her own home.

There was a sort of large engine working furiously; into it the men threw shovelfuls of gravel and asphalt. The work-men all seemed to be bumping into me and pretending that they didn't see me. Possibly I was in the way, as Mother had tried to prove in the first place.

I remained at this place of excitement fully two hours, until the whole work had been completed. It was drawing near evening and soon my father would be coming home. With absorbing interest, however, I watched the work-men put away their engine and tools and partially clean up the mess they had made. Then they all went home.

I was there alone, not thinking of what might be in store for me and caring less. All of a sudden-like, a new idea popped into my head. Starting at the steps of the back porch, from there around the side of the house, right down the front walk I marched, taking each step very deliberately and cautiously. Sometimes I was able to stay up on the surface of this newly made asphalt, but usually my foot sank deep into the soft mixture. My shoes and stockings were a sight to behold. But the walk fared worse. In the places where it had become harder, only a shoe-print showed; but where it was very soft, there was

a deep hole. A lot of asphalt was also strewn around where the clingy tar-stuff had stuck to my shoes and had left a trail.

I then headed for home. Striding along through this mud had been quite a sensation for me, and I was still reminiscing as I mounted the front steps. But for a very good reason I did not enter the door. My father had gotten there first. One look at the expression on his face, as we walked around the house to the back-door, made me know that all of his orders were certainly going to be obeyed.

Katherine went to bed immediately after a meagre repast consisting of bread and water I don't know how much the little affair of mine cost my father, for I have never dared to ask him; but I do know that I stayed in the front yard for the next three weeks, mainly because I was tied to the front-porch with part of the clothes-line. It's funny; but I always liked to use my mother's judgment after that, and not my own.

Katherine Rice, '20.

ARE YOU A SLACKER?

Through out our land came sharp one April day
The call to arms,—and *we* had joined the fray,
To fight for liberty, humanity,
For brotherhood and freedom of the sea!
We'd helped ere that the Belgians, English, French,
To oust the dreaded Hun from one more trench,
By knitted things, food, money, war supplies;
And were by this bound close in friendly ties.
But now, since that eventful April day,
To knit is just the order for our play.
Our gallant boys in France, long miles from home,
Will welcome sweaters, helmets, where they roam.
And there are other ways to aid our land,
Beset by enemies on every hand.
First, think, how shall our country speed this war
If it has not of ready cash far more?
Then when the call to patriots next comes round,
Will *you* be one who does not buy a bond?
Will *you* be one to fail to do this duty,
Letting our soldiers be a German booty?
If you would be a patriot, true and blue,
You'll give your utmost to the cause—'tis due.
Give all you can to the Y. M. C. A.
That is so grandly helping day by day
Our soldiers, locked in German prison-pen,
To reach their homes and families again.
The Red Cross, too, we must support to the end,
And help the other causes in their work.
Can you sit idly by with frown or smirk
Upon your face? Think of the boys who lie
On battlefields, and may for your sake die!
I urge you all to do your fullest share,
To use each precious minute you can spare,
That backed by you, the faithful of the land,
Good Uncle Sam can lend a helping hand
To those in battle fronting evil fate
And foil the traitor here within our gates.

Leontine Goodman, '18.

THE HEART OF A GIRL

At last the second Officers' Training Camp was over. At last the wondering and worrying as to the results of the training was at an end. At last he was a first lieutenant.

Margaret Voute and Richard Presby had been engaged but a month when the call to the colors came. It was perfectly plain from the beginning that Dick must go, and he was willing and ready to do his bit. The two separated happily enough, for at the end of

three months Margaret knew Richard would be an officer. He simply must, and would be commissioned of course. The trials of the lonely days were nearing a close. July was having her turn with the world and finally came August, and the end of the Plattsburg camp with it. The commissions were announced; the boys came home swelling with pride in the stiffness of their new uniforms; but the hearts of Dick and his fiancee were heavy. He had not proved to be the sort of man the government wanted, and he was at home in citizens' clothes. Margaret will probably never be able to tell just how she lived through the next trying days. Camp had done wonders for this man of hers, only to break his heart at the end of his hours and hours of faithful work! Of course there were others who did not wear the khaki. But why—oh why—hadn't they taken this splendid, marvelous, courageous, boy who she knew was worth-while all through? The questions surged through her brain again and again, but Richard showed her the way to cover up her feelings; for he went about quietly and bravely, and at the end of the ten days was off again—this time to Fort Myer.

The following three months were much the same as the preceding save that this time they both strained every nerve "to put it through." She, by her cheery letters, and through her faith in him put into his heart faith in himself, and led him into the right frame of mind; and he worked as never before in his life, worked for his government, for the boys in the trenches—for Her.

Again the three months were up; again he was on his way home, and now—he walked in, straight and tall, wearing the first lieutenant's uniform. It was almost more than the girl could bear. She had wanted this very thing so much, had worked so hard to have him win, but now her strength seemed to leave her. She wouldn't let him see,—she wouldn't! He should never know how weak and worn she was and how her heart trembled when she thought what this meant. He would be sent away again, maybe—oh, but she must not allow those awful thoughts to creep in to spoil the happiness of having him again.

One night shortly after Dick's return plans were completed as to the wedding. If he was to be at home for a week or more it seemed only fair that these two should have that time together. No one knew how long it might be before they would see each other again, and he felt that he would have added strength for the trials ahead if she were actually his, if he had a wife to work and fight for as well as a government.

So they were married very quietly and went off for a brief journey together.

Thanksgiving was at hand, and in the Presby family there was to be an old-fashioned reunion; not only would three generations of the family be together, but there would be three generations of two families at that Thanksgiving gathering. Of course there were no two people there more radiant than Mr. and Mrs. Richard Presby. It had all been so perfect, and now there was this added occasion to put smiles on the faces of all.

The dinner itself could not have been surpassed for Mrs. Presby could arrange a table in the most artistic way imaginable— or so her son declared; the turkeys were huge and delectable beyond expression; the vegetables enough to make one's mouth water; the pies melted in one's mouth. Twenty-five is a good number of people to seat, so the table was stretched to its greatest length. In its center stood a tall cut-glass dish filled with many-colored fruits. Grapes and red leaves hung over its edges down to the snowy damask where larger fruits carried out the scheme. Oak leaves, in autumnal richness of color, ex-

tended from the center piece on either side down through the center of the table. Best of all, the guests were jolly, for they had agreed that the presence of the uniforms was not to be allowed to let sadness creep into this day, at least.

It was four o'clock and still the family lingered about their festive board. Unconsciously, beneath the mirth, they were waiting for something. No one could have told for what. Suddenly the shrill ring of the door bell made Dick start from his chair, but almost at once he resumed his position of the moment before. Then the maid brought the card tray to him. With a quick, nervous jerk he hid what was on it under the table cloth but not before the ever-watchful Margaret had seen the official stamp in the corner of the envelope. She wanted to cry out, but the uncanny palor of his face warned her in time. For a few moments the conversation went on as before, but at last Richard escaped and Margaret sat in dumb agony trying to be pleasant to an old-maid aunt who simply could not see that anything was wrong. Presently her husband's deathly white face, as he stood in the door-way waiting for her, told Margaret that the worst had come. Dumbly she rose walked quietly, steadily from the room to his side. They did not speak, but Richard's arm held her tighter as they went step by step up to their room. They could not speak, either of them, and though no definite word had been said, she knew. For a long time they sat very close to each other, each tense in every nerve.

"Margaret," he said at last, "It has come. Be brave, little girl, and ——"

"I know, Dick, I know," she half sobbed, "and I'm all right. Tell me."

"It's France. We sail within the week."

Another long silence fell between them, but she was merely taking a fresh hold on herself. She was not breaking. American women are learning their lesson now too, and they do not break.

"Think of being able to serve wonderful, France, Richard. Oh. I am so proud of you. I am glad that you are going to France's aid.

He bowed his head, then stiffened up. Jove, she too, was taking it like a hero! He had feared she might lose control of herself completely, and here she was, his wife, sending him off with a smile! He would never forget!

During the next two days they lived in a wonderful understanding of each other. Each fought to keep brave for the other, and so, on that day when he kissed her good-bye for the last time, Margaret stood strong and courageous before him, a smile on her lips and a prayer in her heart.

Could any man ask for more in his greatest hour of trial? *G. Elaine Eaton*, '18.

PATRICIA'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO DRIVE A CAR

Graham, the chauffeur, looked regretfully at the shining newness of the machine, as Patricia drove it from the small, vine-covered garage. He had tried it out and now the youthful possessor was about to experience the thrills of absolute ownership.

"Don't speed—and Miss Patricia, please be careful!"

"My goodness, Graham, you'd think I'd never driven anything before—and besides it's my very own car."

The interested members of the family strolled across the lawn, seemingly to admire the new Pierce-Arrow but, in truth, to administer a large amount of advice, and echo the chauffeur's warning, "to be careful."

However, Patricia threw in the clutch with an apparent familiarity, with any car, whatever its make, and the machine started down the drive. Before she turned into the street, a sudden panic siezed her, and she glanced towards the garage, only to resume her way with a look of grim determination; for the eyes of the family were not encouraging.

Friends whom she met admired the new car, to her satisfaction, but to her chagrin, refused to accompany her. The city traffic proved to be a trifle complicated even to one whose nerves are of steel; so Patricia turned about and drove towards the suburbs. Numerous varieties of animals and fowls seemed to be bent on suicidal intent and other machines, driven by at a rapid pace, left but a close margin.

"How they whiz by!" she said aloud to herself. At that moment an awkward-looking horse closely followed by an awkward-looking farm wagon, loomed up before the machine. A wide ditch, at the right, proved to be her only solution and in that direction, she seemed to aim the car, as for a target.

It was all over in a moment. By the time she had crawled out, from behind the steering wheel, to view the remains, the "chug" "chug" of a not-to-be-mistaken Ford, attracted her attention. It approached along the road, and became inactive beside the surprised farmer and the blinking horse.

There is little left to the imagination as to the method of the Pierce-Arrow's return to its abode. The varied expressions on the faces of the members of Patricia's family were interesting, as well as disheartening, as they all emerged, attracted by the rattle of the Ford, towing the now battered and dismembered Pierce. Two or three neighbors peered out, from behind their curtains—happy that their prophecies had been fulfilled. The worried and strained expression, of the youthful owner, was not changed when she caught sight of the pained look on Graham's face. It might readily have amused her if she hadn't realized the seriousness of the situation. Instead her gaze wandered and encountered that of Lucy, the cook. Her calmness was unsurpassed, for she had long ceased to be shocked at "Mis Patricia's doin's."

By this time the Ford had stopped directly before the garage door. In somewhat of a daze, Patricia put on the brake—one part of its machinery which had not refused to work—and brought her very own car to a standstill—as the storm broke.

K. Patterson.

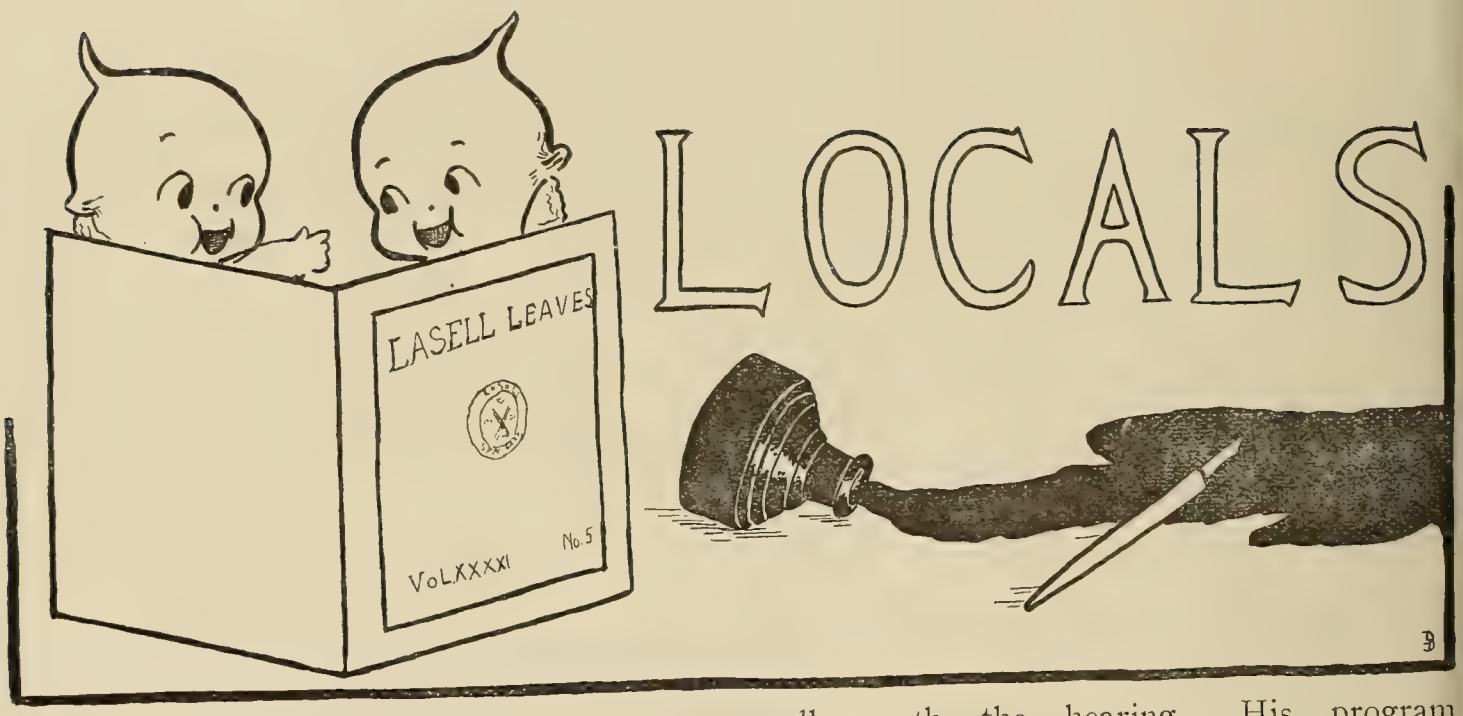
FAITH

"Since all that is was ever bound to be;
Since grim, eternal laws our Being bind;
And both the riddle and the answer find,
And both the carnage and the calm decree;
Since plain within the Book of Destiny
Is written all the journey of mankind
Inexorably to the end; since blind
And mortal puppets playing parts are we:

Then let's have faith; good cometh out of ill;
The power that shaped the strife shall end the strife,
Then let's bow down before the Unknown Will;
Fight on, believing all is well with life;
Seeing within the worst of War's red rage
The gleam, the glory of the Golden Age."

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

BOSTON TRAFFIC



RECITALS

We listened to a very delightful recital on Thursday evening, January the seventeenth, given by Mrs. Merriman, a graduate of Lasell, and by Signor Alberini the Italian baritone. Mrs. Merriman gave us a sketch of the life and work of Tosti and interpreted the several selections which Senor Alberini rendered extremely well. The songs given were: "Beauty's Eyes," "Forever and Forever," "A Venetian Song," "Serenata," "My Dreams," "Idiari," "Summer Moon," "Pence," and "Goodby Forever"; the most charming of these were without doubt those sung in Italian.

We not only very much enjoyed the interesting recital itself, but also are proud of this graduate of our school. Mrs. Merriman told us incidentally that she is the mother of the first class boy who donned khaki.

We greatly appreciated a piano recital given in our gymnasium by the Mexican musician and teacher, Senor Ernesto Berumen, on Monday evening, January the twenty-first. Soon after the concert here Senor Berumen played before New York audiences and so is counted well worth the hearing. His program follows:

Programme

Chaconne ..... Handel
Minuetto giocoso ..... Haydn
Dance ..... Beethoven
Improvisation (on C-F-B) .. Frank La Forge
Ronde des Lutins ..... Emile Nerini
The Garden of Soul-sympathy ... Cyril Scott
Theme and Variations ... Camille Chevillard
Three Preludes (from Op. 32) Rachmaninoff
E major
G major
G-sharp minor
Carillon ..... Liapounoff

VESPERS

Miss Packard led vespers on January the twentieth and at that time gave us a short review of the recent conference at Northfield, when men and women gathered to plan for the work of re-organizing the religious world after the War. She gave us an idea of what such a conference is like and told us how the men and women of today are striving to better world-conditions.

The vespers of January twenty-seventh was lead by Marshall L. Perrin Ph.D. of Boston University. By taking very common, daily happenings as examples, he tried to point out to us why it is best to live and do only those things that are actually going to be beneficial. Thinking, saying, doing those things which are to last but for the minute, and which have no good effect upon our future characters, is just as injurious as doing the actually wrong things. We should let all of our actions, and every moment of our lives help to strengthen our characters.

On January twenty-second Miss Rand spoke to us on "The Different Kinds of Worship." She gave us some very good ideas about religious services: listening to the sermon is showing courtesy to God, if we cannot keep our thought on the sermon we should at least put all irreligious topics from our minds and think on higher things. By other suggestions and illustrations we were shown how we might improve our religious services and more truly worship.

Dorothy Wason lead the Christian Endeavor meeting on January twenty-ninth and took "Prayer" as her topic. She urged us all to pray for the boys overseas as such prayers, if sincere, will surely be answered. It will strengthen the boys if they realize that all over this country the people are asking divine strength and aid for those who are offering their lives for the country.

On Wednesday evening, the thirtieth of January, the first weekly "Knitting Bee" was held in the parlors after dinner. Georgina Flattery sang several selections very charmingly for us and thus made the gathering one of especial pleasure. It is hoped that large attendances will be had each Wednesday night so that we can really accomplish lots of knitting and at the same time "get together."

LECTURE

Lasell girls have many privileges and advantages and these are especially manifest in the lectures that are given at our school. On Thursday evening, the twenty-fourth of January, we were very fortunate indeed in having Monsieur M. L. Dupriez tell us of the invasion of Louvain. The account was vivid and clear for it was based on the personal experience of Monsieur Dupriez, who was at that time a professor at the University of Louvain. After having heard him tell of the horrible burning and destruction of the town and of the plight of the stricken people, we could not help but feel how much our assistance is needed and how every little bit we can do is important.

During the past three years Monsieur Dupriez has been teaching at Harvard, but he expects soon to return to France to help untangle the land rights of the refugees, as he is an expert on such matters.

CONVERSATION

The Class in Conversation under the leadership of Miss Porter began on January twenty-eighth for the Seniors. This class is to meet every Monday evening for ten weeks and as the topics assigned are interesting, live ones, the class will prove both enjoyable and educational for those attending.

Second Class Mail Matter

"Good Housekeeping"—Domestic Science Department.

"Ladies' World"—Faculty Meeting.

"The Outlook"—Report cards.

"The Independent"—Miss Potter.

"Recreation"—Study Hall.

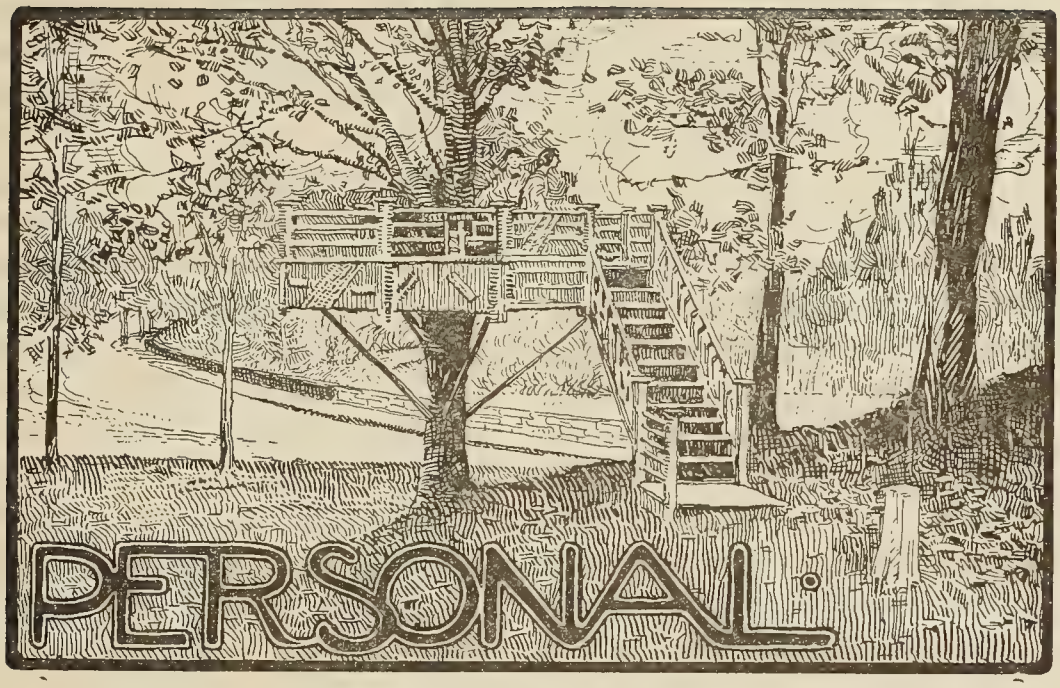
"Current Events"—Miss Rand.

February; mid years past and school half over. There's still a lot of fun left though; ask the White Mountain girls. If someone says "Let's go skating" take up her offer for you'll never have such a good chance again. This winter is exceptional, so they say. Our toboggan slide is fine. If you can't beg, borrow, or steal sleds, borrow the dust pans in your closet for Mrs. Hilburn won't object, until she finds out. Sometimes, after a nice snow fall, Miss Warner hires snow shoes so we can all enjoy those White Mountain stunts. Don't be shy about asking her, for she loves that kind of sport herself. Isn't there some fun left?

The Sunday morning early birds all know about the church parties to town, but do you? Remember there are lots of churches to see, and finer ministers to hear. If you put your name in the office by nine-fifteen they will let you go. You'll not be sorry either and you'll have a lot to tell.

Girls! How about Red Cross Work! Have you been in the parlors on Wednesday evening? You really accomplish a lot and have such fun. How about that magazine that you have just finished reading, has it been stamped and left at the Post Office? And that helmet that you just hate to knit on? Did you forget that in the trenches, ears get terribly cold? You've been minding this cold weather yourself surely you don't forget there are others. If you haven't anything to knit on, why don't you go to Miss Dolley or to Miss Tuttle. They can help you out with needles, yarn, or suggestions.

"Never let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeon to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." .. *Lincoln.*



The enforced suspension in various activities evidently has not reached Cupid's realm. If anything, he seems to be busier and more effective than ever!

On the twenty-eighth of December Marjorie Willard and Edwin C. Gordon were united in marriage. They will be at home after March 10th at Monroe, Michigan.

Bessie Young Fuller, '02, and Doctor Sherman Perry were united in marriage on the twenty-ninth of December. They will be at home after the first of March at Tewksbury, Massachusetts.

The marriage of Dorothy Jean Stewart, '17, and Mr. Francis Ellwood Allen occurred on the first of January. They are at home at 158 East Northwood Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

January first was also the wedding day of Ruth Cammack, '14, when she became Mrs. Rolla Vacres Campbell.

On the eighth of January Ruth Morgan Talcott and Mr. Charles Orson Britton were united in marriage. They will be at home after the first of March at 6 Concord St., Hartford, Connecticut.

Avelon Wilson and Mr. John Ralston Walkinshaw were married on the fourteenth of January. They are at home at Ft. Myers, Virginia.

On January 19th Margaret Emily Ruggles and Arthur W. Turner were united in marriage at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Turner is chief electrician, U. S. N. R. and has been stationed at the Boston Navy Yard. The marriage was hastened on account of the bridegroom being ordered away.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Rosenbaum of Easton, Pa., announce the engagement of their daughter Amalia, '12, to Maurice B. Gluck of New York City and Mt. Holley, N. J.

Lasell's heartiest felicitations to this happy "unit".

Eugenia Skinner Shorrock, '17, and her soldier-husband, who by the way is every whit a soldier, called for a short while just before vacation. Lieutenant Shorrock has been in a camp in the south but like all our soldier boys

moves with sealed orders so we could get no definite word as to his future line of march. Eugenia has been able thus far to camp near his encampment but like other soldier's brides does not know when a separation will come but bravely declares she is willing in her way to answer to the country's call even though this order means separation.

Mildred Strain, '17, was only at the Seminary a few hours but was kind enough to give us some interesting items for our Personals. From her we learned that Gertrude Buettner, '17, attended Helen Bauman's wedding. Many of Helen's classmates hoped to be there but Gertrude was the only representative.

Mildred is still devoting herself to her music but also finds plenty of time for Red Cross work. The club of young women to which she belongs are conserving according to war orders by omitting all refreshments at their meetings but notwithstanding they are having a happy and profitable winter.

Her cousin Lillian Astill, is in business three hours a day. Her fiance has crossed the waters and is in the fighting line "somewhere in France".

Elizabeth Carlile, '17, has fully recovered from her illness of last fall. We hope she will be among the old girls who are to return in June.

Edith Hobson, '17, is now "a banker," or rather is working in a bank, busy and so ambitious that she is anticipating going to night school. We are proud of you Edith.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner are rejoicing over the birth of their little grandson, Charles William Wagner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Wagner, born in Spartansburg, S. C., on January 17th.

We were happy to get a line from Mrs. A. J. Whitney (Minnie Strickland) to find that she is spending the winter in Lexington, Massachusetts. We expected a visit from her and to have her with us at the midwinter reunion but unfortunately a fall resulting in a bruised and sprained ankle has incapacitated her. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Miss Martha Ransom is at present a guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Wagner. It is always a joy to have Miss Ransom back in the school home. She was not only a student but for twenty-five years was at the head of our physical training department.

How natural and pleasant it seemed to have Dorothy Redmond, '17, and Alice Jenks, '17, at Lasell again and what a unique and charming idea for them to bring their caps and gowns and don them on Sunday. Of course the seniors were a bit envious, we have no doubt, when they saw *those tassels,* suspended from the right side. Be patient, 1918, you will have a chance to swing yours into line a little later.

Fraulein Heinrich spent her Christmas vacation with her sister and while in Chicago had a delightful meeting with some of the Chicago girls.

Lavinia and Pauline Fera had several of the girls at their home for dinner to see Fraulein. The sisters are both at Northwestern University and came home and prepared a "perfectly scrumptuous" dinner. Frances Hunter is at the University with them studying vocal music. Mary Rich, '17, and Edna Mai are both at the Chicago Kindergarten College and they too are studying music. Marie Klenze, '14, is doing office work in Chicago. She came there to do Red Cross work and did some rather interesting Red Cross serum testing. Later she gave that up and has gone into office work. Gertrude Buettner, '17, is studying accountancy. Josephine Burt, '17, came up from the University of Illinois where she and Harriet Fera are studying. Josephine is studying landscape gardening and running

rivalry to the tall men in the class. We fear she would need a foot stool in order to reach some of her surveying instruments. Mrs. Fera was away at her sister's who was ill and consequently all the household duties fell upon the girls, but they were equal to it. The next morning at eight o'clock they were up and off to school again. On account of the severe storm Fraulein was snowbound in Chicago and spent one day at the home of Edna Mai and also one day with Marie Klenze. She met Marie's little sister who is hoping to come to Lasell next year.

Jessie Shepherd, '17, reports a very happy reunion during the vacation time when she and Alice Jenks, Dorothy Redmond, and Eleanor McCausland met and celebrated Lasell together.

Cornelia Gaty has every reason to be justly proud of her soldier boy visitor who chanced to be her oldest brother, Theodore E. Gaty, Jr., a Cornell student who at present is specializing in the Aviation Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Winifred Tracy has also entertained her soldier cousin, Edmund Ingalls.

We feel especially indebted to these soldiers who are carrying on our fight for freedom and democracy.

Amy Tuthill has had a pleasant visit from Annie Laurie Fernald, one of her young friends, whom Amy and we hope will sometime in the near future be a Lasell girl.

Our dear editor of the "Leaves," Lucinda Obermeyer, had an unexpected and sad ending to her vacation for while the guest of Anita Hotchkiss she was taken suddenly ill with appendicitis and removed to a New Haven hospital for an operation which was very successful and we hope soon to welcome her back to the editorial chair.

Frances Wieder, too, has had a similar painful experience and at this moment is convalescing in the Newton Hospital.

Mildred Holtorf has had another visit from her sister, who is a junior at Wellesley College. We are always glad to welcome this representative Wellesley girl who has the honor of being the head of her dormitory at the college and is active in Y. W. C. A. work.

As an aftermath to the splendid Student Volunteer meeting in Northfield, the people in Boston and environs had some very inspiring gatherings in the Phillips Brooks' House at Cambridge. Under the leadership of Miss Rand a number of the girls attended one of the evening sessions, and others went on Sunday morning and reported unusually interesting and valuable meetings, the special object being, how to start a more active Christian service in the colleges during these war days.

Mildred Cary recently has had a week end visit from Miss Mary Lester of Wellesley.

In her holiday greeting Gratia deZouche Reynolds, '14, assured our preceptress that she thinks often of the school and wonders what we are doing in Auburndale and confessed that she is busy and happy with her housekeeping and looks forward to a visit later at Lasell. We wish, Gratia, you would come on and see for yourself what a happy successful year we are having at your Alma Mater.

We are not surprised to get a good report from Helen Overholser, '16, (That was a habit she had at Lasell.) She writes, "I am very busy with my school work and teaching. It hardly seems possible that in six months I will graduate again and be ready to teach. I enjoy the work so much for the children are so interesting. Along with my school work, of course, I am trying to keep up my knitting and French Relief work. There is surely no time for idle hands these days, is

there? The sugar question is not so serious with us yet as it is with you but we are all looking for it soon." She sends love and best wishes to all from California.

Some of the Connecticut Valley girls have been holding in mind the request made by Miss Potter at their reunion for bits of left over worsted. Requests came from the Sewing Department at Lasell. These odds and ends of bright wool are worked by our students into small squares and in turn made into most attractive afghans for the children, also for the soldiers in the hospitals in the war zone. We feel especially grateful to Marjorie C. Halladay for a recent contribution of wool.

The Personal Editor had a chance meeting recently with Martha Baker, '98. She promised on the spot to subscribe for the "Leaves" so that she might better keep in touch with doings at Lasell. Unfortunately for her friends she was leaving the next morning for Jamaica so that she could not accept the invitation for the mid-winter reunion. We hope she will be back in time for Commencement.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We are very glad to welcome so many new friends this month and hope to keep them all on our regular exchange list. As we receive over a hundred exchanges every month, we are not able to publish the entire list and comment only on a few. Although we are dropping a few of our old friends who have ceased to appear we shall be glad to renew them at any time.

Magpie—You may have an exchange department but so far we've found only the editor. Your paper seems to consist chiefly of your literary department which is splendid. Why don't you have some jokes? Your school notes are good.

Orange and Black—Your exchange department is surely unusual and interesting. We also enjoyed your "Conversation between Two Red Cross Dogs."

The World—We are always anxious to see what kind of a cover you will have next. They are all very artistic and enclose a fine magazine.

Ferry Tales—Your "Freshman Directory of Girls' Schools" is very clever.. "The Girl from New York" is well told and amusing.

"Talk not with meat in your mouth."

"Wear not your clothes unript or dusty."

"Read no letters, books or papers in company but when there is necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave."

"Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth."

"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience."

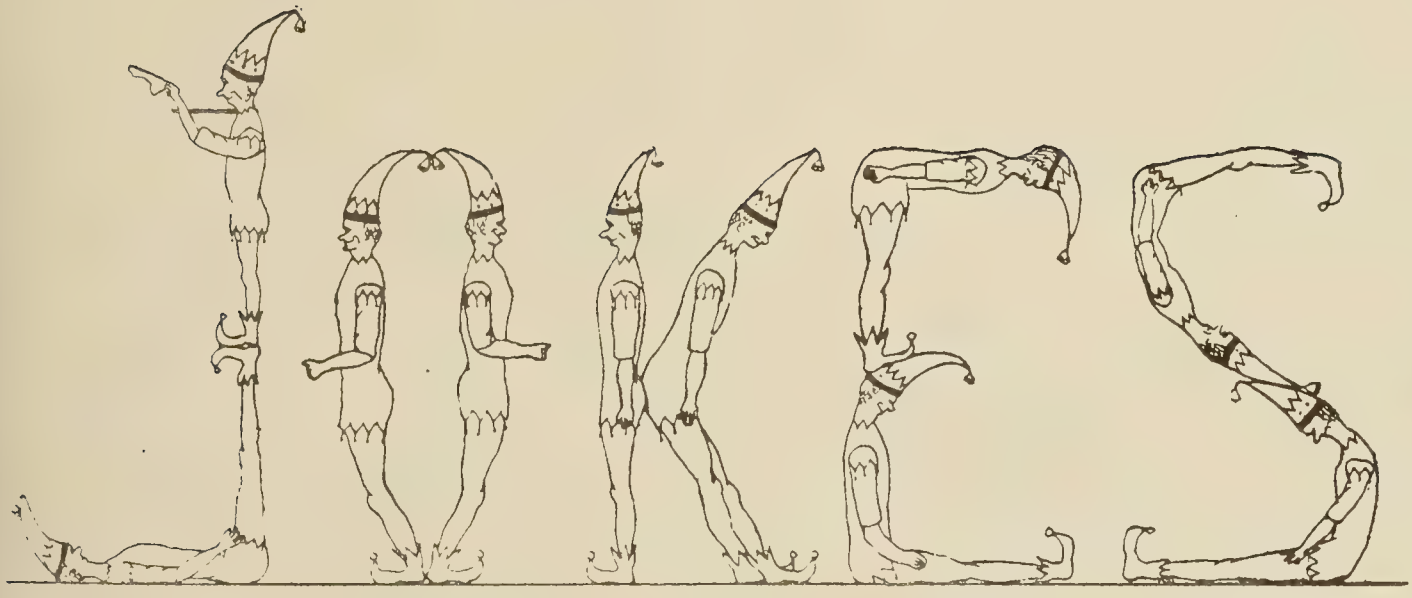
Copy Book of George Washington.

"How old is that lamp?"

"Three years."

"Well, turn it out; it is too young to smoke."

"Remember, when you are disposed to make remarks, 'Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.'"



A CONSERVATION CALENDAR

"Monday—we'll say is our "Heatless Day,"
One cinder, one flicker, one coal.
Tuesday—well—this is our "Meatless Day,"
One oyster, one herring, one sole.
Wednesday—oh, this is our "Wheatless Day,"
One corn cake, one dodger, one scone.
Thursday—we must have a "Sweetless Day,"
One pickle, one lemon, one bone.
Friday—will make a good "Eatless Day,"
One cheerful and glorious fast.
Saturday—call it a "Treatless Day,"
For all reciprocates past.
But Sunday—may Hoover forgive us, we pray,
If we should all happen to feel
A little more hungry than usual to-day,
And once again eat a square meal."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Mademoiselle Le Royer (showing the French class a picture of Peter, King of Serbia)—"Who is this and what do you know about him?"

Emily Ehrhart—"Why-er-he was the Hero of the Marne!"

"A Freshman knows not and knows that he knows not.
A Sophomore knows not and knows not that he knows not.
A Junior knows but knows not that he knows.
A Senior knows and knows that he knows."

Miss Packard—"Are you carrying five subjects?"

Almost anyone (sorrowfully)—"No, I'm carrying one and dragging four."

He (as team goes by)—"Look, there goes Jones, the half back. He'll soon be our best man."

She—"Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."—*Ex.*

Geological Formations

"Freshman—Emerald
Sophomore—Blarney Stone
Junior—Grindstone
Senior—Tombstone."—*Ex.*

Teacher—"Spell needle."
Tommy—"N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."
Teacher—"Wrong, there is no 'i' in needle."
Tommy—"Then 'taint a good needle."

A PARODY

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Giggle, giggle, little girl!
I wonder how it is you curl
Your hair so lovely, on your head.
"I do it up with rags," she said.

Hustle, hustle, teacher kind!
Life to you is just a grind,
Trying hard to make us know,
Things not taught at a "picture show."

Bragging, nagging parents call!
Susie not doing well at all,
Tests the lowest they've been yet,
Someone else is "teacher's pet."

Knowledge, knowledge, so profound!
Not enough to go around.
Some have less and some have more—
Some, even less than a Sophomore.

Trouble, trouble, everywhere!
Everyone must have his share—
It will be less, if when at school
We don't forget the "Golden Rule."

During the talk on Tosti and his life, Gert Strain was heard to ask, "Who is Tosti? The man who is singing?"

Whate'er the trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a joke,
"Oh, I've heard that before,"—*Ex.*

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Silvertone, at.....35.00, 45.00

Broadcloth, at.....29.50, 35.00

Smart Mixtures, at 25.00

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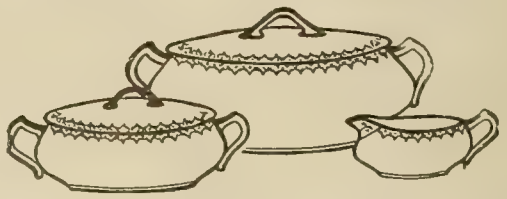

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Vol. XXXXIII No. 6

MARCH, 1918

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

TRAGEDY ..... *H. Matthews* 5

THIN ICE ..... *C. Gaty* 5

LITTLE WHITE GLOVE ..... *H. Smith* 7

SOCIETY IN A COUNTRY TOWN 7

LOCALS 9

PERSONAL 13

JOKES 17

THE SUPPLEMENT 18

TO NORUMBEGA TOWER IN SNOWY MARCH

TRAGEDY

A sudden cry for help, in battle-shock!
A cry from hearts of nations trying to block
The cruel plan of tyrant fierce and fell,
Who, mad for power, had struck the funeral knell
Of Liberty for smaller lands; and Right
And Freedom ground beneath the heel of might.

Think you that, if his people really knew
How awful are the deeds he bids them do.
They would not stop, aghast; would not revoke
Allegiance to him, would not spurn his yoke;
They must be under some malignant spell,
Their honor drowned in shame unspeakable!

When this dread war is over, it is said,
That, when we think of loved ones maimed or dead.
And when we see our home-land rent and torn,
And hear sad tales of awful suffering borne,
We'll owe that evil folk a debt of hate
That centuries can ne'er wipe off the slate.

But surely this would only mean that we
As evil as themselves had grown to be!
Shall we our soul's befoul in such black mire,
Or sell our birthright for the fell Fiend's hire?
Nay, when they wake from out their poisonous dream,
And through black clouds of war first catch the beam
Of radiant Love, shall we its light keep back?
Oh, rather let us think of what *we* lack;
And if, even then, enraged, we'd hotly chide,
Remember we the Christ, who for *all* died.

We will forget our wrongs; we will begin
To love the sinner, though we hate the sin;
For surely now is 'the appointed day'
From out our hearts to put all hate away.
And when at last to peace they shall be driven,
We then can truly say, "You are forgiven."

H. Mathews, '18.

THIN ICE

Have you ever played the game called "Tickly bender?" It is a game of chance, you say, and perhaps you are not far wrong; but it is a chance of a little luck, your own skill and a thin, transparent support used against all the laws of gravitation. Have you ever skated on thin ice just thick enough to bear your weight and no more, so that it sagged and cracked as you skimmed over? Perhaps you remember the feeling of exhilaration with which you slid across, the very fact that you half expected to go thru' each second giving

spice to the experience. If you slipped, or made a misstep, the result was almost certainly disastrous; the very insecure surface gave way without a second's warning, and without delay, you took an icy bath. You probably vowed, when once you were safely out and comfortably dry, never more to take the same chance again, but somehow the very next time a crowd went out, you were most eager of all, once more to try your skill.

Very closely akin to this game is what is called "running a bluff." Perhaps you never ran a bluff. If so, you have missed a sport almost as good as playing tickly bender. There are bluffs and bluffs, some with comparatively secure foundation, and conditions under which you risk going through occur only here and there. In other bluffs however, the ice is so thin, so brittle that it requires all one's skill and all the luck possible to prevent disaster. This second sort gives most fun, naturally being the riskiest to try. They should only be indulged in, by the quick witted, or long experienced. And even then not unless one is prepared to take the consequences in the right spirit, with a grin and a joke, even though the dash of cold water be decidedly disconcerting. One should never become disagreeable over having ones bluff "called" for that possibility is part of the game, just as was the possibility of breaking through the ice

Bluffs may be made either because necessity compels, or for the fun of the thing. When merely necessary, a great deal of the sporting spirit is apt to be absent, and failure is often taken in the wrong attitude. Americans are especially noted for bluffing for the pure love of taking a chance. Indeed, the by-word "Yankee bluff" has been handed down to us from the very beginnings of American history and the thing itself still remains, so they say, characteristic of the country. The term was coined by the British in the days following 1775, when we took such wild and daring chances, that, by the very audacity of them, our efforts were in most cases a total success. More often than not, when the facts finally came out, brilliant successes were based on no surer a foundation than a good bluff well executed. But these were not always successful, and when we did lose out we were noticeable for the cheerful way in which we took the reverse. The British considered us rather crazy, but could not help admiring us for the quickness of wit and daring audacity with which we carried out our ventures.

Bluff is still used with as surprising effects today in the new practice of "camouflage," under which name it is recognized, as it never was before, as being an essential detail of modern warfare. Ships are painted in alarming and weird mixtures of color, which at close range give a fantastically nightmarish effect but, at a distance fade readily into the horizon. Sometimes, there are painted on their sides, pictures of ships apparently steaming in the opposite direction to that in which they themselves are going. All this is meant to deceive the eye of the U-boat, that dread destroyer of the seas. Camouflage is used similarly, with as astonishing effect by both our allies and the Germans to deceive the areoplane and has been given its own place in observation and ground fortification.

I wonder, if we should stop to consider, hould we not find that this modern bluffing, though complicated, and given a new name, really originated from the same source as our own crude attemp's, and is based on as insane a support as the transparent layer of ice we used to skate on.

Come on, let's go skating. *C. Gaty*, 18.

THE LITTLE WHITE GLOVE

Long years ago, in days of knight and valiant deed
Performed on battle-field, in joust, or tournament.
Each warrior brave before his lady fair would kneel,
From her white hand some token of her love
Into the fray to wear, that so he might be lent to plead,
A courage new, and high firm purpose strong as steel.
Then on the morrow glad and dauntless would he fight,
Repaying thus her trust by deeds of glorious might.
One valorous knight, whose shield love-wrought in finest gold,
His knightly crest upon a ground of brilliant blue,—
Had loved, though it seemed in vain, the fairest maid of France
Besought her scarf of crimson silk to fold
About his mailed arm. Thus favored, he would do,
He said, such deeds as should him in her love advance.
But, smiling, all untouched, she said her lover nay,
And so this lovelorn knight, unfavored, went his way.
Arrives at last the hour. The signal! Now all
The knights before the Court ride in their bright array.
See! as the Azure Knight passes his mistress fair,
Down flutters to his hand from hers a gauntlet small
And white.—She loves her love! His gallant heart is gay;
For hostile foe, for threatening lance he does not care.
Undaunted to the lists he goes, all unafraid,
O'erthrows each doughty knight, and champion is made.
Then all victorious, upon his charger white,
On him the King himself bestows a garland sweet,
With which to crown—a custom in those far-off days—
As Queen of Love and Beauty her who in his sight
Appears by far most fair, and for such honor meet
With love his heart grows faint—for courage low he prays,
When suddenly his eye falls on her dainty glove.
Fear vanishes, with right may he crown his Queen of Love.

H. Smith, '18.

SOCIETY IN A COUNTRY TOWN

Henry Edwards thoughtfully knocked the ashes from his old clay pipe into the open fireplace as he answered his brother. "No, Jim, I don't agree with you there and I don't think there's any doubt but that I'm right in this. I'll admit that an out-sider would be very apt to disagree with me, but I really believe that I have surely got ahead of you here.

"You say," he continued, "that you have made a better success of life than I have, because you have made it more of a financial success. Perhaps you have, as far as the actual cash goes; but is cash what really counts in life? How about the friends you have made? You with all your income and power to demand respect in the money market of a great city, how many good and true men do you know intimately well enough to go to for friendly advice if you should need it? Or, and this is an equally good test, how many men know *you* well enough to trust you for help in a sharp crisis? You are just one of

the million in an eternal grind to make more money, and keep ahead of the other fellow.

"Yes—I know you are honest, but how many other people do you think really believe it? Now I don't want to pass as any saint, but I do think that here in this little one-horse town, as you call it, with my little factory of fifty employes, that I am more trusted and respected than you will ever be in your wonderful city.

"You say your wife and children wouldn't be satisfied with the social advantages here. Very likely they wouldn't. I can't imagine Eugenia enjoying one of Mary Jones' Wednesday afternoon sewing bees, or a game of whist over at Tom Brown's, any more than I can imagine my wife having a good time at Cicardis or any other such place.

"Yes, I know Eugenia's all right, the best wife in the world, and all that; but can you imagine her over at Tom Lane's helping take care of the baby as Sarah is doing to-night? No, you city people just don't do that sort of thing. Nobody expects it of you, so you just don't; that's all. But nevertheless, you'll have to admit that it's better to do it.

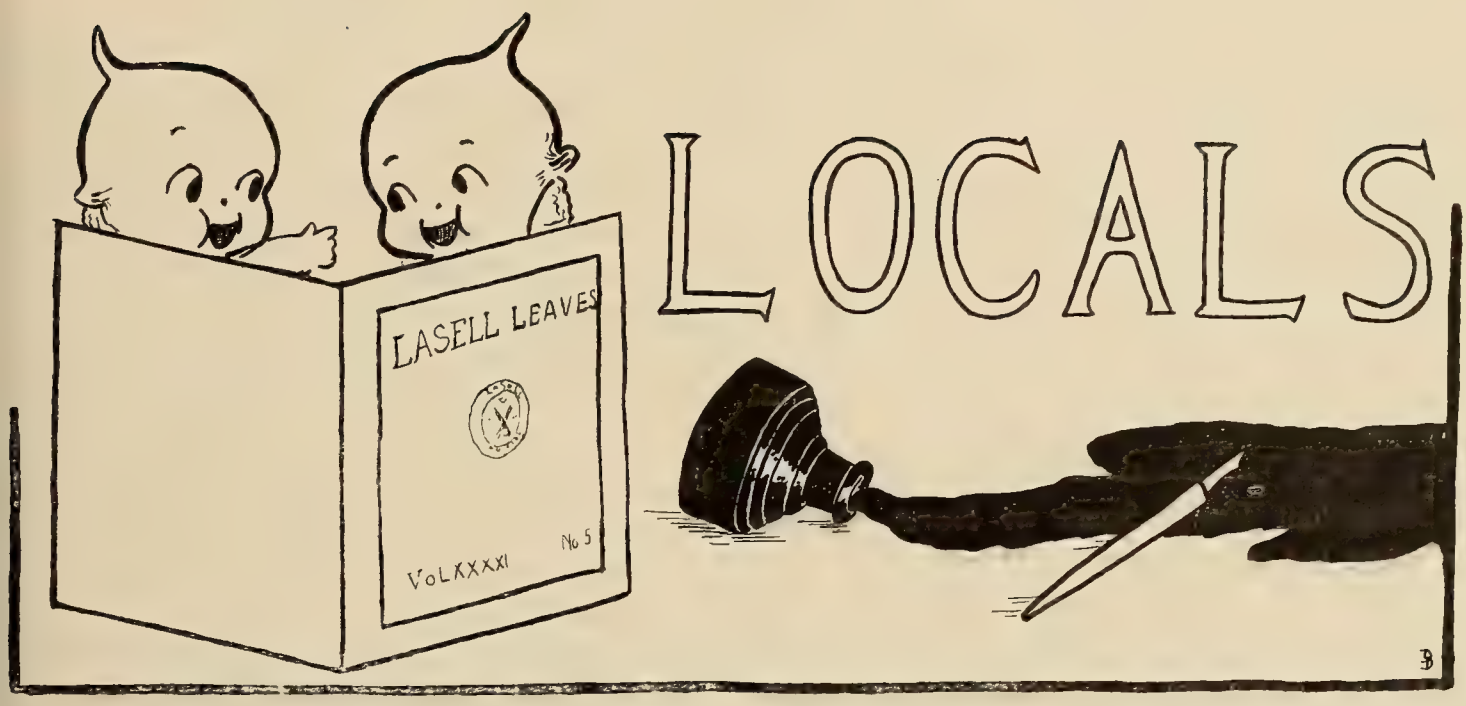
"As for the children, that's especially where I think I'm farther ahead of you than in any other respect. Of course I'll have to admit that they get more "frills" in the city public schools, as well as other educational advantages. But how many of these advantages did George and Edith take? When they were "youngsters" hadn't they rather have gone to a thrilling movie or to one of those grown-up children's parties than do anything else whatever?

"I'm not saying that mine mightn't have done the same thing but they didn't have the chance here. True enough, the movies didn't strike Paynesville until my children were past the impressionable age, but even had it not been so they were kept so busy doing things that were worth while that they wouldn't have had time to think about the other. They never went wild over them.

"What do I mean by things worth while? Well," thoughtfully puffing at his pipe before answering, "I mean lots of things. In the first place I believe our schools are both more thorough and more democratic than yours. They're smaller, and the teachers take a greater personal interest. Our Sunday Schools are also a great improvement on yours. I know about your city Sunday Schools; just a place where the young folks meet on Sunday mornings to talk over their school work, new clothes, or the latest football score, according to their age or sex, sing a few rag-time hymns, and hurry home as soon as it's over. They miss all the democratic little social functions we have, because young people like your George and Edith won't associate on an equal footing with the grocer's boy and the dressmaker's daughter, while in a town of this size there are practically no such social distinctions. The young folks all have a good time together and such *good* times as they do have! All sorts of informal affairs, and once in a great while a grand big dance, when all the older boys who have dress-suits wear them; the girls all dress in their best 'bibs and tuckers' and every body talks about it for weeks before and weeks afterwards. George was out here with us several years ago when some one gave one of those dances, and he didn't like it because there were couples there all the way from fourteen years up to a few young married folks. He was used to just his special crowd and no more and he couldn't fit into any other.

"But here we are one big family and when

(Continued on Page 12)



LOCALS

The members of the present Leaves Staff wish to thank the girls of the school for their hearty co-operation during the past year. Our efforts have been lightened by the splendid work done so promptly and willingly. To the members of the Faculty who also have been ready to help whenever they were able, we express our gratitude. Despite the trials of the year because of conditions and other lesser difficulties, we have enjoyed our connection with this department of school life. We hope our successors may find their work equally pleasant.

———

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity to express her personal appreciation of the support given by the other members of the Staff during the year and especially during the past three months.

———

The students and teachers are keeping up war relief work as far as opportunity affords. Several have registered for work on surgical dressings and others hope soon to find time for their preparation. A partial list of things done from February 1 to March 1 follows:—

Sweaters 33, Scarfs 25, Socks 36, Wristers 15, Helmet 1, Mittens 1, Wash Mits 5, Trench Caps 2, Squares 6, Boxes of Food 6, Comfort kit 1, Papers and Magazines, Red Cross Members 45, Surgical Dressings 680.

———

Kathryn Craig, on February fifth, helped us to understand and think about "What to Put First." The gist of her talk was that usually people do not realize what the most important events in life are and so very often allow the trivial things to take a too prominent place. Shall we not try to follow our leader's suggestion and attempt to let events fall into their natural places?

A discussion as to whether or not "Church Spirit is Lasting" was lead by Emily Ehrhart at the February twelfth meeting. The point made was that generally this influence does not last for more than the day and that soon we forget to keep the reverent spirit and lose hold of the brief relation that we had with God while in the church. Emily suggested that we think more of the meaning of our chapel services and remember to be reverent and quiet in that room. Adele Chaffee played the violin for us at this meeting.

Miss Charlotte Penfield, a Student Volunteer worker at Wellesley, was our speaker on

the seventeenth of February. This was an informal meeting held around the fire in the gym. Miss Penfield charmed us all by her magnetic manner. She explained what a student volunteer is and what his work must be. She herself expects to go to India in a year or so to help there with the work that is so necessary for these ignorant people.

President Frank Speer of North Eastern College led our vespers on March second and showed us what an important position we women are to take in these years before us. The war has given us all sorts of new opportunities and the question now is, how are we to measure up to them. One way will be to learn to do one thing especially well and so be able at least to support ourselves in times of need. The moral standards of the world are in our hands. Of these we must think deeply. President Speers closed his talk with the thought that prayer is a positive force and that if we only be brought to realize this and to use the knowledge, we shall be greatly strengthened.

The Christian Endeavor on March seventh was led by Mrs. Barris. She told us to let "Service" be the key-note of the year, to do all we could in the Red Cross line, but also to keep on with the work of former years. We must not drop charities formerly supported; neither must we overdo any one.

In the Congregational Church on February twenty-six, the *Auburndale Woman's Club* held an open meeting, to which they kindly invited the Lasell girls. At the first of the evening we were told a bit about the Salvation Army work. They were the first to begin aid work *over there*. Now they are devoting their efforts specially to keeping Belgian families together and to looking after the needs of our own soldiers. Already the army has established one hundred and fifty-five huts, seventy-seven hotels and has maintained forty-six ambulances. Such work speaks for itself and calls out hearty support.

The main part of the evening was given over to a most interesting lecture on South America which was presented by Mr. Squiers. The information given was valuable and the colored pictures exceptionally good. We are very much indebted to the Woman's Club for letting us enjoy this delightful eveninv with them.

Mrs. Neipp, who has been doing remarkable work as a missionary in Africa, spoke to us of her life here at vespers on Feb. third. Though demon-worshippers and under the fear of the witch doctors, they are eager to learn of the true God. Since the work of enlightenment began, these peoples have given up ther dark practices; schools have been started for persons of all ages. As the Africans have good memories, they learn quickly. Many are genuinely converted and show this fact by their righteous lives. To the women, especially, the Christian religion has brought many benefits. Whereas they were formerly slaves, they are now coming into a woman's rightful heritage.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The members of the Dramatic Club and their untiring leader, Mrs. Martin, have been working very hard in order that the school might thoroughly enjoy the two plays that they gave in the gym on Saturday evening, February the sixteenth. The school appreciated the efforts for many reasons. First the two plays—"The Prince of Court Painters" and "The Maker of Dreams"—both had real meaning in them. "The Prince of

Court Painters" tells the story of the painter, Romney. Though he had become great because of his art, he could not be happy without his wife, whom he had deserted in order to seek fame at court. So he gave up his position and wandered about the country, looking for her until at last he chanced into her small village and there found happiness once again. Huldah Mathews, as the painter, and Georgina Flattery as the wife truly delighted the audience with their splendid interpretations. Ernestine Howard made a most attractive neighbor's child, who came in to cheer and give pleasure to the good wife of the painter.

In the second play Katherine Rice was the jolly Maker of Dreams, while Edith Vance and Emily Ehrhart made a perfectly fascinating Pierrot and Pierrette. The story told of the two performers, Pierrot and Pierrette, who were both a bit discouraged, because business was slow and because their desires reached out beyond such a life. Pierrot was the most down-hearted and sought enlightenment in writing songs and seeking after pretty girls he met in his travels. Pierrette was a home-loving person who desired above all things to have this hero of hers content with his lot. While Pierrot was out one day the maker of Dreams came to the dwelling of the two and there discovered how much Pierette loved her partner. When the boy returned, the maker gave him such wise advice that at last Pierrot came to realize that the happiness and love that he sought had been beside him all the time. The play taught us that very often we look afar for what is close by us waiting to become ours. The acting was splendid from beginning to end and the songs of Pierrot and his lady almost too delightful to be true.

We, speaking for the school, wish to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Martin and the girls for this pleasing entertainment.

On Saturday afternoon, March 2nd, occurred a long-expected and very exciting game between Lasell and Melrose High. After preliminary singing and cheering from the spectators, led by Carleen Brooke, the game was called at 3.30. The referee was Gertrude Allern, Lasell '17. The Melrose team was smaller and lighter than ours, but made up for any deficiency in size by their speed, agility, and fine team work. At the end of the first quarter the score was 8-6 in our favor. But Melrose soon caught up with us, and then some; for when the whistle blew at the end of the first half, the score stood 18-17 in their favor. They did not allow themselves to be passed again. The final whistle saw it 38-30, in favor of Melrose. Our opponents were splendid players, and we hope to do battle with them again.

Lasell, Feb. 13th, 1918.

Dear Father:

The White Mountain trip, to which I looked forward for so long has disappeared around the corner of February eleventh; and not even glimpse of it, can I see. But I have something infinitely better, for I have discovered a most wonderful niche of America, tucked away, up in New Hampshire. I know you have told me many times how beautiful the White Mountains are but with a scorn of anything "eastern" I have clung to my western ideas. Now, I want to apologize for ever discrediting New Hampshire, with anything so beautiful.

Thirty-four of us, left on Friday morning, the eighth.—I say morning, but it seemed like sometime in the middle of the night when we were awakened by the ringing of alarm clocks, the thud of heavy boots and suitcases and the timid knock of "Venus" as he announced "six o'clock."

Miss Austin and Miss Lindsay chaperoned us and it must have been no easy matter; for a "violently moving crowd" of tihrty-two girls, is not the easiest thing to look after.

We had a private car attached to a Boston and Maine train and in due time arrived at Intervale. "Daddy" Bassett had boarded the train at Haverhill and after greeting us all, picked out the girls who had been on the trip last year.

About two-thirty we reached the hotel—and the sight of the cheery fire-place, incidently the dining-room, was hailed with ill-concealed pleasure. After a huge dinner, we all dressed for out-of-doors and spent the afternoon in snow-shoeing, skiing, tobogganing or other sports, Mr. Bassett had arranged. Supper time came, not a moment too soon, in spite of the dinner we had eaten a few hours before, and we repeated the example of the starved creatures that we were, and continued to be, throughout our stay.

Saturday was a big day. We began, by snowshoeing up through the Cathedral Woods for the annual "bacon bat". The expert snowshoers raced along at high speed and the amateurs floundered about in the snow, unskilled, but willing! However, we all were together when we came up to the fire, which two men from the hotel, had started—and there was little difference in the size of our appetites.

Early that afternoon we started in large "bob sleighs," for North Conway, where we went to a movie—a contrast to our morning action but welcomed, as only a Lasell girl knows! Through the day on Sunday we all did as we pleased and by evening were contented to remain in the hotel, for a "sing."

I would draw a veil over the earlier part of Monday morning, for we *did* hate to get up, at the unearthly hour of five-thirty and leave such a delightful place. But breakfast in the dining-room, at six o'colck, with the eastern sky, all tinted with the rising sun, was a fitting close of an altogether enjoyable trip. As we drew out of the yard to go to the station, the rose-colored light on Mt. Washington was a sight I shall never forget. Why does one appreciate the wonders about her, more readily, when knowing one is to leave them?

The return trip was much as the one going up, except that our vacation had seemingly vanished, in but a moment. And yet — many bruises have I, in commemoration of this trip, but also something more worthy of note—a little bit of the beauty of the scenes transferred to me, not materially but in some unexplainable way.

With love,

Christine.

(Continued from Page 8)

one is glad the others are glad with him and when one gets into trouble the others try to help him out. And while we are always glad to have you city folks visit us and give us new ideas, we won't let you criticise our social life, because you don't really know what social life is."

R. Stark, '18.

With sincere pleasure we add these additional names to the Lasell marriage roster.

On the second of February Miss Jean Eleanor Walker became Mrs. Donald Ransville Vreeland.

The eighth of February was Dorothy Morgan's wedding day when she became Mrs. Clyde Kirk Christy.

Mrs. Charles Edward Moss announces the marriage of her daughter Katherine Adele to Mr. Blanchard Urner Shriner on the sixteenth of February.

On February twenty-third Alice Mildred Sawyer and Cadet George Henry Heywood, Jr., were united in marriage at the First Congregational Church, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Speaking of weddings we heard a very interesting bit of news concerning the recent trousseau of Dorothy Stewart Allen, '17. A local paper announced the fact (and Lasell is proud of it) that the bride made every bit of her bridal attire. A recent word with the groom's mother, (who by the way chaperoned the Melrose Basket Ball team here recently) reports the young bridal couple very happy.

The engagement of Elizabeth Maude Robinson to Mr. Francis Stewart Breed is announced.

A recent engagement is that of Beulah Milton Christie to Murray M. Lent of White Plains, N. Y.

Our heartiest congratulations to each one of these happy young people.

Lasell has been especially favored recently by visits, or rather calls, from some of her very best old girls. Fannie Gates, '17, and Harriett Frye spent a week recently in Boston and to our great delight made frequent visits at Lasell. Both of the girls are making good at home and, of course, find plenty of time to do even more than their bit along the line of war work.

"Jac" Bickford is again with us and we hope her health will allow her to remain until the end of the year. She is specializing in Art. We were glad also to welcome her mother who accompanied her and I believe is taking some work along dramatic lines from Mrs. Martin.

Among the new students are Esther Landis of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Edelaine Roden of Grand Rapids, Michigan; Marion McFarland of Johnson, Vermont; Lydia Greeley of Needham, Massachusetts; Pauline Winter of Southbridge, Massachusetts and Mildred Caine of Brewer, Maine.

Like a veritable bluebird of good cheer, Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine, '14, appeared in our midst recently unheralded but most welcomed to her old school home. She reports her soldier husband as "over the seas" and tremendously interested in his war work. We almost felt like sending Dorothy back for that dear daughter but when she promised to bring her without fail next time, we forgave her. She was a guest of Mildred Goddard who accompanied her in the visit and whom we are always glad to see.

One of our recent and most interesting chapel talks was given by Pearl Thirkield Wood, sister of our Helen Thirkield, '11, and her coming---to our great delight---brought along Helen. We felt especially pleased to welcome our postgraduate because she lives such a busy life we had hardly hoped she could get leave of absence for even a few hours. This winter Helen is at the South End House and has had entire charge of distributing coal to the needy poor in that part of Boston. One of her most interesting stories was that of a family living in a beautiful home on Beacon street who applied to them for coal and upon investigation it was found that this home of wealth was absolutely without fuel and because of the illness of a little boy in the home, the fuel committee decided to supply them temporarily with coal. We remember with pride that these sisters are daughters of Bishop and Mrs. Thirkield, (a former Lasell girl.) There is a fine and splendid sense in which we often verify the old adage that "Blood will tell."

Grace Harvey Hall, '11, and Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, came together and how natural it seemed, the same warm friends as in the old days at Lasell when they were roommates. With Mary it was almost a wedding journey. She was married a month or two ago and came to New York with her husband, leaving him long enough to visit Boston, her roommate and Lasell. Both girls were well and seemed as pleased to see their school home as we were to welcome them. Grace promised that the next time she came she would bring her four year old son with her.

Marian Beach, '16, surprised and delighted us by "dropping in" recently bringing with her Mrs. Van Zandt, a home chum. We never questioned Marian's affirmation that she was well and happy for we never saw her looking as radiant as at the time of this visit. She tells us that her sister (Juliette, '13) and her husband are out in Kansas and that this New England girl is fast falling in love with the west.

"Aunt" Ida Laubenstein, '15, sends us the interesting news of the birth on the thirteenth of January of her little nephew, son of our dear Martha Schuman Laubenstein, '15, whom she declares is the happiest mother there ever was.

On February eleventh a daughter, Mary Elizabeth was born to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Morency (Maidie Dealey, '14).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philip Waldron, (Minnie Trimple) are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Helen Trimble on February twelfth.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allan P. Sill (Irene Ball, '15) announce the arrival of a daughter Martha on February twenty-fourth.

Very unexpectedly recently our preceptress met Ruth Cammack Campbell, '14, on Beacon street in Boston. She is enjoying housekeeping in the home of one of the professors of the Institute of Technology who gave up his apartments to Ruth and her husband. By the way Mr. Campbell is an instructor in the Y. M. C. A. Secretarial Department at Newport. All of their interests are along the line of war preparations.

Ida Mallory Lyon '03 in a letter to Miss Witherbee writes a very clever thing in "vers libre" but we have not her permission to publish this manuscript yet. While in Rochester she met Anna Rouse, '02, who came to call and brought her sister-in-law who proved to be Ethel Gallagher Rouse, '01. Ida adds, "I was tremendously surprised. Ethel has not changed much. Anna is still the quiet girl and very distinguished looking." The writer of this interesting letter is also keeping up her French lessons and in addition coaching several nurses in the hospital who no doubt are preparing to serve in the hospitals in France.

Our Household Economics Department was ably represented recently at a meeting of the Melrose Highlands Woman's Club when Miss Dorothy Shank, head of the department, presented a paper on Conservation which was enthusiastically received by the members of the club.

Glenne Webb Tilton's husband is in service in Washington, D. C. and Glenne and her two little boys are spending the winter with him.

The following clipping was taken from an Urbana, Illinois paper. "Misses Garetta and Jeanette Busey of West Elm Street, Urbana, entertained Misses Lavinia Fera of Chicago, Harriet Fera and Josephine Burt of the University and Helen Lewis of Danville, all former students of Lasell Seminary in Massachusetts, and Helen Watts and Ruth Birdzell of Urbana on Friday evening.

A recent Baltimore paper contained a notice of the death of Gen. Thomas J. Shryock, father of Daise Shryock Waxter. For twenty-three years he was grand master of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Maryland and was known in Masonic and Knights Templar circles throughout the country. He had the distinction of being the only Republican ever elected state treasurer of Maryland. Our sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate and her bereaved family.

Our principal is busier than ever these days for the new Woodland Park school is really getting into line, a number of able teachers having accepted places in this faculty. And strangely enough the first outside little pupil to really apply bears the name Woodland. Of course our own little Marjorie Winslow heads the list.

Old girls will be interested to know that among the faculty is Mrs. Statira Caldwell McDonald and her dear little Gwendolyn will be one of the pupils.

Old girls must not forget that Dr. Win-

slow intends to have the Woodland Park school open for guests at Commencement time. We advise early applications in order to secure desirable accommodations. Right here we might add that there is no longer an Auburndale hotel for even the Nye Park Inn has closed its doors.

The Rainbow Club recently repeated their Valentine play in our school gymnasium for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross and netted twenty-two dollars. This was very good when you think the admission was only ten cents. There has never been a more successful "drama" presented in our gymnasium than the one given by these dear little children. We believe the oldest member of the cast was nine years old and when the old girls learn that Master Donald Winslow was the soloist of the evening, they can get some idea of how winsome was the band of little players.

Miss Dolley recently spent several days visiting Columbia University for the purpose of observing especially work along the line of Household Economics. During that visit she was the guest of Sally Ward and also met Louise Paisley, '09, who a few days later favored Lasell with a short visit. Louise is certainly a woman of affairs and her successful business career agrees with her for she seemed enthusiastic over her work.

Fortunately for Lasell an educational convention brought our Miss Irwin from Sandwich to Boston and she spent one night in what we hope she still counts her "school home." The enthusiastic greeting which she received from the girls in the dining room must convince her that we still claim her as our very own.

A delegation was favored recently in hearing Bishop Edwin Hughes at the Union Lenten services in Elliott Church, Newton. Seldom have we listened to a more inspiring patriotic address than the one given us by our scholarly bishop. He knows whereof he speaks when he speaks tenderly of the boys "over there" for he has two sons in service.

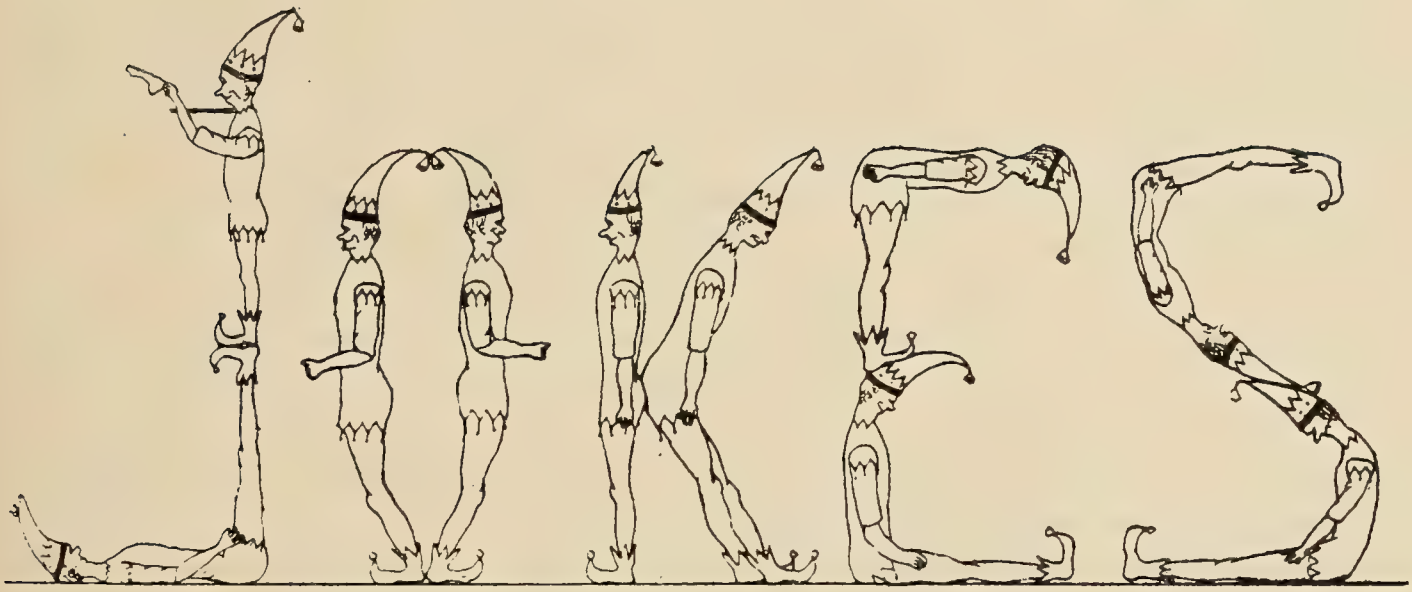
We are still regretting the departure of Marcella Gamble of Grand Rapids, Michigan, on account of illness and are living in the hope that she will be back with us after Easter.

One of the most exciting bits of Lasell war news was the account by Miss Lillian Draper, daughter of Nellie Packard Draper, '84 of the recent air raid over Paris. Miss Draper was an eye witness and sent a thrilling account of the wonderful but dangerous attack.

Katherine White Wolfe '00 spent a few hours with us on an afternoon not long since and it was a pleasure to see her again. She has been spending the winter in New England for her health but is better and expects to return soon to her new home recently built in their West Virginia town. She was one of a group of nine girls who grew to be friends during their Lasell days who have ever since kept their round robin letter moving, the only break being that caused by the death of Alice Ashley.

Lasell wishes to extend its sincere and tender sympathy to Mrs. Alice Hillard Smith of our faculty who has recently been bereaved through the sudden death of her father, an Auburndale resident who was identified with the early interests of our town.

That life is made up of lights and shadows is shown by the various notes of the Class of '89 that appear in this and the January Supplement. Again just as this goes to the printer comes the sad news of the death of Josephine Bogart in California, after an illness of some length. Lasell loses one of her loyal friends.



Imps from Carpenter

1. Why does Esther resemble a bird? Because she looks like Mr. Albatross (Albert Ross).
2. Why is first floor Carpenter so comfortable? Because it has Morris chairs and a Davenport.

Miss D. at table: "When put into a mould and served with whipped cream, these plums are delicious."

Anita H.: "Oh how awful! What do they let them mold for?"

Well, Was She?

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" sighed the maid.

"You certainly are not!" proclaimed the youth.

This was hardly what she had been brought up to expect, so she became really interested.

"I am not?" she repeated.

"You are not. You are merely the best of the bunch. Are you satisfied with that?"

The Reason

"Now see here!" said the lawyer. "Before I take your case I want to know if you're guilty."

"Am I guilty?" replied the prisoner. "Wot d'jer s'pose? D'yer thing I'd hire the most expensive lawyer in town if I was innocent?"

—Ex.

An Irishman was shooting ducks with a friend, who noticed that, altho' Patsy often aimed his gun at the flying birds he never fired. At length he said "Pat, why didn't you shoot them? The whole flock was right in front of you."

"I know, but every time I aimed me gun at a duck, another one would come right between us."

At the German table:—"Mrs. Martin called Ernestine Howard a pocket-edition," said Katherine Katz, "so I suppose she'd call me volume."

Marjorie Kunkel (knitting away on a pair of socks):—"Does any one here know how to start clocks."

Bunny Cohn:—"Yes, wind them up."

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

The "Home-Coming," splendidly reported by Maude Simes Harding, '06 is over and now we are looking forward to Commencement on June eleventh as the next time when we shall see you in any number. It is none too early to begin to make your plans to be with us, as a reward for your strenuous year's work. Although the mid-winter gathering as well as alumnae meeting on Commencement Day is under the auspices of the Lasell Alumnae Association; all Lasell girls are welcome to the meetings as alumnae or associate members. Some alumnae at a distance have wondered why they should pay the annual dues if it were impossible for them to be present. I am sure it will interest all to know that after expenses which are small, are paid the sum in the treasury is a sort of scholarship fund from which in the recent years sums have been taken from time to time under the direction of a competent committee for the aid of students at Lasell to whom a gift or loan has meant much.

THE ANNUAL HOME-COMING OF THE NEW ENGLAND GIRLS

Many of the Lasell Clubs debated the advisability of a mid-winter reunion this year "on account of the war," and some of us in New England expected Hooverism to affect our meeting, but when the wonderfully pleasant day was ended we realized that the value of the reunion was trebled, solely "on account of the war."

If only every Lasell girl might understand the atmosphere of the school as we "old girls" felt it who were privileged to enjoy that eleventh day of February! Aside from the ever-increasing scholastic standard, there has come into the name of Lasell a deep significance which is by no means lost among the glories of the period. There are, you know, a few glories which make endurable the horror of war time, the greatest being Service, and it was inspiring to hear the record of the girls' industry. The list was read by Miss Dolley.

Not only with hands and hearts, but from their purses the girls have generously responded to the many calls for aid among which are the particular interests of our Mademoiselle Le Royer who knows how to make one American dollar do more good in France than five could do here at home. If ever you have any stray dollars, do send them to her!

Mrs. Martin has turned her genius into hundreds of dollars for the Army or "her boys," and she will spend all her spare time until the end of the war entertaining the soldiers or giving her services where they can realize the most money.

So it goes, straight through the school—faculty and students, past and present, each one doing some "bit;" each one more courag-

eous for the hand clasp of a friend; each receiving inspiration and a stimulus to ambition from the one ahead.

Isn't it a splendid thrill, that satisfaction in saying "I am a Lasell girl!" And is it unpardonable for the "old girls" to wear upon their garment of loyalty some of the reflected glory from the present status of the school?

If you could see the *good-looking* clothes and hats the girls are making! But that came near the end of the day and we haven't yet started with the pleasant social hour when the guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Helen Carter Marcy, our Alumnae president.

Those who "simply couldn't wait 'til after lunch" at once visited haunts of former years, marveling at the Monday-neatness of the rooms, or inspected additions and changes, but every one was at her chair in the dining-room when grace was chanted as is now the charming custom.

A delicious luncheon, of course! With the exception of every-other-Sunday-night-mush-and-milk, did you ever have anything to eat at Lasell that was not delicious? and on special occasions! ! !

At the close of the luncheon, a good delegation of '06 girls started a greeting as the president rose to make an appropriate and very gracious welcome. Dr. Winslow's words were unusually appealing, and it is typical of his ambition and success that the Woodland Park Hotel has been purchased for the establishment of a School for younger girls. While the new school is growing it will be hospitably used to house guests of Lasell.

Miss Packard astonished us with the list of donations from the girls and teachers, including those of the Chicago, Detroit, Connecticut Valley, and New York Lasell Clubs.

A message from the New York Club came through Miss Stults, their ex-president, and Bertha Hayden brought greetings from the Connecticut girls to their new president.

Mrs. Martin told of her enthusiastic work and read two poems with which she recently delighted Camp Devens. "At the Step," and Edna Dean Procter's "Franceline." It was rather difficult to speak for a few moments after the last reading, especially for those who had boys "over there," but tears might not prevail as we adjourned to the gymnasium where coffee was served and the Lasell Glee Club sang.

There we saw the pride of Lasell handiwork: basketry in amazingly pretty and intricate designs; the fascinating Lasell war-doll so generously bought back by Dr. Winslow; hats that made our society-best head-gear feel heavy with stylelessness (if there be such a word!), and *gowns*—on forms! The *best*-looking dresses you can imagine—made right there at Lasell! !

Oh, the old gym did look *so* attractive with rugs, seats invitingly arranged, and all those stunning things exhibited! It was *so good to be back!*

Envy is wicked, of course, but how else can you feel when you think of the girl who sits in your chapel seat and sleeps in your bed every night?

Two things we did miss, though, in the midst of all our pleasure—Dr. Bragdon's greeting which must have gone astray and a few words from Miss Potter.

"I do love to hear Miss Potter talk!" said someone, and the remarks that followed, were they to be repeated, would make Miss Potter the nearest to self-conscious that it is possible for the most *un*-self-conscious person in the world to become, so they shall not be written as she must do double duty next time.

Until "next time," then, to which we all look forward. Good Health, Good Cheer, and the Best of Everything!

LASELL REUNION, 1918

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow
L. R. Potter, '80
M. P. Witherbee, '92
Mrs. E. C. Wilm
Martha E. Ransom
Ruth L. Roop
Margaret Rand
Carrie M. True
Fraulein Desdemona Heinrich
Prof. J. A. Hills
George Dunham
Eleanor R. Larrison
Mrs. Joseph Saunders
Annie Kendig Pierce, '80
Nellie Packard Draper, '84
Mary Lulie Hogg, '88
Norrine Burroughs Dillingham, '97
Bessie Fuller Perry, '02
Edith Anthony Carlow, '06
Maude Simes Harding, '06
Helen Carter Marcy, '06
Ruth Bachelder, '12
Elsie Doleman, '14
Pauline B. Ray, '16
Alma E. Sweet, '16
Maude Hayden, '16
Katherine L. Dearborn, '16
Miriam C. Day, '17
Ruth Burnap, '17
Jessie W. Hayden
Edna Thurston Follett
Helena Radcliffe Stillman
Hattie Greenleaf Smith
Cora B. Stone
V. Irene Wellington
Betty Farnham
Grace Murray Douglass
Elizabeth Hazelet Weis
Edith Burke Wells
A. Lizzie Mann
Esther L. Roberts
Elizabeth Pierce Bittenbender
Anna Andrews Barris
Miss Morgenthaler
Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67
Lillian M. Packard, '83
Belen Q. Artesani
Adaline Allen Davidson
Dorothy Shank
Nellie Warner
Frances K. Dolley
Roxana Tuttle
Mlle. Jeanne LeRoyer
Walter R. Amesbury
Mrs. Blanche C. Martin
Louise Richardson Fiske
Nellie Wright
Jessie J. Macmillan, '82.
Lillie Fuller Merriam '85
Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96
Georgie Duncan Seavey, '02
Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05
Maie Straight Grebenstein, '06
Dorothea Turner Moulton, '06
Josephine Woodward Rand, '10
Ruth E. Trowbridge, '13
Mary A. Fenno, '15
Mabel Straker Kimball, '16
Ruth Winslow, '16
Marion Griffin, '16
Alice B. Jenks, '17
Marjorie Morrison, '17
Dorothea Wells
Bertha W. Russell
Winifred Taylor Henderson
Mildred Marshall Hayden
Ruth Thacher Brown
Frances M. Buzelle
Frances Thomas Fiske
Florence E. Baker
Myra L. Davis
Gladys Stults
Nellie Briggs Chandler
Jane Ford Amesbury

Mildred Pierce Fuller
Miriam Ransom Wagner
Dr. Morgenthaler
Mabel Cox
Emily H. Genn
Elizabeth F. Hillbourn

FROM THE CLASS SECRETARY OF 1917

Notes gleamed from the class letter which is not yet complete. Eugenia Skinner was married in August to Mr. Ernest Shorrock who is a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Army.

Florence Harper is very busy attending the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Julia Lipps has been doing a great deal of Red Cross work but just at present is in the south with her mother.

Rachel Houston is at National Park Seminary and writes of her initiation into sorority life.

Marjorie Morrison is studying at the Boston Conservatory of Music and without doubt is having a successful year.

Mary Taylor is in Deven, Colorado, enjoying her work in an Art Studio.

Lenette Rogers is a Freshman at Mount Holyoke College and is much interested in college life.

Hazel Brady is studying organ and writes "It has been my highest ambition for years and now that it is being realized I certainly am happy."

Alice Jenks is taking a secretarial course in Providence, R. I. and is enjoying her work.

A short time ago I received word of Helen Bauman's wedding. She is now Mrs. Ralph Routier.

Dorothy Stewart was married January first to Mr. F. Ellwood Allen (Gertrude's brother). Mr. Allen has a fine position as assistant professor in the Horticultural department of the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

A great sorrow has come to our "Andy's" life in the death of her younger sister, Eunice. She would have graduated this year from the high school and had her application in for Lasell for next fall. We are all very sorry for Virginia and wish to express our sympathy for her.

Lillian Laffey writes, "I have the most adorable little brother in all the world. You ought to see him—he is so dear and sweet. We have named him Harold and he is only two months old."

"Tinny" Canfield is attending the Williamsport Business College.

Dorothy Redmond has a position in the Methodist Book Concern in New York.

Edith Hobson is a "hard working business woman." She has a position with a large Trust Company in the city and is immensely interested in it.

—Marie Keppel, Mid Strain, Ruth Burnap, Dot Deering, Helen Saunders, Eleanor McCausland, Florence Bell, Elizabeth Carlile and Jess Shepherd are all busy with the duties of home and Red Cross work

—Gertrude Allen

Gertrude does not say anything about herself but she is her usually busy self with a Sunday School Class of twenty girls, a prominent part in the Woman's Club play, as referee for Basket-Ball games and with numerous home duties.

The Lasell Club of New York held its twenty-fifth annual reunion and luncheon at the Hotel Plaza January 26. Thirty-seven members were present that being a goodly number in these distressing times.

We were very proud to have with us, Mlle Le Royer and Dr. Winslow. We greatly enjoyed Dr. Winslow's talk on the School's many

activities. Mlle. Le Royer spoke to us on the work the Lasell Relief Fund was helping and the wonderful work of the French women. We were most happy to vote twenty-five dollars towards this worthy fund. (In addition to this personal gifts to the amount of $34.50 were gratefully received by Mlle Le Royer.)

With the passing of this year a new set of officers come into service.

President: Mrs. Owen Ingalls (Mercie Sinsabaugh).

Vice President: Miss Natalie York

Secretary and Treasurer: Mrs. Frances B. Sountag.

Our meeting then adjourned with the singing of our Alma Mater.

The generous gift of the Classs of '89, for the French orphans, noted elsewhere, is an outcome of the reunion.

Those present were:—

Julia DeWitt Reed
Alice Fuller
Florence Swartwout Thommassen
Anna Conant
Susan Hallock Couch
Elizabeth Harwood Fones
Mary Bigelow Green
Marguerite York
Hannah Bingaman
Annie Gwinnell
Louise Morrill
Florence Sundh
Julia ter Kuile
Virginia Tabler Boomhower
Frances B. Sonntag
Mrs. P. J. Whitney
Edith Harris Seward
Gladys Stults
Grace Garland Etherington
Mabel Loverin
Birdie Lipschuetz
Charlotte Swartwout
Virginia Wilson Madden
Natalie York
Katharine Bingaman
Ada Cadmus McCoy
Grace Huntington
Nina Burr Day
Mrs. Herbert
Winifred Adams Hamilton
Ruth Ingalls (daughter of Mercie Sinsabaugh Ingalls)
Mrs. S. S. Wilson

Frances B. Sonntag, '89, Secretary.

FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE

THE LASELL FAMILY

As the months go by there is a little group of boys and girls in France who are becoming very dear to Lasell and their names, their pictures and their charming little letters which tax our knowledge of a foreign tongue are making them very real children to us. There were twenty-four in our family and the prospect is now that we shall have them for another year at least. With all of our activities this might not have been possible if our alumnæ and the old girls had not helped us. Thanks belong to the active girls and faculty who are doing their part this year but this special note is for those who still belong to Lasell in spirit but who are doing now the world's work.

This letter came recently from the class secretary of '89.

It gives me great pleasure to enclose you herewith a draft on Boston and checks, total amount $36.50. The Class of '89 desire to adopt the Fatherless Child of France, Marius Foy, 10 Boulevard Arago, Paris, France, for one year. I expect to add to this gift extending the care of this child for several months. The contributors to this fund are: Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones '89, Mrs.

Frances Barbour Sonntag, Mrs. Mary Packard Cass '89, Mrs. Maude Harding '89, Miss Maude E. Matthews '89, Miss Grace C. Huntington '89, Mrs. Winnie Ewing Coffin '89, Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch (1889), Mrs. Elizabeth Atwater Sterrett (1888), Mrs. M. Pauline Tilton (friend).

This shows real class spirit which should be contagious.

Six of the Class of 1917 continue their possession of four children. The god-mothers are Ruth Straight, Florence Harper, Edith Hobson, Rachel Houston, Pauline and Lavinia Fera.

Miss Rand has kindly shared the letters that brought the last four announcements.

Edith Hobson writes "Yes, I am continuing my payments for my French child this year. The dear little soul writes me every month regularly and just a week ago he sent his picture. He has the sweetest, saddest little face I have ever seen."

Rachel Houston writes from National Park. "I am thinking tonight that a year ago this time a very tired group of girls were returning from the White Mountains and I was wishing I could have been with them again this year. I am still playing god-mother to my little French orphan and I am going to try to be god-mother to her until the end of the war. I have had perfectly lovely letters from her mother and only today I received a letter from her thanking me for a Christmas box I sent to them. The mother seems to appreciate every little thing we do and I sometimes feel very much ashamed of myself for not doing more."

Edith and Rachel are planning to come back for Commencement.

Pauline Fera writes: "Lavinia and I are both at Northwestern and enjoying it very much." and Harriet is at University of Illinois and likes it there. Lavinia and I have decided to take our little orphan for another year. It would be too bad to let them go before this awful war ends. We hear from him quite regularly, that is, his mother writes, and last time she sent his picture on a postal card. I was glad to hear the Class of 1919 had adopted our 1917 child."

Martha Ransom while on a recent visit to Mrs. Wagner became interested in our Lasell children and now has one of her own.

Maude Simes Harding and her sister Marjorie Simes Nickerson entertained a group of friends at Marjorie's home on March twenty-first with Mlle LeRoyer as their guest of honor and their speaker. As a result Mlle. Le Royer was made very happy by their gifts of $64.75 for the work among the French wounded in which she is so much interested.

A recent letter from Florence Evans speaks of her pleasure in reading the January Leaves. 'My! but I enjoyed it." She is still interested in the Cincinnatia Lasell Club.

HONOR LIST

We are pained to anounce the death by accident of Lieutenant Edward S. Couch at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He studied at both Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at Harvard and was a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He was the son of our Susan Hallock Couch here in 1889, and our deepest sympathy goes out to her.

Captain A. W. Burton, 2nd Company, 101st Ammunition Train, A. E. F. grandson of Sophia Dresser Sturtevant, (here in 1859.)

Duncan Elliott Stults, Motor Mechanic, Signal Corps, Regular Army. Brother of Gladys Stults.

Lee M. Brooks, Y. M. C. A. worker at

Camp Devens. Husband of Evelyn Cheney Brooks.

Lieut. Richard M. Kimball, 20th Co. 55th Regiment Coast Artillery, Fort Andrews, Mass. Husband of Mabel Straker Kimball.

Corporal Frank H. Straker, Depot Co. F. Signal Corps, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Everett E. Straker, Co. B. 7th Field Battalion Signal Corps. Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. 15th Cavalry Regiment. Brothers of Mabel Straker Kimball.

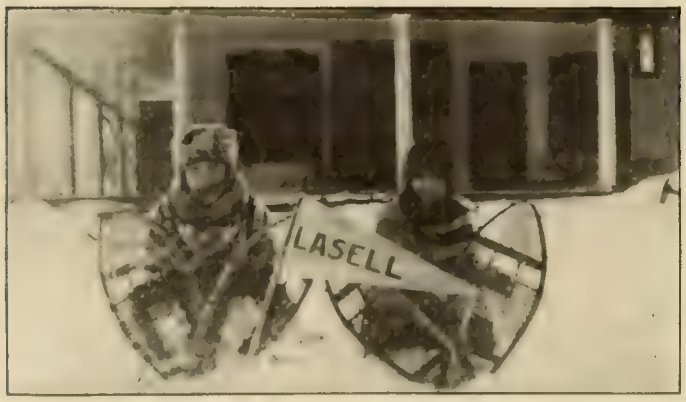
Elizabeth Linn Manness' brother is in training camp in Georgia.

Mary A. Fenno's brother is a lieutenant in Aviation Training Corps at San Diego, Cal.

Corporal Earl Carpenter, Battery C, 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division, 51st Brigade. Stationed "somewhere in France." Fiancé of Florence Baker..

Mrs. Nina Burr Day, is very active in the work of the Patriotic League and is also serving as one of the hostesses in one of the hostess houses.

Ordnance Sargeant Frances E. Stern, 8th Provisional Ordnance Depot Company. En route, overseas. Husband of Gladys Goodman.



A PARIS AIR RAID

(From the home letter of one of "Lasell's grandchildren.")

January 30;—However the Hun planes won't show up for at least another day. The papers have given directions as what to do in case of attack. For ordinary bombs, go to the cellar, for gas bombs, go to the roof. As one can't tell, naturally, what kind of bomb is descending, the advice is helpful. We have decided to hang out of the window and wigwag to the planes to inform us what to expect. Of course, I don't know whether the planes will come here or not but I see no use in worrying.

January 31;—After the flippant remarks on air raids in the above paragraph, I was rewarded for my levity, as we certainly had some exciting doings last night. I was seated on my trunk perusing the Literary Digest which came yesterday and eating a huge piece of cake from a home box when the sirens began with the most awful screams, and almost immediately the bombs exploded. I hung out of the window but couldn't see a thing, so dashed to the front of the house but there was nothing to be seen there either. Madame and the children appeared and huddled around the stove but I wanted awfully to go out. There was a most awful racket, the noise of all the planes, as of course the French ones

went up at once, the sirens keeping up their shrieks, the bombs exploding, and the autos dashing around. There is a military garage near by, and evidently they were all busy. A lot of the people betook themselves to the cellar, so there was much dashing up and down stairs. The bombs couldn't be seen of course except as moving lights, but their engines made enough noise to be heard all around and the bombs exploded intermittently.

I stayed around for an hour and then went to bed and to sleep, and didn't even hear the sirens when they signalled that everything was over at 2.15. Personally I felt that there wouldn't be any more likelihood of being hit if I were out of doors than if I were inside and it would be infinitely more interesting. However I didn't feel this strongly enough to sally out alone.

February 1;—There was nothing in the paper this morning except the bare announcement of a raid, the first one since May, 1915. However when I got to the Place de la Concorde on the way to the Hotel Liverpool there was a crowd on the side of the Place near the Camp Elysees, so I hastened over and jammed myself into the front row. A French plane in an awful mess was near the Obelisk, and one of the light posts was knocked over and the asphalt all in bits. Later I heard more of the details. The pilot evidently tried to land in the Tuilleries Garden, as something had gone wrong in the machine and either miscalculated or else suddenly decided to make a landing in this place. But something exploded when he was not very far up and the plane fell crashing to the ground.

An American friend, chief of the aeronautical department at the Aviation arrived on the scene just about then and as the gendarmes were rushing around telling the crowd not to light a cigarette, which no one showed any signs of doing, and were absolutely off their heads not knowing what to do, he evidently took charge with two ambulance men, also Americans. The gasoline was pouring out of the tanks in streams and as the engine was red hot, it was necessary to keep the stuff from getting to the engine. The two ambulance boys got assistance from the taxi men who sprang up, and they filled up every taxi tank while he fooled with the machinery and fixed things up. He brought back the glove of one of the men and a part of the plane of which he gave me a piece from the cockpit so I have a trophy from my first air raid.

—*Lillian Packard Draper.*

Our community was saddened on the morning of March second by the sudden death of Mrs. George R. Eager who has been a loyal next-door neighbor to Lasell for many years. In the early days of Dr. Bragdon's residence Mr. Eager was one of the trustees and later her daughter Miss Mabel was a Lasell student. In her quiet and charming way Mrs. Eager has been a great help both to individuals, to the community, and to the wider interests of greater philanthropies. During the last two years Miss Eager and her mother have been the real leaders and workers of the work for the French Wounded carried on in the Methodist Parish House every Friday.

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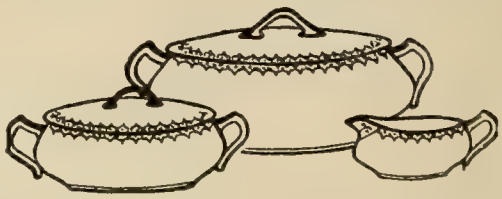

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

THE AFFAIR OF THE POSTAGE STAMP ..... *M. Cram* 5

ONCE UPON A TIME ..... *D. Clark* 5

THE BOOK SHOP ..... *H. Selkirk* 7

LOCALS 9

PERSONAL 13

JOKES 17

ACTORS IN THE FRENCH PLAYS

THE AFFAIR OF THE POSTAGE STAMP

In Paris there was noise and excitement. Above the blare of drums and the cheering of many people there arose the steady, rhythmic sound of marching feet, as Richard Clinton's regiment wound its way toward the station to entrain for the front.

But he didn't care for the cheers and applause. His eyes were busily searching for a certain loved face above the uniform of a Red Cross nurse; for the smile of Eleanor Ross meant more to him that the cheers of all France, and she had promised to be in front of a certain large American hospital when he passed, to wave a last goodbye.

She was an American, like himself, whose sympathies and services had been offered to France in the autumn of 1914. Both had been in training for some months, and now he was bound for the trenches, and she was soon to be sent to a hospital just behind the firing line. So this promised to be a long separation.

Therefore he looked eagerly, and he was not disappointed. There she was, standing on the curb within speaking distance, and to the great delight of both, the regiment halted, for some reason just as he was passing her.

"You'll write just as often as you possibly can?' she anxiously questioned.

"You ask me that?" he laughed. "And Eleanor, do you remember, when we used to write to each other back home, we always used to look under the postage stamps? A word to the wise, my dear. Here we go again! Goodbye!" And he was gone.

Some weeks passed before the Red Cross unit to which Eleanor belonged was ordered forward, and one or two letters from Richard arrived. And if some people wondered why she so lovingly regarded the stamps thereon, she never enlightened them.

In the second one, he spoke of trouble with spies, in their very midst, "—The Fritzies seem to know just what we are going to do, and when, and how," he wrote, "and its exasperating, to say the least, to have a spy, or a traitor, around and not be able to spot him. He seems even to get at our mail. Once or twice the fellows have written some information to folks back of the line, and it has leaked out."

At last, the order came for the daring little company of nurses and surgeons to move. Their station was about as near the firing line as it was possible to be, and there was danger always around them, but though it was nerve-wracking at first, Eleanor soon ceased to mind the shells that were continually falling near them. Besides, here letters from her lover arrived often. The spy continued

his work undetected, he told her. Then in one letter he said. "Some of these days I'm going to send you some important information in a place you know of. When it comes; get it back to Headquarters, at any risk. "This stirred her feeling at the time, but she was busy and soon forgot it.

One day, when the sound of the bombardment was unusually thunderous, a breathless messenger arrived at the little hospital with a letter for Miss Ross. Eleanor took it, and looked at it curiously, for it was stamped, strangely in a place ilke that, and with a United States two-cent stamp, too. Suddenly she remembered his recent letter, and tore this one open. He did not speak of any important information, but the stamp bulged a little, and when she pulled at it came off, disclosing a tiny, folded bit of paper.

Eleanor glanced toward the door. The messenger was watching her, with a curiously intent look in his eyes. She went to the nurse in charge, made some excuse, and went out. An ambulance was going to the rear, so she approached the driver, then hesitated; for the messenger approached, and asked to be taken back. The driver looked surprised, for the man seemed uninjured, and Eleanor pled an important errand. So he helped her up beside him, and started, but the messenger stepped upon the running board, and insisted in going along and this time the ambulance driver did not refuse.

Eleanor never forgot that ride. The driver intent upon the road ahead, paid no attention to her, while the spy on the other side of her seemed about to attack them both at any moment. He was armed and she was not, and as she was about to ask for the driver's revolver, a pair met her own eyes, and the messenger, covering them both, demanded the paper. But he had waited a moment too long. The paper and stamp were in his hands, when there appeared a company of French troopers, hurrying forward. In a very short time, the paper, the key, to an important situation, was in the hands of the general at Headquarters, and the precious little stamp, returned by him to Eleanor, became her most treasured possession, when not long after she returned home.

THE BOOK SHOP

By Helen Selkirk

Huddled between two large modern buildings on a bustling downtown street is a little building, whose architecture dates back to several generations. Beside its two imposing brothers it looks small, insignificant and even poor, a relic of bygone days. But if you take the flight of cracked stone steps that leads from the pavement to the basement you will be surprised at the wealth stored there.

At first as you open the door, the room that you step into looks dark and gloomy, but after a minute, you are able to get your bearings and see objects distinctly. The room itself is small, with a low, yellow ceiling and a bare, darkly gleaming floor. The four walls are lined where they are pierced by a door and a high morning sun that finds its way down thru the crowded world above. In fascinating confusion, these shelves are piled high with books of every kind, size, and color. It seems as if for years books have been collecting here and have been piled up regardless of their character on the wide shelves, waiting only for some curious passerby or some book lover to come and unearth them. And besides these the browsing visitor sees extending down the centre of the room, a long table heaped with papers and magazines, some new and crisp and other yellowed and limp with age. To be sure over everything,

there seems to be sifted a fine powder of dust, but from some nook or corner refusing to be covered or deadened peeps some rich-toned binding, some dull gleam of gold, or some beautiful illustration, done in colors that will not fade.

Over everything hangs that faint, illusive odor of old bindings and old paper that seems always to go with books of any great number. It is not the curious odor of the modern newly printed book, but a sweet, fragrant odor that clings to each heap of the old books.

Quite in keeping with the rest of the shop are the old shop keeper and his cat. The former is a little, bent, old man, wrinkled and grey with age, but with a curiously bright eye and a ready smile for his patron, as he looks up from his book to greet you as you enter or as he rises to help you in your search for the desired book. He is as much a part of his shop as the books themselves, and sits all day and part of the night with his sleep, drowsy, grey cat, reading from his unlimited store, and laying up knowledge that he will be glad to share with you if you ask. He is ever ready to help you in your search, but never forces himself upon you—simply leaves you to your own desire and to the joys of discovering books.

All day long the little bell on the door tinkles as people come in and out, some staying but a moment to ask for their especial choice, and others spending hours, looking among the books, finding treasures that they had no idea existed, reading rare bits from old curiously printed volumes, or comparing modern binding with the more beautiful ones of other days.

No matter how miserable or how forlorn one may feel on entering the little shop, before many minutes have been passed in its quiet atmosphere, one feels—as he is here surrounded by his best friends, the books, and waited on by the old shopkeeper and his cat, a new breath of soothing and quiet that he finds nowhere else.

ONCE UPON A TIME

"Granny, tell me a story, 'bout when you was a little girl," coaxed blue-eyed Marjorie. Her grandmother smiled reminiscently, put her hand into her pocket and withdrew some peppermints, several of which she gave to her grand-daughter. Settling herself comfortably with her knitting, she then began.

"Once upon a time, when I was about your age, I was swinging on the gate in our front yard, when along came a dark-haired, black-eyed little maiden. She was a Hebrew the only one who lived in our neighborhood. On her arm she was carefully carrying a covered basket. What could she have in it!

"Maya,"I said, "What have you there?"

"A chicken, which I am taking to the Rabbi."

"Is it alive? O-o-o-o-o let me see it!" As she lifted the covering, I advanced from my place on the gate.

"Can you come with me? It will not take long and it isn't very far."

I glanced at the setting sun, and it came to my mind that my parents had always cautioned me about going out without an older person. But it was such a little way, Maya had said so, and any way, it was just this once. The little black imp inside me, told me to go ahead, "Yes I'll go."

So we went, carrying the basket between us. When we got to the Rabbi's my courage grew weak for a moment, but my curiosity quickly overcame it, and I timidly made my way into the house with Maya's hand grasped tightly in my own . I looked on with interest while the Rabbi blessed and prepared the chicken. When all was finished we started

homeward. It was rapidly growing dark. What would Mother and Father say? I would be punished; maybe I would be sent to bed without any supper.

Then that same naughty black imp jumped into my heart, and whispered. "If you tell them that a big black man carried you off—and that you ran away from him and came home—maybe they won't punish you." So that is the story I told them. They exchanged amused glances over my head, but said nothing, for perhaps they knew that my conscience would not remain untroubled.

After I had been tucked in bed, and the candle had been snuffed out—the wind began to *who-o-o-o* around the eaves. The shadows in the room were very black, and seemed to take threatening shape. Then the rain fell in torrents; the thunder rolled and crashed, and the lightning lit up the room with a white glare. I slid from my bed and ran into my mother's room, a very frightened, sorry little girl. You see, I thought that God had sent the storm to punish me for telling a wrong story. I told my mother all about it.

"And didn't you ever, ever tell another one, granny?"

"Knit two, purl two," counted granny before she answered, "That's another story, dearie."

Arthur, in camp, wrote home to Mabel: "I fell off my horse today and landed on my head. The captain was real nice about it. He said that if I hadn't used my head the way I did, I would probably have been killed."

In Geometry: "Frances what are you drawing?"

F. Adams: "Nothing."

Miss C.: "Draw another and prove the two congruent."

"A GIRL'S IF"

(With Apologies to Kipling)

"If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight
If you can swim and row, be strong, and active.
But of the gentler graces lose not sight,
If you can dance without a craze for dancing
Play, without giving play too strong a hold.
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;

If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
And not acquire a—well, a priggish mien,
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
Without despising calico and jean,
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs.
Can sing when asked—without excuse or stammer—
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;

If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust,
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must,
If you sometime should meet and love another
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother—
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed on for ages,
And win the best that life can have in store.
You'll be, my girl a model for the sages
A woman whom the world will bow before."

Well, didn't Miss Warner surprise every one, and provoke not a few, on Saturday morning. March 9, when she called out the names of several girls and suggested that so long as they had neglected to bring their walking cards they had better do their walking around the chapel. Suggestions from the Faculty are as commands for us. To relieve the situation—for K. Rice insisted gently but firmly that she did bring her card—Lucinda appeared to tell them that they had walked right into their new positions on the the Leaves Staff with:

Frances O'Brien—Editor in-chief
Madge Shepard } Assistant Editors
Mary Wright }
Esther Rodie—Local Editor
Mary Eshlemann—Assistant local
Priscilla Alden—Joke Editor
Katherine Rice—Assistant Joke Editor
Carolie Abrams—Subscription Manager
Julia Lord—Business Manager
Edith Vance—Assistant Business
Vinette Young—Art Editor
Mildred Holtorf—Assistant Art
Florence Reed—Exchange Editor
Dorothy Hall—Assistant Exchange

PIANO RECITAL

Certainly the girls who took part in the recital March 13th deserve much credit. Their excellent work showed not only faithful practicing but also musical appreciation. Another reason for praise is the fact that all the girls who appeared, study not only music but also other subjects, which require a great deal of thought and time. Lasell is very fortunate in having in her midst such talented girls who can take advantage of the exceptionally good music courses. A large number of guests were present to show their interest. The program follows:

PROGRAM

Pianoforte. Polonaise, A major.....Chopin
Miss Baer

Voice. Allah .....Chadwick
Nocturne .....Chadwick
Miss Abbott

Pianoforte. Cracovienne fantastique. Op. 14, No. 6.....Paderewski
Miss Stone

Voice. Sylvia .....Cox
Miss Marion Lord

Pianoforte. Polonaise, C-sharp minor Chopin
Miss Howard

Voice. Sweet Wind that Blows...Chadwick
Miss Briggs

Pianoforte. Fantasie in C minor....Mozart
Miss Abbott

Voice. By the Waters of Minnetonka Lieurance
(Violin obligato)
Yesterday and Today.....Spross
Miss Rice

Pianoforte. Reflets dans l'eau.....Debussy
Miss Irvina Pomeroy

Voice. How can I forget you?.....Denza
Miss Webster

Pianoforte. The Lark .....Balakirew
Miss Chase

Voice. Hindoo Song.....Bemberg
Miss Flattery

Pianoforte. Rigaudon.....McDowell
Miss Ehrman

Pianoforte Quartet. Ballet (from Petit Suite) .....Debussy
Misses Chase, Shepard, Howard, and Alice Phillips

RECEPTIONS

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow gave a very delightful at home for the Seniors on Friday evening, March the fifteenth. Miss Wild of Boston read Barrie's quaint "Quality Street" and more than pleased all with her charming personality and vivid, clever interpretation of the play. Toward the close of the evening the guests sat on the floor before the hearth fire and sang their class and school songs together. The Seniors did indeed enjoy this home evening with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and hope some day to be able to give their host and hostess just as pleasant a time.

The second reception of the year was given on the evening of March the twentieth and a very delightful and interesting one it proved to be. The privileged guests this time were selected groups from Gardner, Carpenter, Bancroft and Cushman, who helped to make the evening a successful and enjoyable one by their thoughtfulness to our outside visitors. The guest of honor was Mr. Denis A. McCarthy the gifted poet, a native of Tipperary, Ireland. He entertained us by reading various of his fascinating and beautiful poems which, for the most part, breathed the charm and quaintness of his native country. They were received with appreciative applause.

THE FRENCH ENTERTAINMENT

Possibly the most unique form of entertainment this year at Lasell was that given March twenty-second, under Mlle. Le Royer's supervision, by the French department. The plays themselves were in French, the prologues, read by Vinette Young in the guise of a clown, were in English so that we might all understand what was to be set before us.

One division gave a humorous pantomine "The Shepherd" in which Concha Cinta interpreted excellently the haughty lady of the many suitors, while Edith Vance took the part of the rejected lover and Barbara McClellan and Dorothy Hall were gentlemen of fashion.

French II gave the 13th century legend "St. Nicholas" which told the story of a cruel Butcher—Wilhelmina Ehrman—who murdered three small children and was punished by Good St. Nichols—Norma McMillan who brought the children back to life. This story was sung by eight very lovely noble

ladies who were gowned in fascinating costumes and wore tall peaked veiled hats.

"Justice" was cleverly acted by Edna Hauck and Kathrine Appel as the two youths who quarreled over the only eatable thing they could find, an oyster, and by Julia Lord as Justice who came to interfere in the quarrel and who punished the two by devouring the oyster himself.

Madge Shepherd, Elizabeth Moyer and Ruth Shekerjian were indeed lovely as the "Three Princesses' and acted and sang out the story of their lovers who had gone to the war very gracefully and prettily.

The French Department ought to be proud of this splendid presentation; for all of the acting was skillful, the staging was very well done. Every one present enjoyed the evening to the utmost.

VESPERS

Miss Gordon, probably best known as one time secretary to Francis Willard, had charge of the vesper service March 17th. She spoke of the great work of women in this war, especially of the efforts of that well-known organization, the W. C. T. U. Miss Gordon told of the influence the W. C. T. U. has over the sailors and soldiers, likening its value to that of the Y. M. C. A., only that the W. C. T. U. mothers them, while the Y. M. C. A. fathers them.

Surell Lasell girls will not soon forget the stirring address given by Dr. Laurens McClure of Newton, Sunday night, March 24. Dr. McLure emphasized the utter futility of wealth and of material things, saying that very easily these can be broken down and rendered worthless. In these stern times people are thinking more seriously upon life. They are learning that the symbol of victory is the symbol of the cross. Not in Science nor in Nature can we in these days find God, but in the hearts of men and women who as this holy week passes are truly showing the spirit of sacrifice.

A trio, *The Palms,* was effectively sung by Norma Macmillan, Alice Phillips and Georgina Flattery.

At dinner on March twenty-sixth the Seniors surprised the school by taking their tables. Before taking their places, the marched about the room hand in hand singing the following song:

We have done the deed at last
  Fooled you all once more
'19 thought they had us fast
  They've changed their minds before.
Juniors sit down and preside
  In each vacant chair
That with sorrow you may hide
  Your sorrow and despair
The school year is nearly done
  In two months we'll be through
But the work that we've begun
  We're handing down to you
And for the time that we are here
  To study at Lasell
We will keep these tabes clear
  That we all love so well.

The Juniors responded by singing the following song in congratulation.

When you take your tables Seniors
We miss you so: Why must you go?
Life seems so slow!
Now must Juniors take your places—
But O dear me!
Why did you go away?
Do come again some day!!
We sing best congratulations
Now that its' done, it's heaps of fun
When victory's won!
But don't forget us—every day we'll think
  of you

Welcome to your tables, Seniors
May they bring good times to you!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

These comments are on only a few of the number of fine magazines exchanged this month. We appreciate and welcome all our friends — new and old.

Drury Academe: You have a fine literary department. The description of a New England winter is realistic. Your jokes are clever, but where is your Exchange? Your "Roll of Honor" is splendid.

The Collegian: Your March issue contained a clear summary of our history in the article, "Re-united States." You might enlarge your Local Department. The Alumni and College Directory is a helpful idea.

The Mirrors Your paper is full of good, live news items.

Lawrence Bulletin: Your magazine would be improved by strengthening your literary department and inserting a few cuts. The Scientific Notes are interesting. Your appeal for help on the farms next summer is stirring and timely.

The Student: The stories in your March number are just great. Print some more like them. Your Editorial Department is exceptionally clever.

Miss W. (In English Class):—What is a dirge, Margaret?"

Margaret:—A large open place in the woods.

Miss W.: Oh! I suppose that an eulogy is a small open place, then?

Young Bride (in tears):—Hubby, the cat ate my nice pie, that I just baked.

Hubby (sympathetically):—Never mind dear, I'll get you another cat."

THE PERFECT ROW

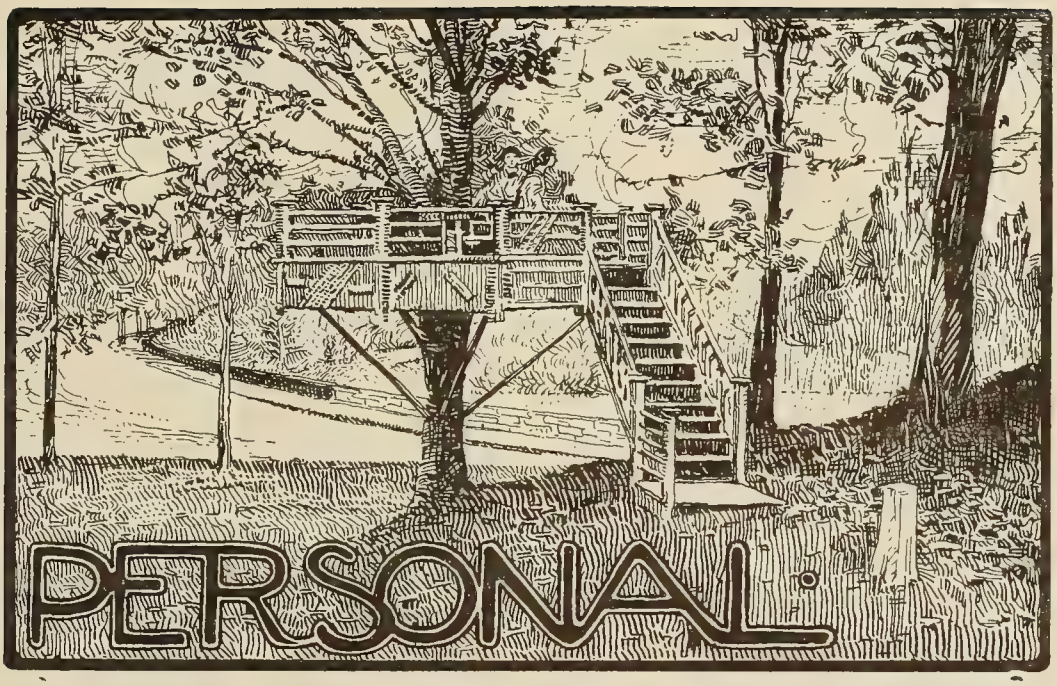
"When you come to the end of a perfect row,
And you sit alone with your wool.
And your bosom heaves with rhythm slow
For the joy that you've followed the rule,
Do you think what the end of a perfect row
Can mean to a tired heart,
When you've dropped each stitch since you learned to purl,
And you lost three more at the start?

"Well, this is the end of a perfect row,
And the end of the sweater, too,
Though it's for a man that is big and strong,
It will be pretty tight, 'tis true,
But toiling has rendered this perfect row
A piece of the knitter's art
And 'twill stand at the end still strong and firm
When the rest all comes apart." —Ex.

"I've known the Spring in England—
And now I know it here;
This many o month I've longed for
The openin' of the year.
But, ah, the Irish mind of me
(I hope tis' not unkind of me)
Is turnin' back with yearnin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare."

—*D. A. McCarthy*

LEAVES STAFF



Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!! the girls and boys are marching! Not to military music but just now to the wedding march. It is true that later some of the happy grooms may be "over there" striking their steady blows for freedom and democracy but for us we have now the privilege of furnishing the list of recent Lasell girls' weddings and weddings-to-be.

On March 17th Evelyn Hawley Dunham, '15, became the bride of Mr. Harold Whitney Mason, Lieutenant, Ordnance Reserve Corps.

The wedding of Dorothy Brate, '16, occurred on the first of April when she became Mrs. George Robert McPherrin. The groom is at the U. S. School of Military Aeronautics.

On Tuesday, the second of April Lael Dora Irvine and Mr. Jabal Anderson Hale were united in marriage.

The marriage of Florence Dobmeier to Mr. Harry A. House, Jr., is announced. It occurred on the second of April.

The engagement of Elizabeth Fales Hildreth, '15, to Mr. Laurence Gates Sherman is announced.

The announcement of the engagement of Lavinia Otis Morrison to Mr. Chandler Hawes Colby is received.

Marie Andrews, '06, was recently the guest of Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, and the girls came over for an old-fashioned visit at Lasell, Marie remaining to dinner and even attending Faculty Meeting. For four years since her graduation this alumna has been librarian in her native town, has had some years of leisure at home but just now is taking an advanced course in library work in New York under the direction of Columbia University Extension Course. She doesn't look a day older but talks much wiser and truly we are proud of this graduate. Mildred is the same enthusiastic girl as in school days and we always find it a little difficult to realize that she is the mother of two sons "old enough to be in school." Mildred with her sister Elizabeth Bittenbender and her mother, Annie Kendig Peirce, 80, are devoting a great deal of their time to war work.

Old girls will be glad to know the address of Mrs. E. Parker Miller (Ariel E. Long, '17) which is 1408 21st St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Elsie Fengar spent one day and night during the Easter vacation at Lasell. She came especially to attend the wedding of a friend. She was proudly wearing a service pin with four stars for her father, brother, and two brothers-in-law who are in service. Since Lasell school days Elsie has been a great traveler in this continent. As she described her journeys it seemed to us she had covered almost every interesting point to be seen. Elsie tells us that Sue Gallup is a very successful secretary in one of the large business firms of New London, Connecticut.

Mrs. Sarah Ransom Hazelet was the guest during Easter vacation of her sister Mrs. Minnie Ransom Wagner. As usual her hands were busy working for the soldiers. We are always happy when "Sade" comes home to Lasell.

Lenette Rogers, '17, stopped in on her way home from Mt. Holyoke College, not very long but long enough to tell us that Mt. Holyoke is fine but no other school can crowd Lasell out of its very warm plaec in her affections.

Carol Rice, '16 too, was with us at Eastertide. She has recently been elected one of thirty-five honor students to one of the most worth-while societies in Smith College.

We learned through Amy Tuthill that Ruth Hall and Susan Tiffany, '15, have recently been the guests of Phoebe Hallock and what "Lasell times" they did have together!

How glad we were, but not a bit surprised, to find that Ang Lee is making good at the University of Chicago. Bless her little Chinese heart! How we do miss her and are constantly wishing her all deserved success. She writes from the University of Chicago, "I am happily settled here. My college life is very interesting and agreeable. I have been working for my term papers the last few weeks." We wish you God-speed, Ang Lee.

From St. Petersburg, Florida, there came a line to Mrs. Winslow from Annie Crow Collum, '09, who has recently returned from her English home to America in order to be with her parents. We are hoping that on her way to Winnipeg she will stop in to see us. Our hearts are turning constantly and tenderly her way. We do not forget the wonderful sacrifice which she was called upon to make in the loss of her soldier-husband.

While the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Harry Beal of New Bedford our own Miss Collins received the sad tidings of the passing away of her mother and she hastened at once to Baltimore. Lasell is holding her in constant and tender remembrance at this time and extends deepest sympathy to our teacher and the members of her family in their hour of bereavement.

Lasell was shocked and saddened in learning of the passing away of dear Marcella Gamble on April 3rd. She withdrew from the school a few months ago in the hope that home care and the attendance of skilled physicians might bring her permanent relief. Seldom has a young life come into our midst and left behind a brighter and dearer memory. To her parents and brothers we send our loving sympathy.

It seems only a short while since dear Clara Strain was with us bringing her younger sister Gertrude to Lasell. How we did enjoy her brief visit and felt that we had never seen her as well as in those bright fall days. And now we have the sad word that she has gone from us. Her passing away was very sudden at the end. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to her bereaved mother and family.

In the death of Dr. John Wesley Butler of Mexico City the Protestant Church has lost one of its greatest leaders. Lasell was indeed honored to have him as a staunch friend for

many years. His sister Miss Clementina was a Lasell girl and his daughter Evelyn Butler Arnold was also a member of our school. We recall his occasional visits to the Seminary and his inspiring messages. We feel that we have lost a warm friend and join in tenderest sympathy to his bereaved wife and home circle.

Miss Alice Hall, our instructor in Music, has recently been called to Vermont by the sudden death of her father. The sincere sympathy of our school and of many former pupils is extended to Miss Hall and her bereaved family.

The opening days of the new term were saddened indeed by the most unexpected news of the sudden passing of dear Lucille Hyman during the Easter vacation. Only a few days since she was with us in perfect health. A severe cold resulting in pneumonia was the cause of her death. We cannot fully realize our loss. Our hearts are turning in tender love and sympathy to the bereaved parents, sister, and brothers.

A word was recently received by Miss Packard from Darthea Benson expressing her continued interest in the little French orphan. She sends greetings to the girls and faculty and adds, "You can't imagine how I miss them all and how I would love to see you and the whole school again." We miss you Darthea.

This is a splendid pace set by Nell Woodward, '15, in sending the following Round Robin news items concerning her classmates. In her note to Miss Packard she declares "No news is good news" and as she has not heard from Ida Beane Rice, Helen Benson, Katherine Bingaman, Isabel Bradley, Maude Freeman Lombard, Evelina Perkins, and Doris Waller, she concludes that all must be well with them. We can add a word or two about some of the girls.

We understand that Evelina Perkins is going into new service after having successfully served in the diet kitchen of one of our Massachusetts hospitals.

Nell adds at the end of her letter, "Tell Dr. Winslow that I am constantly "drumming up trade" and every chance I have say an enthusiastic word for Lasell for I know that every girl who goes there will like it, or ought to."

The girls of 1915 are not slackers as will be seen by the roll-call. We have taken a word or two from each message.

Irene Apfelbaum Livingston is busy sewing and knitting, making bandages and soliciting for the Red Cross. "Heaps of love to each of you. Aps."

Irene Ball Sill is doing war relief work through the Red Cross and National League for Women's Services.

Margrethe Bauman is studying Red Cross work in Detroit in order to be able to teach it at home. "Greetings to the class and hoping the war will soon be over. Peg."

Elizabeth Beach Bierer is keeping house for "hubby". Doing Red Cross at church, headquarters at home. "How I would love to see all you dear old girls. I hope some of these days you will all come and see us. Peachie."

Myrtle Brix Buehner writes about Master Philip Buehner II, class baby of 1915. "A regular college-president head" was the comment of a famous minister in Denver when she showed him the picture of Billy and little Philip. How is that for '15? Billy is busy as housewife and active in Red Cross. "Let's all speed up for the June reunion. Much love from both your class boy and "Billy."

Ida Laubenstein is assistant secretary (for somebody) also active in Red Cross. "My wish is just real happiness with those you hold

dear; and twelve months of plenty next year. Ida."

Ruth MacGregor is engaged to Royal B. Parker. She is at home this year and busy in Red Cross. "Everybody seems to be busy with some kind of War Relief—With love and best wishes. Mac."

Bernice Marx Ruben has just started housekeeping. "Just lots of love and happiness to all '15. Butts."

Clara Paton is active in local Red Cross and is the proud possessor of a Liberty Bond. "Greetings and best wishes with health and happiness galore, is my dearest wish. Sturdy."

Ada Patterson is at college specializing in music and has been doing loads of canvassing through her county for Red Cross. "No news of myself except that my hair is still red and I live in the same old place. Pat."

Villette Peck is acting as stenographer. "How I should love to see you all! I hope and trust you are all 'well and happy.' Vilette."

Martha Schumann Laubenstein is busy as housewife and also in the Red Cross. "With every good wish for one and all. Martha."

Sue Tiffany is one of Uncle Sam's daughters, worker for Liberty Loan, Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. Fund. Not sewing shirts but knitting sweaters a specialty. Also give a home to 'wandering ministers.' "Well I just want to say heart's love to you all and I have more of that to send than I used to have. My heart seems to stretch to meet the need and suffering of today. Sue."

Maude Wetherbee is acting as chef and conserver in Wetherbee kitchen. Closed Teashop in September after a very successful season. Active in local Red Cross. "Yours in the work. Brother Wetherbee."

Gladys Wilkes is engaged to Lyndon Lee McCutcheon, is acting as assistant housekeeper at home and secretary of City Temple Red Cross Auxiliary. "Please consider this a greeting of love to each of you from Kewpie."

Catherine Carter was married January 19th to Lieutenant Rasbach who is either in France now or on his way there.

Veda Ferguson is engaged to Jack Milburn. She is connected with the Associated Charities in her home town and also active in the Red Cross, and attending school.

Katherine Hoag Norgren is in Los Angeles. Since her father's death Katherine's mother has been with her in California. Mr. Norgren is at an aviation camp in Berkeley.

Margaret King is teaching History and Mathematics in Virginia. She is head of the History Department in the school.

Katherine Thorpe is still at Cornell and having a glorious time.

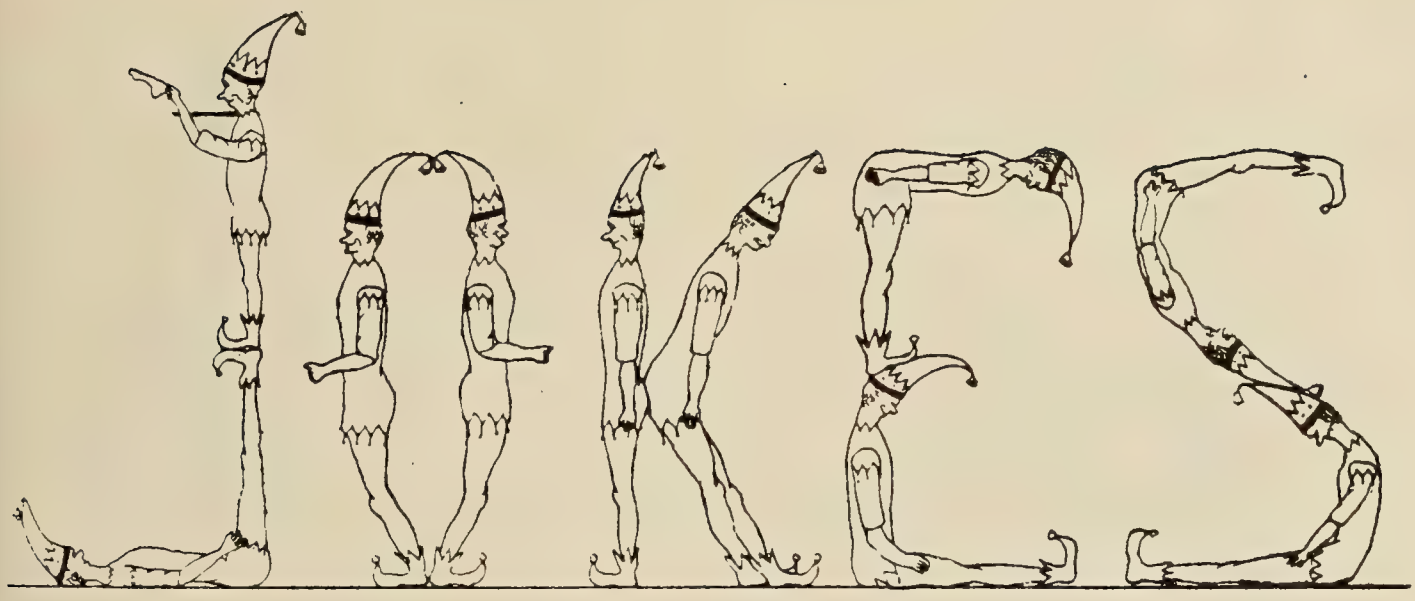
Nell Woodward is assistant music teacher in Denver and has one pupil of her own, is studying music and bookkeeping. Active in Red Cross. "I think it splendid that you girls have shown your loyalty to 1915 so finely. Wish we might have heard from every single girl. 1915 girls are showing in war relief the same generous spirit they had for school activities. Keep it up girls, so that when our boys come home, we won't be ashamed to face them, but will be able to say that we too 'fought the good fight." God bless every one of you! Always, Nell."

Mr. and Mrs. George Lowry Colburn (Muriel Fuller) are rejoicing over the birth of Rhea Ruth on the twenty-fourth of February.

Master Charles Pendleton Trumble, 3d, came on the twenty-fifth of February to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Niles Trumbull (Elizabeth Brandow, '11.)

A daughter, Phyllis Shields, was born on March eighth to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Melville Miller (Florence Shields, '14).

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bierer (Ruth Coulter, '12) are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.



Laws of Economics (?) Heard in Household Economics

"The greater the income, the larger the amount of expenditures.

"The greater the expenditures the greater the income.'

M: "What makes that bulb look like that?"

C.: "Well, you see—there is a formation of gas in these bulbs and in this one it is colgated." (meaning coagulated)

The Juniors are greatly puzzled over a certain George Augustus to whom they are regularly referred twice a week. Will the Seniors please enlighten them as to who George Augustus may be?

Why is there so much noise in the Senior Room?

Ans.: Because Doris Bahn, Barbara MacClellan, and Elsie Hughes have bands on their teeth..

Notice. When warm weather comes on we are going to give up trying to fill J. Edgerly with lettuce. From then until snow flies, she will be turned out to pasture.

Teacher: "What have we now of great importance that we didn't have one hundred years ago'"

I Britton: "Me.'

Member of Household Ec. A making lemon pie: "Say, what do you call that stuff on top? Harangue?"

Dr. M: "What does A. M. stand for?"

G. Evans: "After midnight."

If these jokes seem too raw, just roast them.

Well girls back to work again! Only eight more weeks of school! Let's make them count, in studying, in athletics and especially in war work. Now that Lasell is a Red Cross Unit, we must do more knitting, spend more time at the Surgical Dressings room and invest in Thrift Stamps. There is no reason why every girl cannot do all three. Just because Lent is over do not begin again to exist on sundaes and candies. Let your stamps be your candies for some time to come. You will never regret it!

On several fine afternoons lately, Dr. Winslow has invited groups of the girls to inspect Woodland Park with him. This is the hotel which the school has bought recently, and which will be opened in the fall as a prep school in connection with Lasell. The age limit of the prospective students will be from six to fifteen years. Oh, that we could camouflage our-selves by wearing our hair down our backs or by wearing short dresses so that we might room at Woodland. As a hotel Woodland Park was most attractive but as a school it is ideal. The first floor contains a beautiful dining room, numerous little reading rooms, a newly made chapel and a library. The upper floors contain spacious bed-rooms with adjoining baths. Every Lasell girl should interest her little sister or little girl friends in the new school as it will be one of unusual advantages.

The Leaves staff wishes to announce a short story contest for the May issue. The prize will be a Lasell ring. The competition is open to all. We hope to have a lot of good material.

SAYINGS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"One to-day is worth two to-morrow."

"Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices."

"He that cannot obey, cannot command."

"If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend."

"Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire."

"Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge."

"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."

A LASELL CHAPEL TALK

What is it that determines the line of development that one follows as one grows from childhood into youth, from youth into maturity? Your mother remembers you as a merry little toddler, with all your present self hid away in you, beyond even her loving divination. You have acquired personality since then; you have definite traits, very clear purposes; you leave a very definite impression on those who for any considerable time are associated with you. This impression may be only that of a neutral, colorless personality, or that of a rich full ardent one; the sure fact is that you *do* make some sort of an impression. What has made you what you are? What is going to make you what you will be five years hence? Isn't it a rather interesting question? Suppose that, right now, you could step out into the hall and take a glance in a mirror there that would show you exactly what you will be five years hence —not alone you outward, physical self, but your inward self as well, heart and mind, given as with a new,strange, but absolutely unerring photography. Would you want to look? Would you *shrink* from it?

Now you know as well as I that the moulding force that has changed your small childish self into your present one, is a very complex thing; but maybe you have not thought of a certain very powerful one of its elements, that has, nevertheless, had much to do with this marvelous inner change in you. This is your admiration. You had better guard well your admirations—all of us had. What you admire, you tend to imitate, to covet as your own, to seek. This means *action;* actions grow into ihto habits; and the sum of your habits, mental and spiritual, is not this largely you? Do you remember, in "The Iron Woman," how Blair's mother loses her boy because she has not in herself anything to arouse his admiration? As surely as you live, what we allow ourselves to admire has moulding influence over us, if the admiration be deep, strong, genuine. We shall bear its impress as the wax bears that of the seal. The bully *is* a bully simply because he so admires and covets brute force and dominance; the woman—and there are many of her scattered about—who is the comfort, the reliance, the gentle helper of her friends and neighbors is such because, for one thing and that importantly, she admires and loves those things in character.

Many of you are familiar with Henry Van Dyke's books. These lines I bring you reveal some of the shaping forces of his fine personality, some of his admirations. Listen. They have especial beauty and value now, because the dear season of the open air is every day drawing near and nearer to us—almost here.

By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body embraces,
For the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that brush my face with their fingers,
For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when the twilight lingers,

For the long breath, the deep breath, the
breath of a heart without care,—
I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the
open air!

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's
load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

Empy Dubb.

PERSONALS—Continued

In a recent letter from Katharine Bingaman, '15, to Miss Potter she writes, "My brother Ed left the second of July for France. He is with the MacKay Roosevelt Hospital Unit. Brother Arthur was on the Red Cross ambulance ship Surf all summer. Arthur is a full-fledged doctor and is at present at St. Luke's Hospital in New York. He, however, stands ready to go across at any moment. Hannah, mother and I are busy doing Red Cross work. I am also teaching Kindergarten in Staten Island. I love the work and love the children and am happy having definite occupation. I see Dorothy Crane, '16, quite often and Lena Vee Kelley, '14, was at our home for Washington's Birthday. Both girls are very well and busy in war work." Katherine evidently is reserving that warm corner of her heart for Lasell.

Florence Bell, '17, in a friendly letter to the school speaks of her meeting with Alice Jenks, '17, and Alice's interest in her secretarial work. She also spoke of meeting Mabel Strayker Kimball who at the time of Florence's writing was in New York bidding farewell to her husband who sailed with the boys for France. She also has reserved a place for herself and Dorothy Deering, '17, in the Woodland Park School for Commencement time.

Mildred Partridge called at the school recently and tells us that Louise Clark (Mrs. Harry D. Wolff) is the very happy mother of a lit le son Harry Jr. Louise and her family are living with Mr. and Mrs. Clark in Chicago. Her husband too is expected to be called across the seas very soon on war business.

From Edna Crane, '17, comes a word that she, her two sisters, and a girl from New Hampshire are keeping house in an attractive furnished suite in Chicago and through the day they are busy in their different schools. Edna is actually doing her share in Domestic Science for she tells of having "roasted the loveliest chicken for our dinner yesterday, made the dressing, stuffed it, and did everything myself. It was my first attempt and highly successful and it was great fun. But about my work. The Art Institute is the largest in the country having over three thousand students. The professional models are the most interesting. We have two full-blooded Indians, an Hawaiian, a Mexican who fought under Villa, an old rag-picker, a full-blooded Hindu, an old French soldier, all of them fairly brimming over with the unusual. I have also been sketching in the Ghetto where they sell everything from scrap-iron to live geese, pigs and Shetland ponies. It certainly broadens one to rub shoulders with such people. I am aiming toward decorative illustration. Of course the first year gives

us only a smattering of practically every line and a chance to specialize later on." Of her classmates she writes, "Frances Dohoney, Ruth Burnap, Nora Hayward, Irene Lederer, Leontine Goodman and myself have a Round Robin and we certainly derive much pleasure from it. Frances is studying at the State University. Irene is studying vocal music and Ruth is the practical business woman doing office work of some kind." She tells us that Ruth Warren is engaged to Lieutenant Roswell Curtis, and adds, "He is a fine man."

Edna asks about the Chicago Lasell Club and we hope soon will be at home with the Chicago girls. She also is entitled to a service flag for her brother Sheldon is at the aviation camp, Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas. And if we read Edna's letter correctly there is a strong unmistakable sign that she too is pledged to some soldier-boy but we have not learned the full facts. This is certainly a splendid message from Edna and we wish many of the girls would follow her good example and tell us "all about everything and everybody."

Elsewhere in our columns you will find a valuable quotation from one of our recent chapel talks which was enjoyed so much by the students that we felt we would like to share it with the old girls.

"Winter is past, the heart of nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green."
—*O. W. Holmes*

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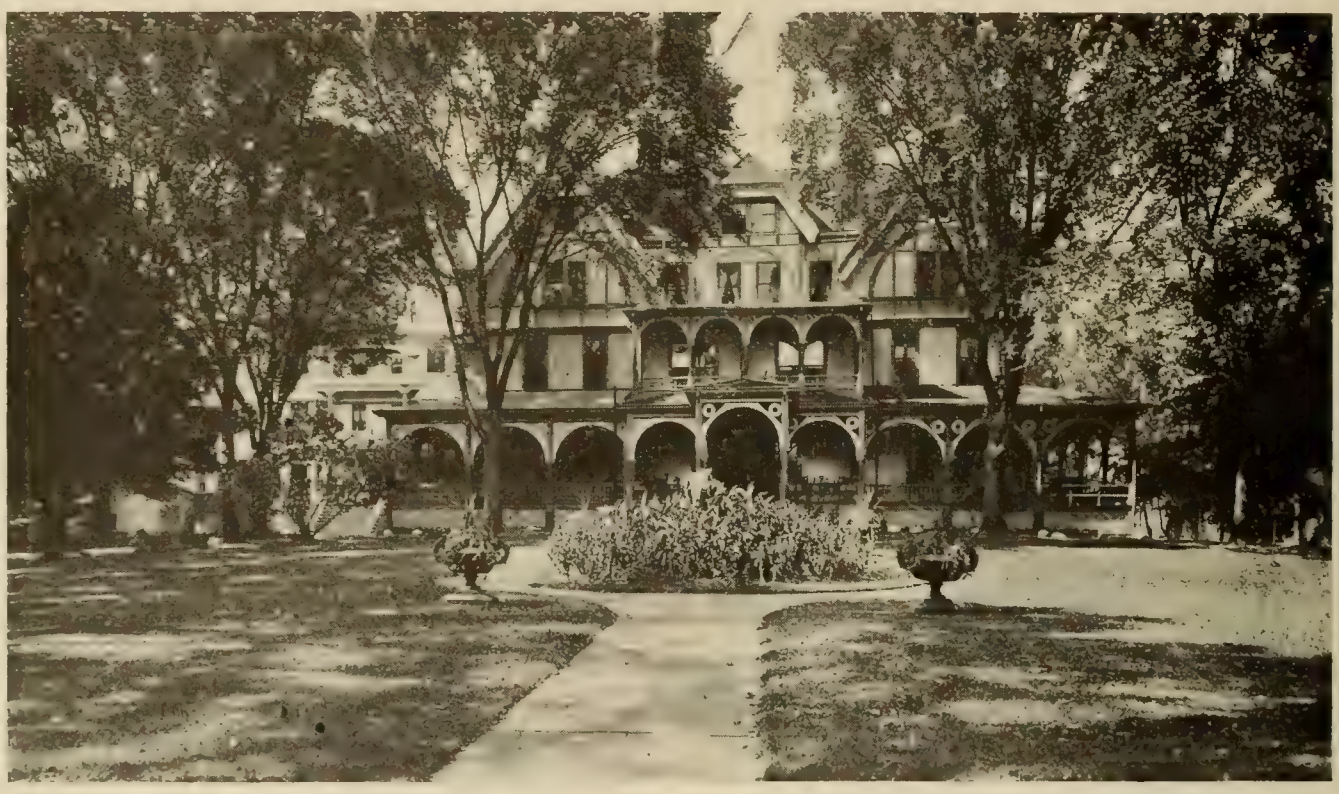

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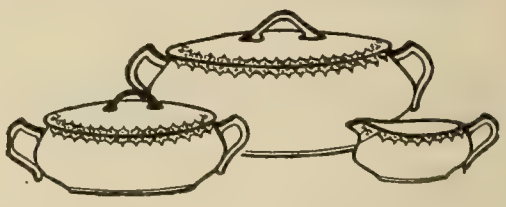

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

One Night Last Month ..... *D. Clark* 5

Table Talk ..... *L. Merritt* 5

Disadvantages of a Small Town ..... *E. Wilson* 7

The Dreaded Piece ..... *K. Paterson* 7

LOCALS 9

PERSONAL 13

JOKES 17

THE SUPPLEMENT 18

Miss Margaret Slattery
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THE COMFORT OF THE STARS

"When I am over-matched by petty cares
And things of earth loom large and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the air

Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets: such as these
Make mortal fret seem light and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of notes nor bars;
Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics of archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth:
Ringed Saturn, Mars whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love."

—Richard Burton.

ONE NIGHT LAST MONTH

One night after a dinner of Welsh rare-bit mince pie, and fudge, I awoke from a troubled sleep, and hearing a noise outside my door I stepped into the hall to learn more of the sound. I was just in time to see a weird procession passing. All the clocks in the house seemed to be on promenade. Yes, I recognized the little gilded clock which used to be on the mantel, and the old grandfather's clock from the hall—and even the little old alarm clock. Curious, I followed. They walked on for several yards, and then, as tho' by mutual consent, each sought a comfortable place and they began to talk.

Said a very small clock, "It's been a long time since we've been able to meet, and it will be a long time before we shall have another chance, so we'll have to make the most of it."

Then spoke up the grandfather clock:" Have you heard the latest! They are going to conserve daylight, by turning all the clocks forward one hour. It is absurd I never heard anything like it in all the forty odd years I've been running! I don't think much of it either. These Yankee upstarts over here are always thinks up some fool thing! I'll do all I can to be contrary. If I don't work, then they'll have to go back to the old method.

"I for one thing it's a splendid idea the other replied. I've worked in an office and I know they need every minute of daylight they can get. Just think how much can be accomplished Yes, indeed —it's just what is needed to win the war! And furthermore, I guess it would take more than you to make them go back to the old method. Such egotism, I declare'"

Then the little gilded mantel clock, with a silvery chiming sigh, broke in.

"That's all right for business, but how about the lovers? It's not daylight they like best I'm thinking. Many's the night I've seen————."

"Humph," said the alarm clock. "Cut out the sentimental stuff these war times. I agree with the office clock. You know, it's up to us to do all we can for the country,tho' it's little enough we can do, goodness knows! As fer lovers bein' fond of the night, so is burglars and Zepplin raiders!" Then turning around to grandfather's clock he added in righteous indignation—"I know what's the trouble with you—You're Pro-German, that's what you are! No you don't" as the big clock tried to cover his face with his hands and vainly drew back into a dark corner. " This proves it," and he drew the clock back into the light and pointed to where in black letters, was inscribed "Made In Germany."

With a rap and a rattle, and a whirring of wheels and springs the old clock fell to pieces —from shame I suppose. And then a cock crowed—and the clocks disappeared as tho' by magic! The next thing I knew it was morning.

TABLE TALK

An ordinary conversation at the table should be, one would think, an easy matter and of litttle importance; but I for one have been greatly surprised, more than once, to find myself racking my brains in despairing effort to find an appropriate, or at least a suggestive and available topic for conversation during a meal. Has this never happened to you?

If you look around at the people who chance to be sitting at the table with you, you will find some of them silently addressing themselves to their food, thinking nobody knows what—possibly busy in their minds with the deliciousness of the viands, possibly with quite other things; certainly they are not heeding the desire of their lonely but determinedly polite neighbor, who after fifteen vain attempts to interest them in a new spring bonnet, or in the why and how of the what not, has finally given up all hopes of ever arresting their attention or winning a response, and has taken refuge in the virtuous thought that she has done her best, and, therefore, need not continue to go exasperatingly twelve-thirteenths of the way to meet them in bringing about a conversation.

A shade more trying than these are the people who are always talking about themselves—what they have been doing—what a splendid family they belong to and how much money they are worth. Why can't such people see how narrow, self-absorbed and common they must seem to others?

It ought not to be necessary to mention here what very bad manners it is to talk at meals about one's ill health and ailments or, indeed, any one else's ailments; if such things must be talked about, let it be to the doctor and nurse in a private room with the door closed. There are too many ailing people in the world, and nothing is so inexpressibly wearisome as being forced to listen to such things. If one of those present has a weak stomach or a too lively power of visualizing, his meal may be robbed of all enjoyment by ill chosen topics of conversation, and any way, who cares to hear all about another's aches and pains at a place and time when all should be pleasant and cheerful?

In this survey of how-not-to-do-it we must not forget those who feel impelled to remark critically upon the food served them. Even the well-bred child knows that this is very impolite. Such comments may be over heard by the hostess and become a cause of unpleasant embarrassment both to her and to the speaker. Surely, if one doesn't like the food, nothing need be said about it. One's likes and dislikes can easily enough be seen by one's accepting or declining dishes; the second

helping certainly leaves no doubt, if there be any who are interested in observing another tastes.

One thing is certain if it is rude to choose certain unpleasant themes to talk about, it is the height of rudeness to sit in s ony silence while at the table; conversation is imperative if courtesy be observed. The socially correct person forms the habit of opening a conversation herself, without waiting in chilling silence for her neighbor to begin. And when speaking in general to all the table or to a number one shuld select a subject presumably interesting to all, so that all may enter at will into the seriousness or fun of the moment.

Of course the conversation is not always successfully launched at the first send-off. If in interesting a neighbor one approaches her with a subject she does not respond to, it may perhaps be that she knows little about that particular thing or finds it not to her taste. The seasoned talker is not discouraged by this but acts on the old advice, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again" and introduce others till common ground of interest is found. Or if she does not respond to any, one has at least done one's social duty and with entire politeness may turn to a more genial companion where better results are to be had.

Conversation of course has to be learned as do other useful arts, and younger people I think, do not sufficiently realize the necessity of it. Sometimes they just do not think of it, being perhaps too much interested in their food, or if they do talk it is very often just to some especial friend who chances to sit next to them some one to whom they tell all their secrets,—if they are fortunate enough to have any not already told. These are childishly immature ways of conducting oneself and bespeak greeness.

If at times it happens in the course of a meal that some accident occurs, the waitress may chance to spill the soup down some unfortunate back, or the leg of the chicken that some one has with out success been trying to cut, suddenly plunges across the table into the lap of the unlucky mortal opposite or may be it is nothing worse than the upsetting of a glass of water. When such things occur it takes self-control and resourcefulness to keep the conversation going as if nothing unusual had happened one must use one's head.

Polite and intelligent conversation at the table I regret to say is far more rare than it should be, here among us at least, and there is great need that it be cultivated.

DISADVANTAGES OF THE SMALL TOWN

The disadvantages of the small town are numerous, and are due, for the most part, as one would expect, to the small number of inhabitants. Such a town usually contains, besides the various groups of dwelling houses, two churches and a school, a post office, a library, a blacksmith shop, and two stores, each of which light-heartedly engages to supply almost everything imagineable in merchandise, from a thimble to farming implements, except only what is really wanted by the purchaser.

Let us take the churches first. Each is struggling to maintain a good attendance, or better one, if possible, than the other one, as well as to keep its head above water financially, a vital thing, and hard to do in a small community, unless the church be heavily endowed. Seldom does one see an endowed church outside a big city. Trouble is sure to arise from this profitless division of forces. Suppose, for instance, Red Cross work is taken up by one of these two churches. In order

to accomplish much, the ladies of the town should work togther; but the meetings are held in the vestry of this church, whose members, prompted too often by petty jealousy, do not care to have the ladies of the church across the way come to help, or, as the less tactful would term it, interfere in this matter. The result is that Red Cross work is taken up in the other church, too, and a handful of people gather in each parish house to work under the direction of some one of its own members. Co-ordination being thus lacking, less work is done, and what is done is less effective than their united efforts would accomplish. But this is not all. The feeling or rivalry between two such societies leads to unfriendly comment in not a few cases; each group discusses the other, and hard feelings are engaged on both sides. That this tends to reduce the level of truly Christian feeling can easily be seen; hence the very purpose of the church itself is partly defeated.

There is perhaps a good school building, for the smaller children at least; but the small town can not afford to pay high salaries to it's teachers, nor, again, do teachers of the best training care to teach in small places, unless they are teaching for the first time. Thus the children run the risk of not being well trained. When the boys and girls of such towns become far enough advanced to enter High School, they are sent for further training to an adjoining town or city. Almost invariably in these daily journeys the children proceed to have what they call "a good time" on the train, trolley, or whatever conveys them to and from school; and being young and immature, they often carry the fun too far, thus discrediting not alone themselves, but also the town, which they represent. The youngsters are talked over by such of their townsfolk as know of their misbehavior, but in most cases the respective parents of the offendors are left in ignorance of their children's conduct. This also has cousequences, though in the majority of instances probably not serious or permanent.

Into the store and post-office, after the evening meal, come straggling the village men, there to spend their evenings discussing nearly everything under the sun, from the way the government is run, and the way it should be managed, to the probable reason for the absence of their cronies from the customary group. Practically the same thing occurs at the blacksmith shop on a rainy day. The greetings of the wives to ther husbands on such a day is, "What news did you hear at the blacksmith shop?" Here is where a great deal of the "news" originates, news; production of soil for the unfertile idle brains.

The library of such a place is seldom found to be open more than one afternoon and evening a week. On this appointed afternoon the women gather singly, or in groups, to find out whether there has taken place during the week any event that they have not heard of. Incidently they may wish to get a book apiece, of course, though books are not usually the prime motive drawing many of them to the library.

After careful consideration of these and other hampering conditions of the small towns, for I have mentioned only a few of the most obvious, it can easily be seen that progress in such a place is necessarily very slow, unless something radically different from the customary occurs to interest the people in affairs larger and more vital than the every day concern of their neighbors; something able to inspire them to work heartily and earnestly together for a common cause, and to seek in a spirit of comradeship the betterment of the community.

THE SULKERS

"The world's too busy now to pause
To listen to a whiner's cause;
It has no time to stop and pet
The sulker in a peevish fret,
Who wails he'll never work nor play
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world keeps plodding right along
And gives its favors right or wrong
To all who have the grit to work
Regardless of the fool or shirk
The world says this to every man:
"Go out and do the best you can."

The world's too busy to implore
The beaten one to try once more;
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,
And boost him if he bravely tries,
And shows determination grim;
But it won't stop to baby him.

The world is occupied with men
Who fall but quickly rise again;
But those who whine because they're hit
And step aside to sulk a bit
Are doomed some day to wake and find
The world has left them far behind."

—Edward A. Guest.

THE DREADED PIECE

Betty was gradually becoming agitated over the prospect of speaking her piece that afternoon. Two weeks before when her teacher had assigned her the selection, she thought to herself bitterly, "Why couldn't she pick out something I would like to learn? My goodness, it's hard enough having this one dinged into me."

But the two weeks had passed rapidly—far too rapidly, to Betty's way of thinking. Why it seemed as if she were always getting up or having to go to bed. How those hours flew past! Now it was eleven o'clock. She watched the large dial, on the wall, anxiously, for the hands seemed to move faster, as if in derision—and she even imagined its face making grimaces at her discomfort.

The huge geography book, propped up against the head of Frederick, who was sitting in front of her, concealed her face from the teacher. Frederick—he never was called Fred, for the teacher never took liberties with baptismal name and his schoolmates called him Freddie—was far too obliging.

"Of course he's nice to prop your books on," said Betty to herself, "but I'd just like to stick a pin in him to see him jump. I guess he'd move fast for once in his life!"

Her gaze wandered from the back of Freddie's neck to the clock. She wished she could skip school that afternoon. As the idea formed in her mind, she thought of her older brother who, that morning, had laughed and said that Betty wouldn't have the nerve to get upon the rostrum and speak.

"I'll show him," she muttered.

Soon it was time for the bell to ring and Betty forgot the event of the afternoon. Instead, she wondered if Lucy would have something she liked for lunch.

At the luncheon table, Betty's mother told her that she would find a white dress on her bed, ready to put on—and her new patent leather shoes.

"Why Mother! I want to wear exactly what I have on and my goodness—it's bad enough wearing those awful patent leathers, when you go to dancing school. It looks silly anyway, dressing up; you feel uncomfortable up there with everyone looking at you, without wearing something unusual. The whole business is silly any way and I don't see why—Oh, mother, can't I have more salad?"

In this manner, the subject was changed, until after lunch, at least, and at one-thirty Betty was in her regular seat at school. She wore the white dress with a scournful air and now and then looked down with disgust at the patent leather shoes she so despised. A few parents arrived, with a scattering of other admiring relatives. The first girl to speak her

piece made several attempts, finally ended in a shower of tears and—amid sympathetic glances from the many guests and—yes snickers of amusement from the other pupils---went to her seat.

Frederick came next and with a mighty poke from Betty, he lunged out into the aisle. "Go up and do the same thing, Freddie," taunted Betty. He managed to gain the rostrum after repeated "trippings" on the part of his fellows, along the path of misery.

The time passed—and Betty became engrossed at the sight of several workmen rolling the school lawn. Suddenly she heard Miss Higgins announce, in her best formal voice, "Miss Elizabeth Remington." The heavens opened for Betty—and she wondered where she had heard that name before? Her father's name was Remington. Could there be any connection?

Eric Watson, the boy who sat quietly behind her, and who was no polite youth either, pulled that portion of her bobbed hair he could reach and—at the same time dropped a large, brown, squirming June bug, down her back. For a moment Betty was stunned and seemed to be turned to stone but at a glare from Miss Higgins, she went forward and mounted the platform. Once there she rattled off sentence after sentence at an astonishing rate. Gaining momentum as she recited, she finished with a grand flourish and a slight wiggle.

As Betty marched down the aisle towards her seat, Eric saw the gleam in her eyes that meant something was about to happen. And it did. Snatching her hated, red arithmetic, he hurled it directly at Eric. She was so successful in her aim that she didn't wait to see the result nor the horrified looks of the guests and of Miss Higgins. Instead she kept on, into the hall, downstairs and out of the building. Only then did she stop and, with much squirming, managed to dislodge the trouble-causing June bug.

"Well, I did speak my piece and Don can take back what he said and maybe Mother will let—my goodness but Eric looked funny! And Miss Higgins! She could have eaten me, I know. My goodness, I might as well go home!"

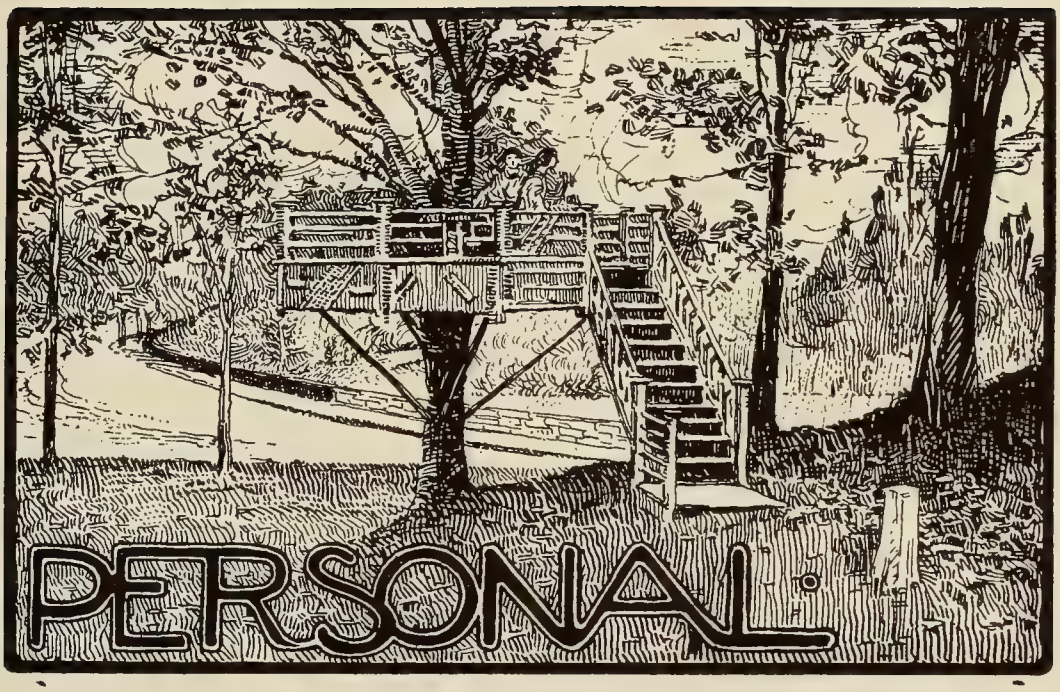
"For every worry under the sun,
There is a cure or there is none,
If there is one try and find it,
If there is none never mind it."

"Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself."

"Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark—Don't lose your grip."

FORCED COURTESY

"I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet,"



Laasell girls of 1912-'13 will remember distinctly and pleasantly our dear Genevieve Elizabeth Watkins and will join us in extending hearty congratulations to her on her recent marriage on April 22d to Mr. Harry Marshall Stecker at Mt. Carmel, Pa.

In our present day group we have one young woman who has just announced her engagement. Madeline Loomis to Mr. James Caldwell of Springfield. Mrs. Wagner's group seized the opportunity to celebrate Madeline's engagement with a linen shower. Both Genevieve and Madeline are Clark cottage girls.

The Dealey sisters' brother Mr. Walter A. Dealey accompanied by Mr. Lubin of Dallas, Texas were kind enough to make a detour in their visit "up North" and called at Lasell Seminary. Our one regret was that we could not persuade them to remain longer. We were not at all surprised that they brought good news of the sisters. Annie, '06, has just moved into a beautiful new home and Maidie, '04, is busy training her two months old daughter.

We were very sorry to learn of the loss which has come to Julia Lipps recently in the burning of her home on Monday morning, April 15th. The fire started in the laundry due probably to a defective wiring. They were able to save very little and the loss is estimated at about $25,000.

Ruth Straight, '17, sent a card recently with just a word of greeting. We wish that she had told us more about herself. She gives us the assurance of her return at Commencement time.

This line in a letter to our Registrar from Constance Fairchild we are glad to receive. "The course I took last year at Lasell is helping me a great deal in two classes of little girls I have in New York City at the Jacob Riis Settlement. I find the children half starved for love and kindness and oh how dirty they are! The classes are little housekeeper's

classes so you can easily understand how last year's work helps me out now."

———

We were grieved recently to learn of the serious illness of Susan Tiffany, '15 (Susan has been head of all sorts of organizations for war relief, etc., and has overdone) and we are hoping daily to receive word of her convalescence.

———

A charming note came to Miss Potter recently from Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, containing a snap-shot of Mary Ruth and also word that Irene and her husband are enjoying their lovely new home in Westfield. Hurry up, Mary Ruth! we have your name on the waiting list but we find it hard to wait.

Annie Crowe Collum, '09, did get as far as Boston but to our great regret was unable to visit Lasell. However, she was kind enough to "call up" Mrs. Winslow and Miss Parkhurst and left messages for the rest of us. She was hastening to her home in Winnipeg.

The April number of the American Art Student pays indirectly a tribute to our Art Director, Miss Mullikin, and to Lasell. We quote the following. "The Art Department of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., dates from the foundation of the school almost seventy years ago, and has contributed more than one celebrity to the art world, as, for instance, Madame Elizabeth Gardiner Bouguereau, of Paris, and Mrs. Lee Lufkin Kaula, of Boston.

If I had my choice between learning to spell well and learning to draw well as a useful and serviceable power, I would not hesitate a moment to choose drawing,' said ex-President Eliot of Harvard. It is because Lasell has always believed in the educational use of constructive work that her pupils were given credit in art as counting toward graduation before this was done in many of the great universities of the country.

Designing is strongly emphasized and even the most immature among the pupils discovers that designing is neither a miracle nor a mystery, but a mode of thinking, whose principles any mind in its right sense may learn. Design finds its application in many ways, in order that womanlike habits may be learned.

The ancient art of pottery is practiced and Lasell is justly proud of both the form and the glaze of its products. The Seminary magazine gives opportunity for work for reproduction."

We are also proud to say that one of Miss Mullikin's recent portraits, a sketch of Concepcion Aguirre Cinta is on exhibition at the present time in the Art Museum in Portland, Maine.

———

Helen Gerrett, '16, took time from her busy school duties to gather a beautiful box of mayflowers which she sent to our preceptress and it was greatly appreciated and enjoyed by a number of Lasell folk. Helen speaks tenderly of the loss of our dear Miss Blaisdell. She closes her note with this pleasant confession. "School work here keeps me busy and is indeed very interesting. I do wish you could peep in and see me. Quite a different life from the Lasell days! Please remember me to everyone."

———

We are just wondering if the old girls saw in one of this year's numbers of the Sunday School Times, Dr. Peloubet's article entitled "How I Use My Bible Tools.' Those who remember this distinguished neighbor of Lasell will be deeply interested in this personal account and will realize, as the author has said in his foreword, that in this charming autobiographical sketch Dr. Peloubet describes how everything in his life is inter-

woven with his great work, his friends, his home, his books, his magazines, his study his curios, even the pictures on the wall. Lasell has had few kindlier and more devoted friends than Dr. Peloubet and we are daily thankful that he is still spared to us.

Laura Hale, '16 sent to us recently the following clipping from the Hartford Courant.

"Mrs Eliza M. Hemenway, 84 years old, widow of John A. Hemenway, died Tuesday night at the home of her son, Edgarton Hemenway. She attended the public schools of Suffield and was in the class of 1851 of the Suffield School, then the Connecticut Literary Institute. She entered Lasell Seminary in Auburndale, Mass, where she was a student in 1853-54. "Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to her two sons, George C. and Edgerton.

Laura writes, "This spring weather makes me think of Lasell and wish that I might go up to Auburndale and I do hope to be with you at Commencement time. For six months I have been working for the Monroe Calculating Machine Co. taking the place of a young man who was called to war. It is very pleasant work and takes me all over the state. I drive my own car and very often take friends along for company so you see I am really doing something and having a good time as well. I am also keeping up my singing and have an excellent teacher, although I miss Miss Goodrich." Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, and Emily Hale Barnett have both been home for a few days recently. Emily's husband, Rev. Francis Barnett is chaplain of Base Hospital No. 15 and has been across nearly a year. Laura spent a night recently with the Shuttleworth's in Amsterdam, New York. Beatrice hopes to come on for Commencement.

MRS. MARTIN'S BIT

As usual our Mrs. Martin is on the giving hand. During these war times she is offering her services free for the great cause. In this way she has contributed generously to the war fund. Through the Leaves she would say to any old girl representing some worthy organization who wishes to speed up financially, Mrs. Martin will be glad to give her services and will go a long way to make good this offer. Camp Devens and a number of New England D. A. R. chapters have already availed themselves of her offer and in so doing have raised their fund and *spirits*. Those interested may address Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Lasell Seminary.

Professor Hills recently gave a chosen few a delightful musical treat. His own pupils furnished the piano numbers and Mrs. William H. Warren, Lucy Sargeant, '91, accompanied her daughter, a young violinist of unusual ability.

DR. GORDON APPRECIATED

The following letter from a gentleman, who states in the opening paragraph that he is unknown to residents of this city will be of interest to every acquaintance of Rev. William C. Gordon, D.D., the recent pastor of the Auburndale Church:

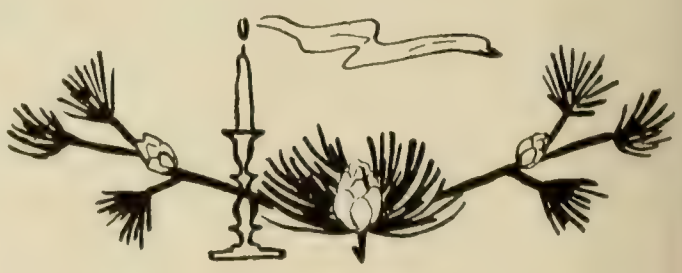
I am a fellow-worker with Dr. W. C. Gordon of your city. I hail from Portland, Oregon, and out west we don't accept a man as sterling metal simply because he has the hall mark of a Doctor of Divinity or some other similar title. He must make good and prove his metal. We take him for what he is not for what he is labeled. I used to be up in Alaska and up North we have a saying that if you will eat a sack of flour with a man you

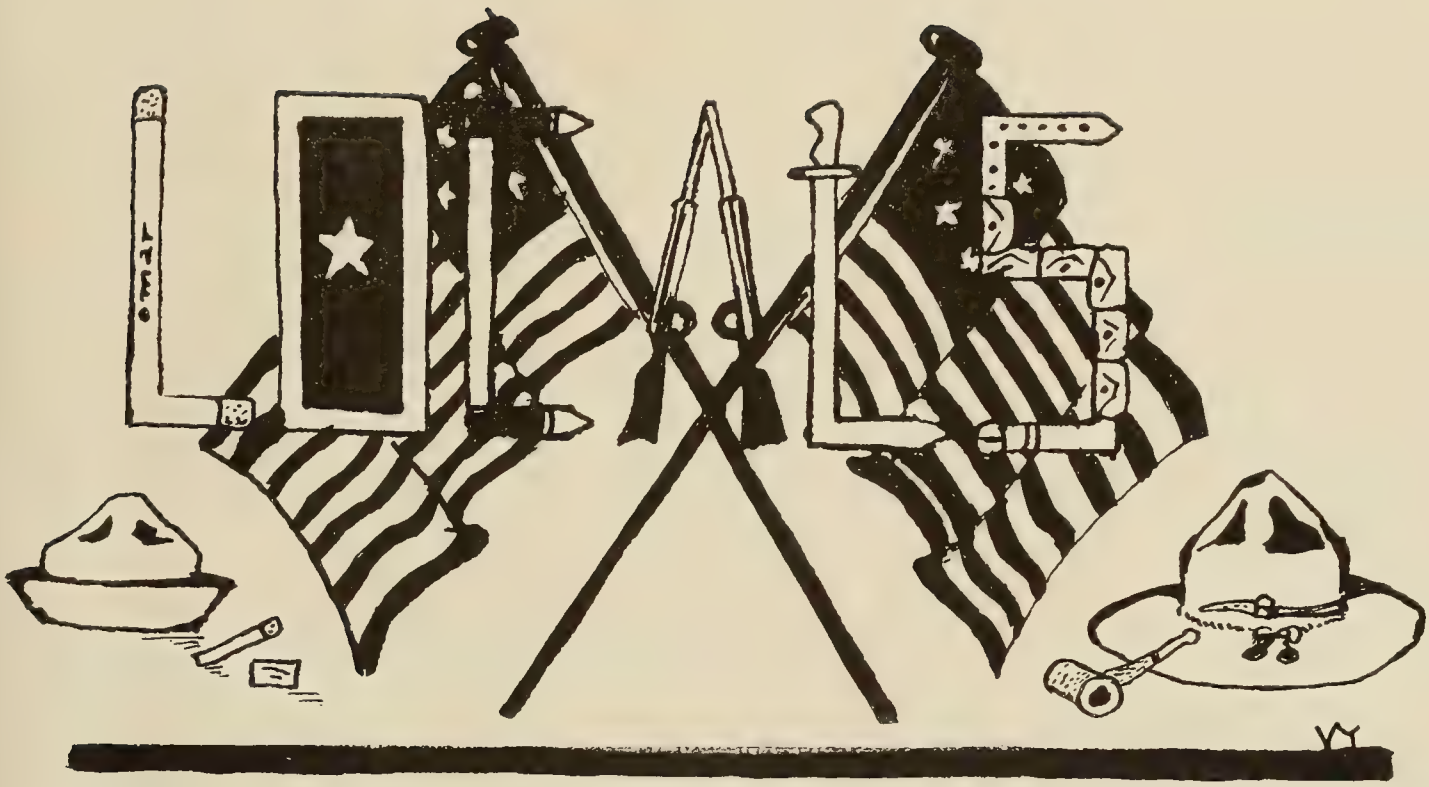
know him inside and out. The hardships of the trail bring out the flaws in one's metal. You also know a man fairly well if you work with him. He is off guard and you get an insight into his real character. All of this rather lengthy preamble is by way of preface to a page or less as to what Dr. Gordon is doing over here. A tree is known by its fruit. A community is judged by its citizens. France is judging America by the type of men we are sending over here. Dr. Gordon is the type of man that makes for international friendships. I said he was a fellow-worker, with me just put the emphasis on the worker. If one were to judge Newton by Dr. Gordon one could not fail to give Newton a high place in his estimation. One would conclude that its citizenship was of a high type of patriotism and that the ideals of its people were high. Dr. Gordon is on deck at the Red Triangle hut at nine A. M. and that means eight o'clock in the states for the daylight saving plan has advanced the time one hour here. He is on the job till midnight every night and sometimes much later. I have never seen him lose his poise nor get out of patience and I have seen him under trying circumstances. He does not talk a great deal about his particular brand of religion but he lives his religion and keeps the boys over here true to the ideals of the homeland. He invited me into his room recently to see a consignment of packages from Newton unpacked and I came to the conclusion that if his church has a worth while pastor the same may be said of the congregation. Let us tell you a few of the things I remember seeing in those packages—knitted socks, of thick warm wool, trench hats and helmets, soap, tooth paste, wash cloths, flashlight, chocolate, gum, shoe laces, talcum powder, candy, tea, and a score of other things that will be a Godsend to the boys in the trenches. The gifts sent to Dr. Gordon may have meant sacrifice to those who gave them but they also mean comfort and pleasure and the thought of home to the boys who will share the gifts. I could give a score of instances where Dr. Gordon's quiet council has shown the type of man he is but here is just one instance. Maxim, one of our French employees is more than trying so at a recent conference it was suggested and unanimously approved that he be brought in and made to tow the mark with the threat of dismissal if he failed to make good, Dr. Gordon said "Let us practice mercy and charity as well as preach it. Isn't there a better way to accomplish the desired result?" Of course there was and a quiet talk with Maxim accomplished the same result without the humiliation of being publicly reprimanded. At our Red Triangle Hut we meet scores and scores of sailors and soldiers every day and many a man who has been luke-warm in his regard for the Y. M. C. A. goes away after meeting Dr. Gordon a firm believer in the work of the Red Triangle. Dr. Gordon doesn't know I am writing this but I feel his fellow-townsmen will be interested in the work he is doing.

Cordially yours,

FRED LOCKLEY.

Portland, Oregon.





THE JUNIOR HONORARY MEMBER

Monday evening during dinner the Juniors announced their honorary member, Miss Margaret Slattery of Boston, the noted writer and lecturer. The announcement was made by the class president, Edith Vance in a short speech and by means of little cards tied to small American flags which were distributed at all the tables. After *The Star-Spangled Banner* had been sung, the Seniors sang their congratulations.

ORPHEAN CONCERT

On the evening of April 24th, the Orphean Club, under the direction of the able leader, Professor Henry Dunham, gave its annual concert. For the opening number, with Miss Wagner at the piano and Mr. George Dunham at the organ, the club sang d'Indy's St. Mary Magdalene. The chorus was asssisted by Miss Nekamp, who, is always charmed her audience with her songs. Withal the program showed that the girls had done faithful work under Professor Dunham's directorship.

MISSIONARY ENTERTAINMENT

The Missionary Society gave a very unique play with an all-star cast on Saturday evening, April 30. The scene was a business meeting of an unknown missionary society in the days of our grandmothers. The questions which they had to discuss, we found were quite modern as well as the types of character presented. We congratulate the cast on their success and we hope for further display of their talent. After the play, Lorna Merritt entertained us by playing and singing some original compositions.

VESPERS

At the vespers of April 14, Mrs. Bissel who has lived in India twenty years, told about the child widows of that country. There are five million such widows under five years of age at the present time. A child widow's

life with all its customs under the Hindu religion is an utter contrast to the life of an American girl. Mrs. Bissel pictured vividly one child who was married at five by her parents and who became a widow a few months later. Then according to religious custom she was literally an outcast in society. She was compelled to don the widows costume and never allowed to remarry. Her life was one of drudgery until her death. Surely Mrs. Bissel's portrayal has made us all want to bring help to these many wretched girls.

At the Congregational Church, on Sunday afternoon, April 21st, Lasell again had the pleasure of hearing the Tuskegee quartette. They sang several of their old-time hymns and melodies. The Professor of English at Tuskegee Institute also gave a very interesting address telling how the negroes are helping in this great war. He avowed the patriotism of every negro in the United States. Tuskegee Institute has alone sent three hundred and fifty men. In past years the white man often come to the rescue of the black men and now the latter are showing their appreciation.

Dr. Muste of Newtonville had charge of vespers Sunday, April 28th. The leader opened his service by reading from Revelation the description of the New Jerusalem. Dr. Muste applied this description to our lives, telling us that the gates of a fair city are open now if only we will enter and enjoy its riches. He said that we might enter that realm of life through the approaches of books, of science, of nature, of worship, of joy, of sorrow, of friendship and of service. Sometimes fear keeps us from entering the gates.

Another way in which we may obtain pure joy and real life is through love; only by loving and trusting all, can we realize that peace may yet come to us and to all mankind.

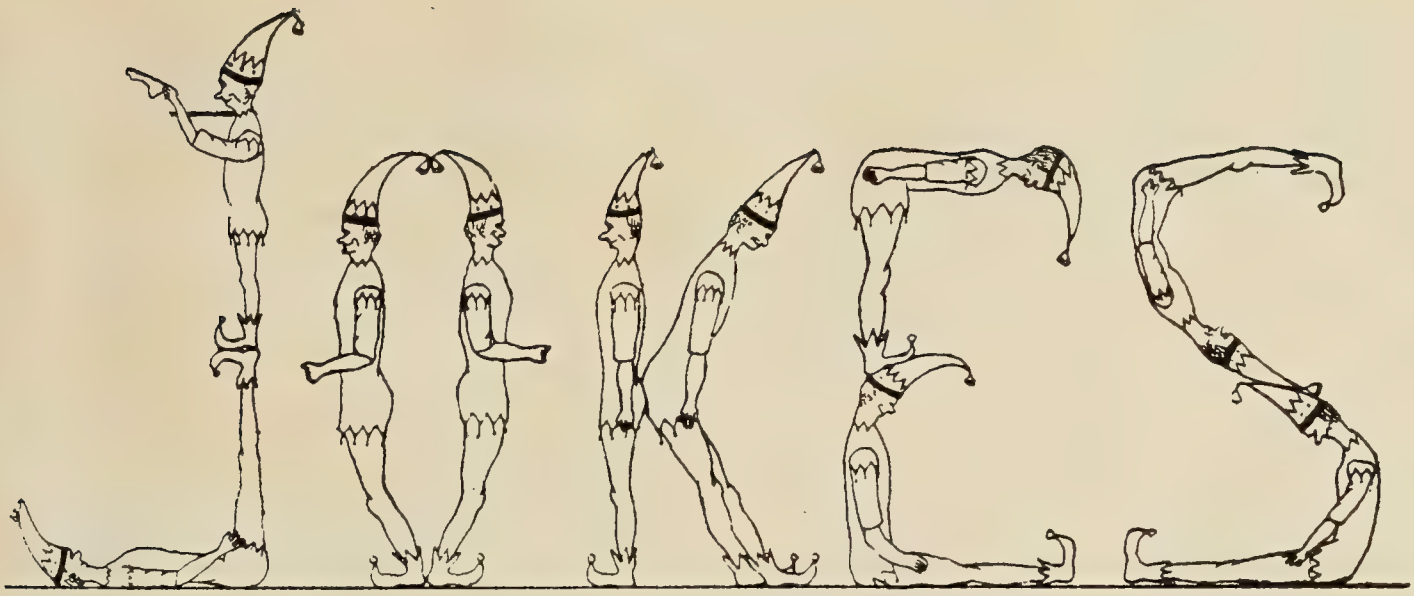
The girls have already had one opportunity to *see Boston* under Miss Rand's able direction. Another chance will be given later. Such trips, as well as those for the inspection of various great factories, are full of interest and value. When the girls get back they always say, "We're glad we did not miss that."

Our students and teachers have taken a little French orphan and this time in memory of our Marcella Gamble, Lucille Hyman, and Edith Dorchester the three dear girls (this year students) who recently passed away.

Julia Lipp, '17 is the latest post graduate to secure a room for herself and Mary Canfield, '17, in the Woodland Park School for Commencement time. Julia took an active part in the Liberty Loan drive and reports that they raised over two million dollars which is more than their quota and they hope to reach three million.

Lieut. and Mrs. Spencer Whiting (Etta Wolfe) are rejoicing over the birth of a son born on March 14th.

As we are about to go to press the interesting news comes to us from Helen Merrill, '16, announcing her engagement to Mr. Roy E. Strohecker. Mr. Strohecker is a graduate of the Pennslyvania State College and is in the same firm as Mr. David, Annie Merrill's, '12, husband. He is an expert chemist and so far the government has considered his work of more value in the war industry which claims his attention.



Junior Bible

Miss Packard—"What giant do you remember in connection with David?"

Lorna Merritt—"Hercules."

Horace—"My sister just got a pearl from an oyster."

Homer:—"That's nothing. Mine got a diamond from a lobster." —Ex.

Mrs. A.—"Is your daughter a finished musician?"

Mrs. B.—"Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats."

Waiter (watching customer who had ordered boiled eggs)—"Were they boiled long enough, Sir?"

Customer—"Yes, but not soon enough."

The little runaway (who had left home an hour ago)—"I wonder if the folks still have the same old dog?"

E. Vance—"I think one of my feet has gone to sleep."

K. Rice—"Yes, I noticed that they turned in quite a while ago."

What we all Delight In

Writing in Memory Books
Having our pictures taken
Asking for permission
Eating peanut loaf
Study hall — Monday morning
Roll call at Vespers
Rising bell
Little yellow notes
Receptions
Report cards.
Senior Bible
Telephone calls we never get

M. Carey and B. Cohn, since reading a sign at the Opera the other night, have been dilgiently getting seat numbers to leave at the box-office, in case of a mix-up or accident. The Juniors think it might be a good idea to furnih girls going to the Opera with tape measures of their own; thereby removing much of a load from the shoulders of the above mentioned Seniors.

Wanted

Wanted—An occasional telephone call for L. Greeley.

Wanted—A local weather bureau.

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor, *Lillian M. Packard.*

COMMENCEMENT, 1918.

Are you coming?

While all plans have to be somewhat modified in these days we expect to have a happy Commencement Week and will promise our girls who come back to us a good time. As there is no inn or hotel in Auburndale, now open, Dr. Winslow has planned to open the "Woodland Park" for school guests. Meals will be served at the same hours as at the seminary and the prices will be as follows:

For two in a room, the charge for each will be $12.00 per week for room and board or $2.25 per day.

For single room, $15.00 per week or $2.50 per day.

No reduction will be made for meals not taken.

Open for guests June first. Reservations should be made in advance to Miss Potter or Dr. Winslow.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Saturday, June 1, 3.30 P.M.—May Fete.

Monday, June 3, 10 A.M.—River Day.

Wednesday, June 5, 8 P.M.—Commencement Concert.

Thursday, June 6, 2.30 P.M.—Swimming Exhibition. 3 to 5.30, Home Economics Exhibit, Carter Hall.

Saturday, June 8, 8 P.M.—Senior Reception

Sunday, June 9, 10.45 A.M.—Sermon before the Graduating Class, Lemuel Herbert Murlin, D.D. LL.D. 6.15, Commencement Vespers. William Harman Van Allen L.L.D.

Monday, June 10, 8 P.M.—Class Day Exercises. Cards necessary.

Tuesday, June 11, 10.45 A.M.—Commencement Exercises. Address, Alfred Ernest Stearns, L. H. D.

2 P. M. Reunion of the Alumnae and "Old Girls."

THREE FRIENDS

In these days life is made up of lights and shadows and so it is with the Supplement which strives to reflect to a small degree the life of our former students, teachers, and friends: This year three of our most loyal and long-time friends have slipped away. We shall miss them but they have earned their reward after long and useful lives devoted to service for others. The names will recall many memories to a large group of Lasell girls. Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, Mrs. William T. Shepherd, Col. Homer B. Sprague.

MISS BLAISDELL

Lasell without Miss Blaisdell seems strange and yet the girls of today scarcely knew her. On account of a long-continued illness, she has lived almost a hermit life within the four walls of her room. Her life was carefully reviewed in the October Supplement in what she called

her "obituary" but which we claimed was a well-deserved tribute to her many years of faithful service. It was on the seventeenth of April that the end came and two days later on Patriot's Day the funeral service was held in the Lasell Chapel. Three times the chapel has been used for this purpose, for our beloved Miss Carpenter, for "Louis" our faithful "friend in black," the night watchman, and now this friend who has been connected with the seminary for over fifty years, a graduate of the class of '67, a teacher under Dr. Briggs and Dr. Bragdon, and treasurer from September 1903 to August 1917.

The floral tributes, many and beautiful, told a story of their own of the grip she had on the hearts of many during her more active life among us. Among them were those from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, the Lasell Alumnae Association, her "old girls" among the faculty, individual pieces from teachers and pupils, the active girls and one from the help in the house "for one whom they delighted to serve."

Exact in everything Miss Blaisdell had planned the service and her wishes were respected. She had even given her life motto and written the poem which she wished to have read "My Life Motto:" "Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done."

My Poem

The voyage of life-ay, 'tis grand and sublime
To sail on our course o'er the ocean of time,
Whose billows dash wildly along our earth strand
Yet break in soft murmurs on heavenly land.

When breezes blow gently and skies are all fair
And the waters flow smoothly, unruffled by care,
Then our gay bounding barges float buoyant and free
'Mid the low rippling currents of life's summer sea.

But clouds will arise, and the thunders will roll
And the dark waves of sorrow break over the soul,
And we cover and shrink 'neath the pitiless blast,
As it sweeps in wild fury o'er canvas and mast.

The voyage of life, ay, 'tis solemn and grand
To the fearless of heart and the valiant of hand,
Through sunshine and tempest they still hold their sway
And shun the false beacons that lure them astray.

And the mariner wise will perceive from afar
The watch-tower of Hope and Truth's polar star,
And ne'er will he slacken the laboring oar
Till he lands his frail bark on eternity's shore.

Mrs. Shepherd

In an unusual way our hearts are touched by the death of Mrs. William T. Shepherd on April 12, in Evanston, Illinois. We loved her for herself and we do not forget that she was sister, wife and mother to three of Lasell's most devoted friends who were a vital part of the school for many years, Dr. Bragdon, Mr. Shepherd and Rebecca Shepherd, '94. For many years Mr. Shepherd ably conducted the Lasell parties to Europe, often accompanied by his wife and daughter and as a result of these experiences they have a host of friends who will never forget their continual kindness. After twenty-seven years residence in Boston and Auburndale they re-

turned to the old homestead in Evanston in 1912.

The Bragdon Home and the Willard Home stand side by side and so it came about that Mrs. Shepherd and Frances E. Willard were life-long and intimate friends and when Miss Willard used to come to the Gordon home in Auburndale she was frequently the guest of Dr. Bragdon and his sister.

She was a graduate of Northwestern in 1862 and President Stuart pays her a glowing tribute in the Zion's Herald. Among other things he says "She was a remarkable woman in the richness of her Christian experience and in her ingenious way of devising hospitalities of all lovely and helpful sorts and in her unfailing kindness.

Our sympathy is extended to her nearest and dearest ones.

Col. Homer B. Sprague

When Col. Sprague lectured to us in the Lasell Chapel or conducted the weekly classes in Shakespeare we failed perhaps to appreciate the splendid and varied career of the man before us. In his long life of eighty-eight years he had many experiences. In 1852 he was valedictorian of his class at Yale, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Scroll and Key, and Psi Upsilon. He had worked his way through by sawing wood, shoemaking, farming and tutoring. When the civil war broke out he recruited two companies of soldiers and was made their captain, was wounded in action and won many honors for bravery; later he became colonel and was made prisoner by the confederate army and one of his lectures which we remember as thrilling was his description of his life in prison.

After the war was over he took an active part in educational work, was principal and president of several schools and colleges and was one of the foremost Shakesperean critics of the day. He wrote many books, pamphlets, and translations. Since his eightieth year he has travelled across the continent and in Europe and one of the best lectures he ever gave at Lasell was given less than a year ago. He leaves three sons.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB

The tenth annual meeting of the Lasell Club of Southern California was held in Los Angeles on Tuesday, March 12, 1918.

During the nine years of this club's existence the custom has been to have a luncheon at one of the large hotels in or around Los Angeles in conjunction with the meeting but this year on account of war conditions it was decided by the officers to omit the luncheon giving the money usually spent for this purpose to some war relief work.

Whereupon Virginia Johnson (Mrs. Isaac Millbank) offered her home for the meeting which offer was immediately accepted—and such a beautiful home—a large white house set in the midst of beautifully kept grounds on a rather high eminence overlooking the surrounding country on the western part of the city.

There we found our hostess' daughter, Phila, and her two children who with Miss Warburton assisted Mrs. Millbank. The day was very stormy and on that account there were not as many present as usual but those who did come decided that we had never had such a splendid time at any previous meeting.

Before the business meeting was called a little girl of not more than eight years, truly a child wonder at the piano, gave us some wonderful selections, later Mrs. L. J. Selby, a personal friend sang for us several beautiful songs.

We found Mrs. Millbank deep in war re-

lief work of many kinds especially Italian relief and many of us carried home little garments to make, the material for which she had provided. It was through her that we heard of the wonderful hospital and work that Julia Anderson Willems and her husband are doing in France for soldiers who have contracted tuberculosis in the trenches. Mrs. Millbank herself has done a great deal for the hospital and it was voted to send our money there, the amount being about seventy-five dollars.

News was exchanged about the different girls and Dr. Bragdon had many messages which we were so glad to hear. First was the one of Dr. Winslow with the pictures of his two sturdy babies. Soon we were invited to the dining room and it was truly a Lasell tea as the table was decorated with the Lasell pennants made for the occasion and some of the guests were fortunate enough to drink tea from blue Lasell cups.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Virginia Johnson Milbank; Vice-President, Elizabeth M. Lum, '01; Secretary-Treasurer, Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02.

LILIAN M. DOUGLASS, '07.
Secretary.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Belle Bragdon Barlow, of Pasadena; Kate Wheldon Plumb, South Pasadena; Virginia Johnson Milbank, May Church Cottle, Bertha Gray Richards, Anita Wade Ambrose, Laura Chase, Los Angeles; Katherine Kendricks Cole, Palmdale; Lucy Muth Kinney, Gardena; Elizabeth Lum, Whittier; Nettie Roulstone, Portland, Oregon; Dora Walston Johnson, Chicago, Lilian Douglass, Covina.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELL CLUB NOTES

Kittie Clemens is the last spirit to float this way. She is visiting Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1902 at her South Pasadena home. Kittie looks as girlish as ever. So does Annie Kirkwood who visited Carolyn Ebersole Martin, '85, here for a time. Katherine Wheeler, '09, and Ethel Vance, '14 are making a winter of it in their own bungalow in Sas Robles Court. At least that is what Katherine said over the 'phone though I found neither when I called. Lucia Shumway Suffel, '97 is said to be at The Maryland though I have not heard from her directly. Laura Place Gadsden 'phoned me she with her grown-up daughter (imagine it) was at 27 Bower Court so I am planning to see them when these blessed rains hold up a bit. For lately we are having (what So. Cal. is always glad of) some beautiful rains. "Beautiful" means soft, warm, quiet, persistent. These same "beautiful" rains interfered with our meeting this year for which I, personally, was very sorry, because the yearly meeting of the Club gives me my only glimpse of many of the radiant personalities known as Lasell Girls. You see most of them are getting so old that they can't move about as they used to and consequently don't come to see me as they ought. In spite of the rain we had a beautiful meeting at Virginia Johnson Milbank's palatial home.

One of the notable persons at the meeting was Dora Walston Johnson of Chicago whom no one who was at Lasell in the early '80's can fail to remember! She says that Percival Chubb, whom Lulu married, is lecturing in this Southwest. I must hear him. He is an able man. Dora says her daughter is married now and so she Dora is going to have a rest. Which implies? Marriott Degen MacDonald has moved to Lakewood, Col., which takes away one of our most faithful. Another Jennie Williams Brainard has gone to Berkeley. Louise Wadleigh Bedell now lives at 351 So. Hobart Boul. Lucy Muth Kinney at Gardena, Cal. Mildred Johnston has gone to

France. Carrie Gilman Rice, 94, is again in L. A. (after a long stay north at 1323 W. Moreland St. We were glad to have with us Nettie Roulstone of Portland, Ore.

Catherine Kendrick Cole took a lot of trouble to be present coming 65 miles over bad roads, through the rain which daunted many who even lived in L.A.

This is a pretty good bunch of Lasell Girls here in So. Cal. though I do think some of them might try harder to gladden their old principal's eyes by a sight of them!

C. C. B.

ELIZABETH GARDNER BOUGEREAU, '56

"Tidings from Lasell always make my heart beat with youthful enthusiasm." Thus writes Elizabeth Gardner Bougereau '56 from her Paris apartment, in a beautifully written note inviting Miss Lillian Draper to call and see her.

The invitation was accepted and the editor of the Supplement shares with you a few paragraphs from the descriptive letter received from her niece.

I called on Madame Bougereau this afternoon and was glad I seized a few extra minutes to do so, as she is leaving Paris very soon. Her address is 73-75 Rue Notre Dame des Champs. **A convent is next door, where for several years daughters of the best French families came to school, but "after the Government meddled with the teaching" the girls had to go elsewhere. Part of the convent is now an auxiliary hospital and the sisters take care of the wounded. Madame told me that she frequently goes next door to mass, as the sisters are very fond of her. The studio is in a short distance from her home but was closed which she regretted so I was received in her apartment. A maid ushered me into the salon. The furniture looked more American than most over here but I suppose it was really French. On the mantel was a bust of Monsieur Bougereau, and the walls were covered with paintings.

Madame came in a few minutes. She is quite lame as a result of rheumatism but is able to get about. She had her hair very prettily waved, little gray curls all over her head. Her dress was some crepy stuff, sort of a little train behind and she had most beautiful diamond earings. Her voice is quite charming and I suppose her French is perfect though she told me she still spoke with a little accent.

She is leaving soon for St. Cloud where she has taken a villa and can have real country life. She said she missed very much not being able to go out to attend to her many interests. She is still painting as "that is her life" but also takes some time for her writing. Several bombs have fallen in that neighborhood and I inquired if it didn't make her nervous, as she has only her two maids with her but she said she had perfect faith that her Heavenly Father would watch over her until her time came. She really didn't seem the least perturbed.

She said she had always led an active life and would still like to but as that was impossible she found she had still many resources. She seemed quite remarkable to me to be really doing serious painting and writing when she is over eighty. She looks after some Frenchmen and does what she can for some of her firends in the United States who have boys over here. She felt keenly that the Americans should have come into the war earlier. Having lived in Paris at the time of the Commune she "never expected to see another war." It was a matter of regret to her that she had not gone home to the States for a visit but now it is too dangerous and after the war is over she will be too old.

There were a few of her own pictures in her apartment so she led me around to see them. They were cunning little girls the same idea as the ones in the Lasell picture.

She asked about Lasell, spoke of the name Gardner Hall wanted to know who the president was now and how many girls there were. "In her day it was about the finest school for girls in the country, and she supposed it still had a very high standard. She sent her kindest rememberances to you and to Lasell and thanked me most cordially for coming to see her. She is really most charming and interesting and I enjoyed listening to her. I told her that the girls all loved her picture which had the place of honor in the big salon and that seemed to please her very much.

The Class of '89 continues its good work for the French orphans and have already paid in full for the second year and the fund is still growing. These names should be added to those already published in the last Supplement. Mrs. Carrie Brown Cassell, Mrs. Winnie Adams Hamilton, Mrs. Louise Pease McLeod, Mrs. L. Hahm (a friend), Mr. J. L. Tilton (friend) and Mrs. Cox (Josephine Bogart's sister). To each and everyone of these we give our thanks.

A very friendly letter has recently come from Madeleine Lovett from 23 Forest Street, Yarmouth Nova Scotia. After a serious illness and a long period of convalescence she is now at work again busy with all sorts of patriotic duties in the five patriotic societies in which she is interested. She writes "This big spring offensive means so much sadness and worry" (see Honor List). The subscription for the Leaves is enclosed. We find an inkling in her letter that we may see her in the near future and a warm welcome awaits her.

HONOR LIST

(Continued from March Supplement)

Captain William H. Warren, Quartermaster's Reserve Corps: Stationed in Washington and engaged in some sort of Chemistry Research work. Husband of Lucy Sargeant, '92.

Captain John Lafore is in forestry service in France. Husband of Avilla Grubbs '99.

Two brothers of Madeleine Lovitt in the Canadian Army; one brother in the midst of the fighting in France, the other discharged from the hospital after having suffered gas poisoning, now doing clerical work in England until able to rejoin his battalion.

Lieutenant Cyrus B. Fengar of the Naval Reserves.

Midshipman H. Clay Fengar, Naval Academy.

Lieutenant Harry Coyle, U. S. Coast Guard Service. Sub-marine chasing. Now in France.

Private Duncan Belcher; Now in France.

These are the father, brother, and two brothers-in-law of Elsie Fengar.

Lieutenant William Belcher, in France. Brother of Dorothy Belcher.

Lieutenant Spencer Whiting, Fort Wiley, Kansas. Medical Officers Training Corps. Husband of Etta Wolfe.

Captain Lea, Engineering Corps, 37th Division, overseas. Husband of Gertrude Bull.

Sargeant George Dudley Hall, Spartansburg. Husband of Grace Harvey.

Once upon a time two little girls were playing with their dolls when one little girl made the unhappy discovery that the doll of her playmate didn't have real eye lashes; they were merely painted! Her poor little mother tried to love Susan just the same but her companion kept making other serious discoveries as, for instance, two freckles on Susan's nose. So one little girl was made very unhappy by the needless criticism of her companion. Now I'm afraid there are a lot of girls who thoughtlessly cause much unhappiness by their hasty judgment, and rather severe criticism, of the faults of those about them. You know that girls in general have a reputation of being rather "catty." So let us strive to be more careful and more charitable in our comments in order that at Lasell, at least, girls may outlive this undesirable reputation.

Girls, now is the time to plan your summer's work for surely no one is going to be idle this year. It will probably be difficult to decide because there is so much to do that is both vital and alluring. Farm work, for instance—what could be more important or more healthful. Of course it would be hard—but that is to be expected. Then for those who have taken the secretarial course there is plenty of war work to be done in the Ordinance Department.

For every one there is Red Cross work. Every village has its chapter by now and I'm sure that no one will be too busy to spare at least one hour a week. What ever work we do, girls, let us remember to do the best we can, to stick to it, and above all to remain hopeful and cheerful no matter how things may go for us. This last is indeed a task but is possible especially for the daughters of Lasell.

EXCHANGES

SLAMS! ALSO BOUQUETS!

The Salem Oak, Salem, New Jersey—You have some very original jokes, but why do you have them scattered through the magazine? Your splendid paper,—with the good editorials, interesting stories, and well-written exchanges, would be improved by some clever cuts.

The Tattler, Nashua, N. H.—Your literary department is excellent. Why not have a heading above it? Your "Prayer of a Baseball Recruit" is indeed clever.

High School Advocate, Maysville, Ky.—You have an exchange editor, but—what does he do? The heading for your joke department and the jokes themselves are very clever. As a whole, the departments in your paper do not seem well organized.

Central High News, Minneapolis, Minn.—A fine paper, containing good articles. Your patriotism is apparent from your urgent request for help on the farm this summer.

The Senior, Westerly, Rhode Island—The story "Reunited" shows a strong imagination. Can't you vary your exchange criticisms more? Your magazine has some mighty clever cuts.

The Sagamore, Brookline, Mass.—In your April issue, you have a very unusual story called "The Black Diamond Hunt." Because it isn't like every other story, it is very welcome. A good heading would make your literary department more prominent.

The Owl, Middletown, N. Y.—Your literary department is among the best of all the magaines we number as exchanges. You have some good headings, too. If you had, also, a personal department and some more jokes, you'd be 'bout right.

Thyme and Lavender, Carmel, New York—Your stories are all exceptionally good, and your social notes are well written. Why not have more jokes, and enlarge your exchange department?

OUR TURN

Laell Leaves—One of the most attractive of the school magazines is Lasell Leaves. Our one objection is the lack of stories and poems. The editorial department is good, but too short.—Cerberus.

Lasell Leaves—Your supplement is a good idea.—Philomath.

Lasell Leaves—Your stories are interesting, but the usual column of school jokes is conspicuous by its abence.—Drury Academe.

Lassell Leaves—The locals are well-written up and the cuts are fine. The Supplement is a rather unusual idea for the alumnae, and I like it. The only thing that I think this magazine needs is some snap-shots. They would help it greatly.—Ferry Tales.

Lasell Leaves—You have a fine paper, but a few jokes would improve it.—The Tattler.

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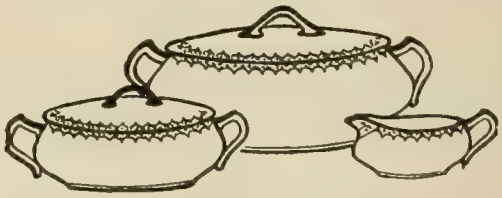

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LASELL LEAVES

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE 4

LITERARY

HER RING ..... *G. Trafton* 5

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE! ..... *O. Chase* 7

PERSONALS 8

LOCALS 33

EDITORIAL 39

JOKES 40

OUR SENIORS

HER RING

The fact that *Jenkins and Son, Jewelers,* were having a special sale of rings did not geatly disturb the general quietness of the big store. To *Jenkins and Son* it was just a business proposition, not changing at all the atmosphere of their store nor altering the tenor of their daily life. To the clerks at the ring counter it meant simply a better trade and more work for a day or two. Even to the young clerk who stayed after closing hour to arrange the window, it was merely part of his work to fill the window with sparkling stones, each marked with a new price. He put the big pink sapphire in the centre, because it sparkled more than the others, but beyond that it meant nothing to him as he fastened on the tag marked *$7.67.*

To Helen Reed, however, one of the clerks at the notion counter in the basement of the big department store just two blocks away, life took on a brighter aspect from the minute she spied that pink sapphire ring. It was a beautiful ring. Helen was not the only one of the hurrying throng who stopped to admire it; but in her case admiration was accompanied by a great desire to possess it—to have it to wear for her very own. Nor was this desire only a temporary thing, as so often happens; she dwelt on it in thought, made plan after plan for its acquisition till the desire became a craving, then a set determination—she would buy that ring. But how? One whole long week of drudgery at the notion counter brought her only eight dollars. She had no money saved up. She lived from day to day and from week to week on her eight dollars—paying her rent for her small room every Saturday night and starting in again Monday morning to earn more. She had never saved up for a rainy day, because it had never entered her head to do so. She knew just how much she could spend on ices and the movies. Each week it was the same. But here was something new. She wanted that ring—she was going to have it.

The next afternoon Sadie Smith, the little blonde at the next counter, came up to her just as they were about to leave the store, with an eager, "Oh say, Kid, can you meet me fifteen minutes early tonight? I want to do an errand on the way to the movies."

"I'm not going tonight," returned Helen.

"Not going!" Sadie stopped short and looked at her friend sharply. For as long as they had worked there together they had gone every Tuesday night to the motion pictures, and now for Helen to say she wasn't going! And it was the last of the big serial picture, too. "Well I never!" she gasped. "Why not?"

"I'm not going to the movies anymore: I—I want to save my money," said Helen.

"Oh, I see. So *you've* got the money sav-

ing bug too, have you? Well it's a good thing all right; but a quarter a week is all I can stand. Me for the movies!" and Sadie hurried off.

Helen stood still for a minute thinking seriously. How did Sadie know she wanted to save money for a ring? Suddenly she understood. Sadie didn't think that. She thought she was saving money for some war purpose. Well, let her think that. It would be no harm and would make things much easier for her. That was why she did not urge her more to go.

For a while things went on smoothly. Helen's little sum of money grew very slowly to be sure, but still it grew. Every day she stopped and looked at "her ring" as she called it to herself, and each time it seemed more beautiful to her.. Then one morning the proprietor called Helen to his office. With a great fear in her heart she entered into the presence of the *Big Boss,* as he was known in the basement.

"Miss Reed, I believe?" Mr. White asked.

"Yes, sir."

"For sometime I have been thinking that the clerks of my store should do something in the line of war work. Now it seems to me that, if the girls in the basement department should form some sort of club, each pledging a little for every week, they could do quite a good deal. I myself want to help in any way that I can, but one of the girls down there should be at the head of it. Your name was suggested to me by Mr. Smith. I understand you have already done something along this line by yourself, have you not? Now just think this over, and if you are willing to take the responsibiilty report to me tomorrow morning. That is all;" and with a brisk nod he turned back to his desk.

Somewhat dazed, Helen got up and walked slowly back to her counter. What did he mean? She had done nothing for the war. She did not consider that the war had anything to do with her. She had never given any money, or—all at once she understood what Mr. White meant. Mr. Smith, the floorwalker, had suggested her name. He had told Mr. White that she had been saving up money.

The blood surged to her cheeks, and she felt ashamed for a moment as she thought what that money was really for. The clerks in the basement needn't have jumped to conclusions so quickly. She hadn't said she was saving up for war work. No, but had she denied it when she knew they all thought so?

That night when Helen reached her little hall-bedroom she went at once to the drawer where her money was and opening the box poured its contents on the table. Slowly she counted it—$6.55. By next week she would have enough and then the following Monday she could wear her ring to the store. She could seem to hear the exclamations of delight from the girls, the looks of admiration. With a little shake she stopped herself. Where would she tell them she got it? How could she tell them it was for this she had been saving up her dimes and nickels for so long? With a sob she threw herself on the bed. All the war stories she had heard came back to her—all the stories of the suffering over there. She semed to hear the voice of a lecturer she had heard last week saying, "This is your war and my war. What are you doing to help win it?" Every cent of the $6.55 on the table seemed to scream at her, "Let me help!" She pictured herself telling Mr. White she did not want to help him, that she had not saved her money for war work, but for a pink sapphire ring. A ring! She couidn't stand, even in imagination, the look of amazement on Mr. White's face. She fancied him saying, "Buying a ring in war times! Well you're not the kind of clerk for this store.

We want patriotic girls here. You are discharged! On and on her mind raced with these imaginings; and behind it all loomed up a pink sapphire ring marked *$7.67*.

When Helen awoke the next morning she somehow felt very strangely happy. She didn't know why, but her very soul seemed to be singing. It was a beautiful morning and to her the sun had never seemed so bright. She walked by the window of Jenkins and Son with a smile on her face and threw only a quick glance at the display of rings. At nine o'clock she approached Mr. White's office, but with no fear this time. He glanced up as she entered and waited for her to speak.

"I have decided to do as you suggested, sir," Helen said; "I am glad of an opportunity to help in the war, and as a start I will put in the fund six dollars and a half which I have been saving for some good purpose."

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!"

sang a regiment of khaki-clad lads as they marched resolutely along with firm and eager tread. In the pure brisk morning air the strong untrained voices blended into a steady harmony that seemed almost to carry them along on the tide of its clear strength and buoyancy. The early sun gleamed on gold bars and freshly polished equipment, but brighter still shone the light of simple faith and courage that made each face a picture of youthful hope and inspiration. At the sight and sound, smiles broke through tears on the faces of watching mothers, wives, and sweethearts, tremulous lips parted in a tender smile of farewell; and an eager flutter of handkerchiefs on the breeze sent the boys cheerily away on their high-hearted mission. But after the last strain of music had died away on the breeze, after the last straight young figure had vanished from sight—came that moment of dreaded quiet when bleeding hearts stand still in utter despair, and when trembling lips move in broken prayers. Has the smile in such cases vanished forever? In the dark harrassing days that follow must light and laughter depart from the lives of these bereaved ones at home? Or does a brave spirit give them courage, and a hopeful smile make the world brighter for those with whom they come in contact? Our boys march away with smiles on their lips; they write cheerful letters home from the midst of dangers and hardships, gladly giving their all without a murmer. Is it for us, then, who are left at home to grumble and complain and make the world darker and more gloomy because of our existence? No, in these terrible days every bit of cheer and courage possible is needed; each look, each word, each act—conscious or unconscious—may repeat and magnify itself in the lives of others.

Much has been written on the value of smiles. Everyone knows the happy effect of simple good nature and cheerfulness, not only on one's own state of mind, but on the feelings and lives of others. Yet the morbid pessimist continues to look on the black side of life and to make the world more miserable for his hopeless existence; the confirmed grouch continues to brood over his troubles, taking a selfish delight too, in thrusting them upon others; or the thoughtless and weak minded one who has suffered the loss of some friends—or who has not—makes these troubles a depressing nuisance to everyone else. Where, in such cases, is our mind, our will-power, our Yankee determination, our supposed goodnature? Cheerfulness is not a gift bestowed on a favored few. It is a

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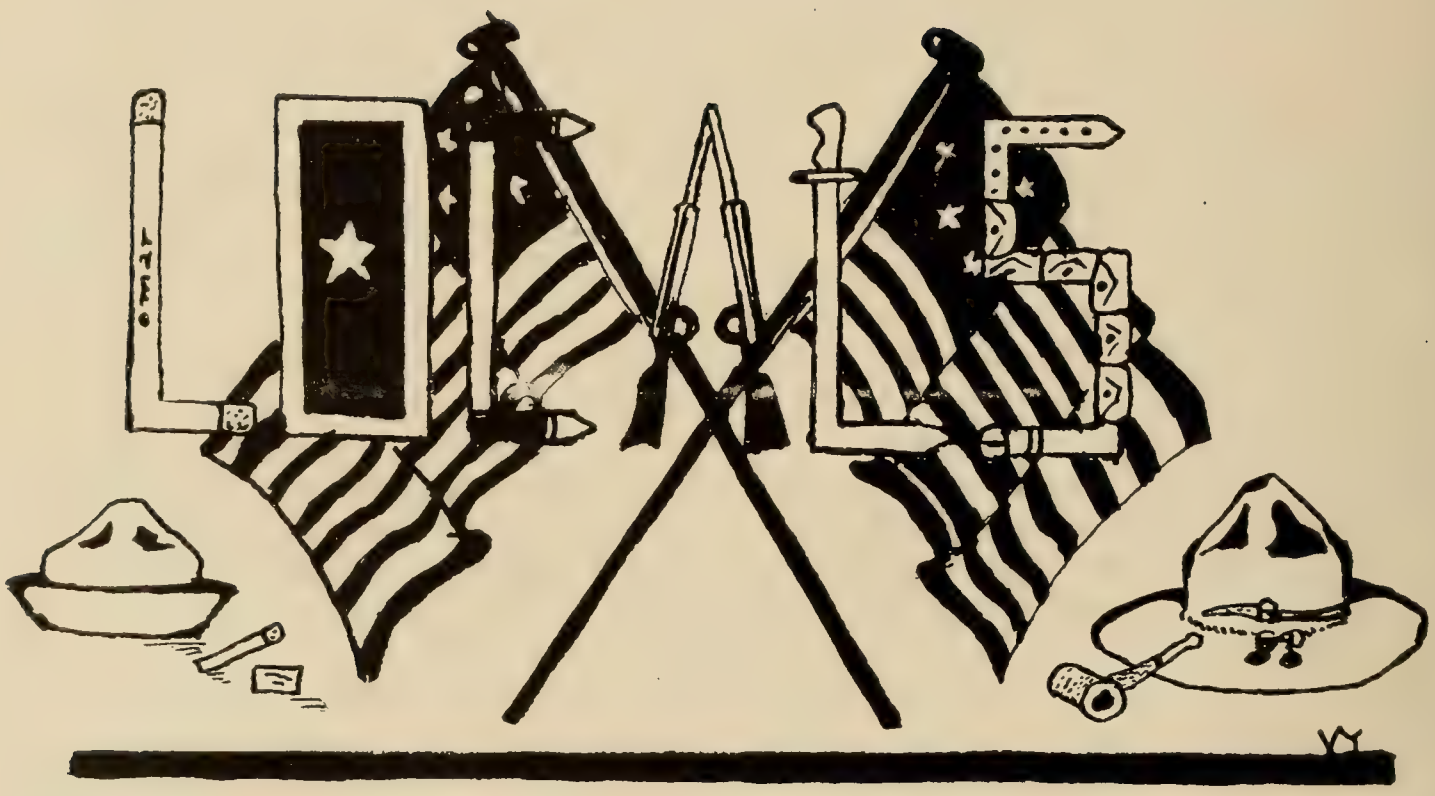
(Continued on Page 38)



SPECIAL PARTY

On Saturday evening, April 27th, the Specials entertained the Seniors at a party at Woodland Park. Upon entering, the Seniors were met by a bell-boy who conducted them to the lobby where they registered. There they were met by a maid who checked their cloaks and attended to their wants. After visiting the numerous guests at the hotel among whom was a very humorous invalid, they assembled in the large dining-room where dancing continued until late in the evening when refreshments were served. Norma MacMillan, the President of the Class sang a number of lovely songs. The affair was unique and jolly.

On May 10 Norma Macmillan accompanied by Miss Wagner gave a song recital. Under Miss Goodrichs painstaking instruction her voice has gained in range and sweetness. She sang very pleasingly the following difficult program:

Caro Mio Ben ..... Giordini
Danza Danza ..... Durante
Thou Art My Rest ..... Schubert
Hark, Hark the Lark ..... Scubert
He Truly Loved Me So ..... Tchaikowsky
Elegie ..... Massenet
Les Filles des Cadix ..... Delibes
All Through the Night ..... Old Welsh
I Came with a Song ..... La Forge
To a Messenger ..... La Forge

Sunday evening May 12th, Dr. Gates, the pastor of the Congregational Church in Wellesley Hills gave us a stirring talk on being "an inspirer on the parapet." He told us of the bravery of the men in the trenches and their enthusiasm often due to one inspirer on the side lines. Not only do the soldiers need encouragement but we ourselves have a need for inspiration and courage; God, the Highest Being is the greatest Inspirer, and thru Him we may be helped.

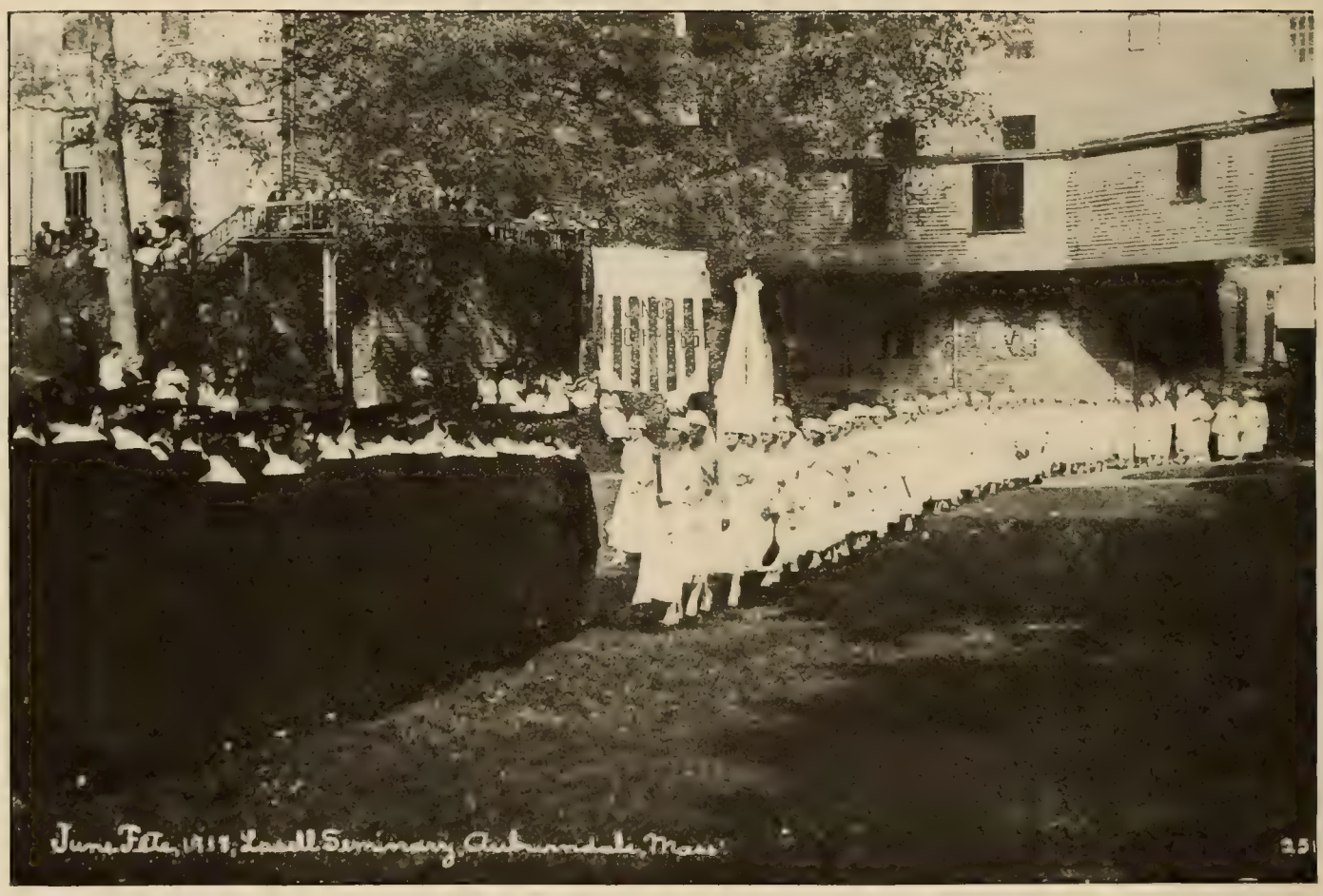
We were all delightfully surprised on May twentieth with a most interesting talk by Dr.

and Mrs. Gulick about their work in France. Dr. Gulick had with him a great many remarkable war posters, and he explained how truly they expressed the feelings of the French people. Some were pathetic, some were humorous, some revealed the buoyant courage of youth; but they all showed that the French nation through these years of war is able to hold itself steady. Mrs. Gulick told us of the work of her daughter in a cantonment. At one time she was nearer the front than any other woman in France. Interesting extracts from one of her daughter's letters were read. They made clear the constant strain of the work and the need for strong, healthy women. Mrs. Gulick urged any girl who is able to go to a camp this summer to do so in order to fit herself to take up the work and responsibilities which may come to her through this war.

As Auburndale celebrated the Red Cross Drive in the Congregational Church, on Sunday evening May 20th, our school attended in a body. The speakers were Lieut. Mallet of the French army who is now a training officer at Camp Devens. He represented the military attitude toward the Red Cross Dr. Chalmers of the Allen School, the civilian. Lieut. Mallet related several stories of pitiful cases which he had seen. He told of a little girl who was working in a field when a German bomb exploded several feet away, greatly injuring her. Lieut Mallet who was walking near by went to her aid. He bandaged her wounds but the innocent child was beyond the care of man. While she was dying in his arms she told him how the Germans had killed her mother and her father and now they had killed her, yet she could not understand, for she had never done anything against them. His talk pictured to us the real conditions in the sections which have been overrun by the Germans. Dr. Chalmers made a strong appeal to the Americans who can not go across to fight, to give money as their share in this gigantic struggle against the forces of oppression.

On May 25th the Seniors and Juniors had a party. "The Follies of '19" was written and directed by Lorna Doone Merritt. Priscilla Alden, dressed as a sailor and Dorothy Adams, garbed in non-Lasell style sang solos. Vinette Young and Marie Engeln gave the all too true Senior prophecy to the tune of a very catching air. Then came the crowning event of the evening—the ultra modern marriage of Madge Shepard, a charming bride. and Carolyn Kuhn, a dashing young officer. Following this, the composer, assisted by Marion de Baun and Dorothy Adams entertained us with their songs. To finish the programme, the president of '19 presented the class of '18 with a Liberty Bond and then *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung by both classes. The Juniors then sang their last song to the Seniors, wishing them happiness and a bright future. This also was composed by Lorna Merritt, who indeed should be praised for her ability and efforts. Then the Seniors took their part in entertaining the Juniors by giving them an opportunity to dance and providing refreshments.

Miss Snell, the travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke to us at Vespers May 26th. She explained the growth and object of this movement. About a year ago the different colleges were independent of the other colleges and their existed a sort of rivalry between them. Now this is changed Since the war the colleges have taken a different attitude toward each other and the world. This is shown by the Student Friendship Fund and The Northfield Conference. The students


June Fête, 1911, Lowell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

1918

are now considering problems of reconstruction work and community welfare. They are seeing things in a different light and are having a great desire for service. The reconstruction period that is to come in Italy, France, and Belgium will bring to the women of this nation, a great industrial life. Just now however, there is a plea for music teachers, doctors, dentists and college workers in the near-East. The Student Volunteer Movement is a big one; we should have a share in it.

MAY DAY

May Day this year was unusually successful in spite of the threatening weather. The Seniors in their caps and gowns led the procession to the throne of the May Queen. The Juniors wearing large white aprons, their class colors, white caps, and each armed with some kitchen utensil came next, following their President who carried a banner bearing the inscription, "Junior Hooverites."

Following the Juniors were the Sophomores each of whom wore a baker's cap and carried a large white card. What was pirnted on these cards no one knew until the class knelt before the May Queen. The Freshmen were dressed in white adorned with class colors. The "Preps" looked "very sporty', all being dressed in sport clothes. The Specials made very attractive, sandwich girls, with their W. S. S. posters and head bands with the same letters printed on them. As a whole it was a very patriotic procession that marched up to the throne of the May Queen and parted to form an aisle.

Both the May Queen and Maid of Honor were chosen by preferential ballot. The guests were just as much excited as the students were to see who had been elected. There was a hearty and sincere applause when the Senior President, Dorothy Barns, took Mildred Cary out of line for the May Queen and when the Vice-President took Lorna Merritt out for Maid of Honor. A little flower girl carried a crown of flowers on a Lasell pillow and led the way up the aisle to the May Queen's throne. The Senior President crowned her; the Maid of Honor stood at her right while the flower girl sat at her left.

After the classes had formed in lines on either side of the May Queen, the Seniors knelt first and sang their song which was to the tune of 'Missouri Waltz.' They in turn were followed by the other classes singing appropriate songs.

Some little girls of the town had been well trained by Miss Austin for the May Pole Dance. In their dainty costumes of white with strings of different colored roses they tripped over the lawn winding and unwinding the streamers with apparent ease. The special marches and dances, so successfully arranged by Miss Warner, followed. First there was an effective drill by the Red Cross battalion. About one hundred girls carrying red balloons and wearing the Red Cross costume formed different figures and finally ended in a large square. While all were kneeling nine girls in each corner let their balloons go; thus the remaining balloons formed a Red Cross.

Four groups of flower dancers then gave some lovely dances. The first group represented roses; the second, tulips; the third, fleurs-de-lis; the fourth, violets. When all had finished, they fell asleep until wakened by the shining fairy queen, Katherine Rice. With deep bows they danced before the Queen to do her the final appropriate homage of the afternoon.

The Rev. Mr. Frost of Milton spoke at Vespers on June second. Under the unique title *The Shadows We Cast* he talked about the influence which we consciously or un-

consciously exert over the lives of others, far as well as near.

RIVER DAY

The weather man must have been in a good humor June third, for the day was a perfect one for the races. By ten o'clock a large crowd had gathered on the bank, at the finish of the course, and still more in canoes. The Seniors were conspicuous in one launch, while the guests followed the race in another.

The crews were towed up the river to the course where they paddled a short distance "on parade." The Seniors and Mixed Crews were then towed to the starting point, the signal was given, and the first race was on. The Seniors won by half a boat length,, setting the record for time at three minutes and fifteen seconds. The second race, between the Juniors and Sophomores was won by the Juniors, time three minutes, twenty-five seconds. Josephine Forster of the Senior crew substitute for Captain Rice, Sophomore, who was out on account of measles. After a short rest, the Sophomores and Mixed Crews raced, the Sophomores winning, time three minutes, twenty three seconds. In this race, Edith Vance of the Junior Crew, took Captain Rice's place. In the final race, the Juniors won from the Seniors by a boat length, the time three minutes, twenty-one seconds.

After a substantial picnic-lunch had been served under the trees, the groups, headed by their captains, performed stunts. There were many clever ones. The winners were picked by vote, and the captains reported to Major Potter. The first prizes, two angel cakes, were awarded to Grace Tredway and Mildred Cary by Dr. Winslow. The booby prize, an ice-cream cone to each member of the group was awarded to the Faculty.

The lineup of the crews is as follows:

SENIOR CREW

9. Ruth Newcomb, Capt.
1. Grace Tredway, Stroke
2. Marion Oram
3. Edith Powell
4. Roxana Stark
5. Annie Dimond
6. Jo. Forster (B. McLellan)
7. Cornelia Gaty
8. Lois Nichols

JUNIOR CREW

9. Elizabeth Moyer, Capt.
1. Priscilla Alden Stroke
2. Helen Pearce
3. Edith Vance (Marie Engeln)
4. Frances O'Brien
5. Olive Chase
6. Vinette Young
7. Georgina Flattery
8. Dorothy Adams

SOPHOMORES

Jo Forster—Edith Vance Capts
1. Gladys Keniston
2. Doris Rogers
3. Ruth Young
4. Marjorie Palmer
5. Marion Pomeroy
6. Alice Phillips
7. Una Storrs
8. Eleanor Thompson

MIXED

Carolie Abrams, Capt
1. Lillian Doane
2. Clara Spinney
3. Muriel Sawyer
4. Viola Sullivan
6. Marion Owen
5. Ethel Ramage
7. Mildred Freeman
8. Elise Beaudry

ON THE OLD CHARLES RIVER

The last meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held after dinner Wednesday night. The President, Amy Tuthill, lead the service which was informal but very interesting. She told us not only of the unusual problems we would meet this year but also of the decisions we must make for ourselves, and of questions we had never thought of before, which we must now answer for ourselves.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCRET

Much credit is due to the girls who took part in the Commencement Concert on Wednesday evening, June the fifth, in the Gymnasium. Though three of the assisting singers--Katherine Rice, Georgina Flattery, and Christina Briggs were elsewhere engaged—with the measles—the program was otherwise complete in its interest and pleasure-giving aspects. The large audience, including friends and parents of the girls, was indeed an appreciative one. Laura Hale of the class of '16 delightfully filled one of the vacancies by singing Schubert's "To Music" with a great deal of charm. The original program was as follows:

PART FIRST

Pianoforte. Arabesque .....Debussy
Edith Abbott

Voice. Serenade .....Schubert
Christina Briggs

Pianoforte. Liebestraume .....Liszt
Olive Chase

Organ. Intermezzo .....Dunham
Marion Pomeroy

Pianoforte. Valse Caprice.....Rubinstein
Leontine Goodman

Violin. Ave Maria .....Schubert
Adele Chaffee

Voice. May Eve .....Matthews
A Song of Spring.....Matthews
Marion Lord

Pianoforte. Tarantelle .....Liszt
Alice Phillips

PART SECOND

Voice. Del Acqua .....Villanelle
Georgina Flattery

Pianoforte. Concerto, first movement Hummel
Ernestine Howard

Voice. Serenade .....Branscombe
Haymaking .....Needham
Katherine Rice

Pianoforte. Scherzo in B minor.....Chopin
Irvina Pomeroy

Voice. Slumber Song.....Gretchaminow
The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold Whelpley
Helen Webster

Pianoforte. Spinning Song...Wagner-Liszt
Elsie Kimball

Voice. All through the Night....Old Welsh
The Lark Now Leaves his Watery Nest Parker
Norma MacMillan

Pianforte Sylvia.....Delibes-Lack
Misses Chase and Howard

In spite of the busy hours of River Day, the Missionary Sale on the lawn from four to six o'clock was well-patronized. About forty dollars was realized for the cause. Not only delicious refreshments were offered to the patrons of the tables but also articles lost and found throughout the year were to be bought at a low figure.

THE SWIMMING EXHIBITION

The first event of the Swimming Exhibition was the contest for young children who made a very creditable showing.

The contest for the advanced girls was conducted in a novel way to determine the winners

in each class. Each competitor was required to qualify in all three events: speed swimming, fancy diving and distance plunge. The one scoring highest points in all three was declared the winner.

Class A was made up of swimmers of the first class; B, experienced swimmers not able to qualify for Class A; C, beginners.

In Class A., Edith Vance won first place, with Frances O'Brien a close Second: in Class B, Caroline Abrams first, and Muriel Sangar second; in Class C, Marion Owen first and Katherine Appel second. The girls did splendid work and the change of plan gave each girl an equally fair chance.

HOME ECONOMICS AND FINE ARTS EXHIBITS

he Home Economics Exhibit took place on the afternoon of June sixth. On account of the rainy weather refreshments were served in the gymnasium instead of on the lawn. But there was a large number of guests who were taken from room to room by the girls of the Department. They expressed genuine admiration for the dainty display of hand wrought articles, for the practical work on socks, sweaters and on frocks for French orphans, and for the attractive gowns and hats of difficult workmanship. In the practice-rooms they were delighted with the appetizing dinner so daintily arranged in the dining-room and with the many delicious looking war-time dishes and suggestions of a practical sort. Teachers and pupils have worked successfully and have reason to be pleased with the results of their efforts.

The exhibit in the Studio showed that interesting work had been done with posters of a patriotic nature. Some of these indicated unusually clever ideas. The paintings, the free-hand drawings, the models of house-decorating, the pottery, and exquisite china, shown, proved that a high standard of excellence has been maintained.

SENIOR RECEPTION

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow gave a delightful reception to the Seniors and their guests on Saturday evening, June the eighth. The Juniors did the honors as ushers, introducing the guests to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Dorothy Barnes, the senior president, who stood in the receiving line. The reception room looked very attractive with its decorations of peonies and greens, and an orchestra playing softly gave a joyous air to the occasion. Of course every girl present was charming and each seemed to be having a decidedly pleasant time. The weather did not fail us. Thus for many reasons this reception will always be happily remembered.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

On the morning of June ninth the student body, the faculty and a large number of alumnae went in procession to the Congregational Church for the Baccalaureate Service Dr. Huntington, acting-pastor of the church, conducted the opening exercises. The quartette sang well-chosen anthems and Dr. Butters of the Methodist Church offered prayer.

Dr. Lemuel Herbert Murlin, President of Boston University, delivered an impressive sermon, not touching on the especial responsibilities we have before us today, but presenting a fundamental plan upon which we may nobly build our lives. The text, taken from the eleventh chapter of The Acts, was "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." The address in part was as

follows:

"Christians first in Antioch! What were they called before they were called Christians? Why called Christians now? What is a Christian? How do we become Christians? I think it opportune on this, one of the most important days of your lives, to answer these important questions in a simple, conversational way that you will not fail to understand. A study of these first Christians will enable us to understand how any one may become a Christian. The names by which they were called before they were called Christians will indicate something of their development into those graces, strong, vital, useful for us as well as for them.

1. They were called *followers*. There was Matthew, the publican, who becomes Matthew, the saint. Jesus, one day, said unto him, "Follow me," and he began to follow. God's spiritual chemistry and God's spiritual electricity made in him a new character. Thus *we* become Christians,—we *follow* Him.

2. They were called *learners*. He was called the "Teacher." He liked that name better than any other. Unless there is the teacher of rich personality, ready to teach, and the pupil, ready to learn, there can be no progress in the educational process. Become a Christian by entering Christ's school; by learning of Him; by solving life's problems in the light of what He has to say about them. His great spirit re-acts upon the human spirit, just as one human soul re-acts upon another, awakening, enriching, quickening. Taking our life's lesson from Him we become Christians, we are Christians.

3. Before they were called Christians, these disciples were called *workers*. They marvelled at His many works; in response He said: "Greater works than these shall ye do." His work was to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. Now the Kingdom of God is very definite, very practical; it is virtue, justice, temperance, patience, truth, brotherly kindness, love. As we practise these virtues, the Kingdom is established, and in gaining these graces we are becoming Christians, we are Christians.

4. They were called *friends* before they were called Christians. In that last conversation with them He said: "Henceforth I call you not servants; I call you friends." To be a Christian is to be a friend of Christ. We are attracted to Him by the beauty of His life, by the loftiness of his character, by the hope His message brings, by His program of life; and we enter sympathetically into that program, helping Him to establish it in the worlds the working policy for all human lives. In seeking and cultivating this friendship, we become Christians, we are Christians.

5. They were called *witnesses*. Not by word of mouth only were they witnesses, but by the carefulness with which they *followed* him; witnesses by their eagerness in *learning* of Him; witnesses by their devotion and loyalty in *working* with Him; witnesses by the quality of their *friendship* for Him. In such witnessing we, too, become Christians, we are Christians.

Young ladies of the graduating class:—I have not spoken to you today on the theme that is on every speaker's lips in these fateful hours — nor on the thought, that lies uppermost in the minds of all of us. I have tried to lead you, in very simple fashion to the sources of inspiration and strength we shall all need in the still more trying and fateful hours sure to come to every one of us. There is but one way for us to build our lives strong for the huge work awaiting you and all of us. Follow Him: learn of Him: work with Him: make sure of your friend-

ship for Him: thus following Him, learning of Him, working with Him, living in loyal friendship with Him, we are always witnessing for Him; and thus we become Christians; but we are always growing Christians and therefore we are always becoming better Christians. We shall have occasion to say little of ourselves; but we shall always have much to say of Him. We shall follow Him as best we can, we shall learn of Him as best our poor minds will allow, and we shall work with Him according to our small powers; and perhaps some day, much to our embarrassment, much to our wonder, someone will be heard saying: "He is a Christian," "these are Christians," and "that is a Christian church"; but our satisfaction will be, that we are still endeavoring to follow Him, to learn of Him, to work with Him, to be in His friendship circle; and through all these means to witness for Him, looking to the day when He shall call us His own, and Himself give us His new name."

COMMENCEMENT VESPERS

The singing of *America the Beautiful* was an appropriate opening for the vesper service of Commencement Sunday. The address of the evening was given by Dr. Van Allen of The Church of the Advent, Boston. In his well-chosen theme *The King's Daughter,* he dealt with a subject too often neglected in these stirring days. He brought out first the beauty of her exterior life as expressed in the symbol "her clothing is of wrought gold." If we think of clothing as meaning the visible expression of a noble nature we shall discover the wrought gold in the *voice.*

"Her voice was ever soft
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

We shall find it in the *smile* of genuine kindliness so different from the haughty look of the *limousine face;* in the *courtesy* and the gracious *consideration* for others,—that *charm* which puts them at ease; in the exquisite *use of the mother-tongue,*—a use which is the surest index of the true gentle-woman.

Dr. Van Allen expressed great contempt for the schools and colleges which are trying to encourage the new feminism and turn out a creature who is a sort of inferior man. He pictured a sun burnt girl walking with much swinging of the arms and a swagger. When she arrives at the station she turns up her suit case and sits on it, needing only a pipe between her teeth to make a poor reproduction of her brothers at Harvard or Yale. Imitations are always failures. The wrought gold of the outward life must be genuine. The King's Daughter is "all beautiful within." The outward expression comes from high ideals faithfully cherished, from the consciousness of purpose and of power, what she *believes* matters mightily. Before the war we feared that ideals of luxury, vanity and extravagance were making our young people a negative or worse than negative quantity. With the great struggle has come a change of ideals, of inner life, and with this a dropping away of the silliness and the futility of all our people. To the young women as well as to the young men, the call to lofty aims and noble living has sounded. Her work may be as far-reaching as the ends of the earth though it may seem to be limited to that of the humblest civilian. She will prove herself a true daughter of the King, fit to enter His palace, if like the one of old, she follows the words, "He is thy God and *worship* thou Him."

CLASS NIGHT

In spite of a day of showers the evening of June tenth was clear enough so that the ex-

ercises could be held on the lawn. The processional made an effective opening. The Juniors in white costumes with bands of red, white and blue across their shoulders stood in a long double line and saluted the Seniors as they passed singing the following words:

"Eighteen is marching forward to greet thee,
Dearest of Mothers, ever steadfast, ever true.
Honor we give thee, faith and devotion,
To thee and thy colors, our loved white and blue.

Long have we striven of thee to be worthy,
Never to sully thy name always fair;
Zealously, loyally, e'er to protect it,
Higher and higher thy banner to bear.

If through our striving we shall have succeeded,
Take we no merit, our earnest service it is well
That we devote to our dear Alma Mater;
Bearing henceforward thy name, Oh Lasell!"

After the Seniors had taken their places. *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung. Dorothy Barnes the President, then gave a fitting welcome to all.

WELCOME

"To-night is the red-letter night for the class of Nineteen Eighteen, a night long looked forward to, long anticipated with peculiar pleasure, when from this stage we, as Seniors, give you welcome to our class night entertainment. For this night marks our coming departure from school and our entrance upon the larger life of the outside world. At such times a sad note always mingles with the gay; the season brings regret as well as joy, but tonight joy predominates. For great is the pleasure of this glad time, in giving you a welcome, true and hearty.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, to you we extend an especial greeting, loyal, affectionate and grateful. Without you Lasell would scarcely be Lasell, and we appreciate what you have been and are to us, both individually and as a body.

Our Faculty, long time guides and friends, who have striven unremittingly to help us in our tasks, and have as heartily joined with us in our pleasures, we hope that we may in the future prove our sincere appreciation of your kindness and your personal interest in us.

Dear parents and friends—ah! how much your faces among all these others mean to us we can hardly tell you! To our parents who are here, and to those necessarily absent, we owe a great debt. It was through your love and wise provision for us that we are here tonight—fifty-five strong; for Lasell is this June graduating one of the largest classes she has ever sent forth. During all our school days your approbation has been our most valued reward of merit; renewed companionship with you the gilt edge to our every vacation, and your presence here tonight is the crown of the occasion.

A welcome warm and full of the spirit of good fellowship we give our schoolmates. During these many months of intimate association and friendly interchange, your kindly co-operation and good comradeship have in no small degree helped to give us a happy senior year; and though you, doubtless, have already forgotten many little kindly offices rendered us, they remain in our memories bright and glowing tributes of generous school girl friendship.

To each and every one whose presence here tonight gives us cheer and encouragement we give glad welcome; and we would not willingly miss one face from among the many looking upon us so kindly and graciously. We shall strive in the future to be a band true and worthy of our Alma Mater, faithfully endeavoring to follow our class motto, "Truth, honor, freedom and courtesy."

Again the class of eighteen bids you one and all a hearty welcome."

This was reinforced by a song from the entire class.

"'18 brings greetings to all here tonight,
Our parents and friends fill us with delight.
And you, dear Alumnae, returning once more,
Are welcomed by us as ne'er before.

Dear sister classmen, we welcome you too,
We want you to know that we love you true;
You've been our companions, you've been our delight,
And we're proud to receive you on our class night.

'19, our comrades throughout all the year,
So soon will you stand in our places here.
We know that you'll guard them, and always be true,
So a right hearty greeting we give to you."

Lois Nichols then introduced the different members of the class, characterizing each in a clever happy way.

ROLL CALL

Constance Allen—Providence, R. I.

Our Camouflage artist, few indeed are they who can vie with her in making a gastronomic bomb look like a harmless lemon pie.

Lydia Adams—Bangor, Maine.

Try to rest your voice, Lydia, from ten P. M. to seven A. M. anyway. Sometimes you run out of subjects, and run on about the family, you know.

Doris Bahn—Rochester, N. Y.

Doris just loves occult things. For hours she'll study absorbedly two silly broomstraws creeping mysteriously nearer and nearer each other along the shining length of a carefully held knitting kneedle. Ah, life is so full of mysteries, Doris.

Dorothy Barnes—Pratt, Kansas.

You are apparently one of the healthiest girls in school, Dot, but somehow you always seem to have the nurse on your track.

Come, 'fess up, isn't it all fancy?

Elise Beaudry—Westfield, Mass.

"Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.' is your motto, Elise, it would seem. When the results of your close application have made you famous, we shall be regretting that we were not more devoted to our books, too.

Mildred Cary—Norwich, Conn.

Mid, in her charming and familiar little ditty, has so often told us that some people worship money that we are sure her god is a different one: indeed we know that it's a mileage book.

Adele Chaffee—Amenia, North Dakota.

You for "painless extraction," Adele; at least tis thus you have extracted from our inmost deeps those soulful notes that are your delight. What a pity that we couldn't always "follow our leader!"

Bernice Cohn—Kansas Ctiy, Mo.
Esther Norcross—Old Town, Maine.

Before you stand the sole candidates for admission to the Lasell Day Nursery. Berenice, the wee, wee babyskin, and her baby sister who has just nicely started growing, will be "big girls" some day and wear gay ribbon bows on their flapping braids. They're dear children!

Helene Davenport—Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

Helene claims to be a follower of Billy Sunday, but really 'tis Rodie instead. For hours she'll listen to the victrola as that voiec rings out, "We go wild over our Senior Class."

Marjorie Deffenbagh—New Salem, Penn.

Marjorie's our animated smile, the embodiment of good cheer, especially after a shorthand lesson.

Annie Dimond—Bristol, R. I.

Annie is unique; she dotes on low-heeled shoes and always wears them except when

Fashion imperatively demands high ones. Even then she manages to wrench one off, as she did when strolling down the main throughfair of Newport. Don't repeat it, Annie!.

G. Elaine Eaton—Montclair, N. J.

When you do fall in, Elaine, you're all in, aren't you? Well don't court the Faculty too much, even though the young ones do need encouragement, you can never tell what they'll do, you know.

Emily Ehrhart—Hanover, Penn.

Emily can always go us one better when it "comes to staring" and she doesn't need lorgnettes either. Wish we all had such strong, healthy optics.

Elsie Flight—New Haven, Conn.

They do say Dr. Winslow was going to raise the price for you, Elsie, if you return next year, you have so monopolized the Infirmary. Gossip, maybe. But did you really lease it Elsie?

Josephine Forster—Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dont you care one bit, Jo, if people shorter than yourself do call you "Baby" we all understand and mistakes will happen in the best of families.

Cornelia Gaty—Morristown, N. J.

Gaty is the aviator of our class; she takes a Flight daily. Whether she's an ace or not hasn't been determined, although Elsie's eye one day was certainly as black—as the ace of spades.

Leontine Goodman—Hartford, Conn.

You surely should not lack for funds Tine,, for your apron has certainly worked its way through school. Let's hope the borrowers returned it each time nicely laundered.

Marion Goodrich—Epping, N. H.

Huldah Halley—Yonkers, N. Y.

Be of good cheer. Aeroplane travel will soon, we feel sure, allow you two to visit Pottstown, Penn, as often as you like. Meanwhile, patience yet! !

Doris Gorke—Syracuse, N. Y.

Doris has always so earnestly wanted things done "decently" and in order that she even worried about making French fried potatoes all severely of the same size and shape.

Helen Hart—Lakewood, Ohio.

Your name is feminine for Sherlock Holmes, else how could you so persistently stalked little Pat. O'Brien, our war hero, while he was making his innocent lecture tour? Helen, should he ever find it out!

Octavia Hickcox—Watertown, Conn.

Haven't we heard that Taft School is located in your town? Now we know how you caught the mania for walking on the campus after dinner.

Anita Hotchkiss—Seymour, Conn.

What a shame that Time is about to remove from Lasell one of its staunchest props. For five long years you've done nobly. Still with Marion Owen to succeed you, the school *may* last *awhile* longer.

Elsie Hughes—Rochester, N.Y.

Just gaze upon this great scholar, eminent in research, also up in art. She'll tell you in all good faith that the soldiery of the second century B. C. used rifles and that the unhappy Dying Gaul is perishing from a gunshot wound.

Elsie Kimball—Lynn, Mass.

Elsie is a great and accomplished storyteller. Her constant practice in telling "Just-So" stories to Bobby has made her almost perfect in this difficult art. We predict a great future for her.

Marjorie Kunkel—Bluffton, Indiana

Helen Smith—Forest Hills,N. Y.

Should anyone inquire the source of the noise and giggles on third floor Gardner she hs only to follow the guidance of her ears and she will eventually reach these two.

Esther Landis—Lancaster, Penn.

Crack traveler of the century. She can make rapid transit thru senior land in a way to take away your breath.

Helene Maggi—Chelsea, Mass.

You have surely won the championship in letter-writing when you can turn off one of twenty closely written pages with so little effort. Your system too is fine—filing the topics, so that, like Shakespeare, you will never repea.t

Ruth Magoun—Haddonfield, N. J.

Ruth loves Penmanship. When we were at a white heat of excitement at the thought of taking our tables next day, she calmly and undisturbed, did her stunt of thirty-seven pages, letting senior affairs go as they would. Some people are so good at concentrating!

Huldah Mathews—Rochester, N. Y.

You surpass even Pavlowa. She could never hope to equal that little exhibition you gave, displaying the intricacies of the jungle dance. Just whisper us your next year's plans, won't you?

Margaret McIntyre—Sharon, Penn.

Have you noticed Maggie's sudden interest in all farming bulletins, and in such agricultural literature as "Pigs is Pigs" and "The Old Farmer's Almanac?" We rather suspect that its deeper than a summer fancy too.

Barbara McLellan—Dorchester, Mass.

One thing you surely need, Barbs,—your name on the "In and Out Board". Many a weary mile have folks walked searching for you at Lasell—only to find in the end that you were week-ending.

Harriet Morris—Toledo, Ohio.
Katherine Craig—Acme, Wyoming.

Hattie and Casey are the two girls in school deluged with letters. But when they are so kind as to share them with everybody else we can't really feel left out.

Priscilla Morris—Gloucester, Mass.

How long since you've transferred your affections from Buicks to aeroplanes, Pril? Wasn't it sudden? Still one must admit that it's in keeping with the times.

Ruth Newcomb—Holyoke, Mass.

Will someone kindly tell us why Ruth so industriously cultivates curls before going canoeing? At the blinding speed at which we shoot the waters, curls are invisible two feet off; so what's the use?

Lucinda Obermeyer—Chicago, Ill.

Ever hear the old adage, "It takes nine tailors to make a man?" Since your return from Connecticut, Cinders, it's quite evident that it takes nine doctors to make a well Lucinda.

Helen Selkirk—Albany, N. Y.
Marion Oram—Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

The story of David and Jonathan's friendship is classic and so, too, should be that of these roommates. Engagements and passing fancies mar not the even tenor of their lives.

Amy Phillips—Los Angeles, Cal.

How many Thrift Stamps have you now? Thanks to you the government will find gum a paying proposition, Amy,—while you are at Lasell, at least,—you are so fond of Wrigley's. We also heard that it was you who made the Movies in Waltham a paying business.

Irvina Pomeroy—Gloucester, Mass.

We are hoping that you'll take a course in Memory Training next year so that others

won't have to suffer, as we have, by hearing you say repeatedly that you haven't memorized any of your music and therefore cannot play.

Edith Powell—Springfield, Mass.

Save a nickel, Edith, and buy an educator cracker. Goodness, no!—not for teething; but to satisfy that piercing and persistent demand for a "Cookie."

Esther Ross—Toledo, Ohio.

After two years of incessant teasing, one would think you'd inevitably be hardened to it now Esther, but we still find that such names as "Lucy" and "Granny," start the ball rolling again.

Clara Spinney—Gloucester, Mass.

Just a bit of advice, but timely and worth remembering: so long as your bridal wreath remains in your own possession, the old superstition has it, your matrimonial seas will be untroubled. Plan a quiet voyage.

Roxanna Stark—Louisiana, Mo.

What's the connection, Roxie, between you and king Agrippa? Surely there must be one of some sort. Do you like him, or what was it that made Miss Rand give you his name?

Nan Stronach—Pittsfield, Mass.

You need only the wings to make you a perfect Cupid. So softly your fairy boots flitted down the squeaky stairs from third that evening when (thru your agency) suddenly, to the consternation of the caller and callee black darkness enveloped them—or wasn't it consternation? At this rate the gods will presently grant you a place among them.

Winfred Tracy—Willimantic, Conn. . . . . . .

Should anyone ask where Tracy is when he's at Carpenter, the one and only answer would be, "Playing the Vic." Our heart with rapture thrills as the too familiar strains of "Aunt Patsy" float out upon the breeze.

Grace Tredway—Columbus, Ohio.

Grace is a wonderful impersonator. You'd never think it possible to be so many people in one. But she can convince you. Were she less retiring we'd ask her to show you exactly how Mrs. X.Y.Z. looks when she's lost her essay.

Amy Tuthill—Moravia, N. Y.

. .Have you memorized the recipe for fudge sauce yet, Amy? If not I'd advise you to do so. You never can survive without taking that powerful stimulant at least once a week.

Helen Warner—Framingham, Mich.

When Helen has a spelling bee
She bears away the bell.
Her bees, I'm sure, do honey make,
She's writing to—oh, well!

Gail Wilson—Rutland, Vt.

Did you know that String Beans are Abigail's long suit? Well, they are; only thinking mere string not strong enough, she uses wire—and telephone wire at that. Blest be the tie that binds.

Gladys Wright—Auburn, N. Y.

You're some little cook, Glad, judging from those Parker House rolls. Aren't you glad that not many are in on that secret? You didn't know tho that I found a little boy playing baseball with one. He said he'd used it all winter and it was good for the spring season. Was the recipe you used one for war bread or enamled brick hard tack?"

After the roll call, Irvina Pomeroy played with a good deal of finish a piano solo. The prophecy was skillfully revealed by Edith Powell, Margaret McIntyre and Helen Warner through a round robin letter, a Lasell Leaves

and a report of a house party of a far future date.

Elsie Kimball then recited her poem which was in keeping with the spirit of the times.

Amy Tuthill next stepped forward and bestowed many presents upon the undergraduates ,the Juniors getting their full share. The class further honored the Juniors by singing several songs to them; the latter, however, had a little song ready in turn, before the last friendly verses were given.

MEMENTOES

"We, the Senior class of Lasell Seminary of Auburndale, located ten miles from Boston, the Hub of the Universe, two miles from Waltham, where movies are offered; and near the banks of the picturesque Charles; the said Seminary being incorporated in the City of Newton, of the County of Middlesex, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts of the United States of America in the Western Hemisphere, having paid our just debts and class expenses, and having returned to our classmates all the many and varied articles we have borrowed. and knowig the uncertainity of our future, do now hereby draw up this our last will and testament, on this the tenth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen, bequeathing the hereinafter named bequests. Will those whose names are called please come forward, without shaking, shivering and giggling, and here receive the various bequests made them.

The nine Juniors of Berkeley.

Handsome and gracious maidens, Juniors of Berkeley, do you realize the wakeful hours your lights have caused the Seniors in the rear rooms of Carpenter and Gardner this year, by sending their far-piercing rays into our windows long after our "lights-out-bell" had rung? We have deeply pondered *why* they were on so late—and so often; whether perhaps you were planning how to run your next class meeting. That you may next year conserve both electricity and coal, we here give and bequeathe to you this excellent candle.

Miss Edith Abbott

Edith, as a Junior, you have displayed a marked fondness for our senior room and so to assure you of a place there at anytime and at all times next year, we give you this rocking chair to place there. And also, Edith, when you become a Senior, remember that you must be dignified, and as a step in attaining this essential characteristic, why not this summer let your voice "grow up" so that it will really accord with your age?

Miss Edith Stratton Vance

There's a field for great cunning and subtility in ferreting out class secrets; but one secret you failed to ferret out was where we had our caps and gowns. The trouble with you was that you went about it in a clumsy, bungling way that was sure to defeat its own ends. Next time don't go on the "trunk-line take a branch road. May this railroad guide be an aid to you.

Miss Carolyn Kuhn, Miss Madge Shepard, Miss Dorothy Osborne, Miss Marjorie Speers

To your care, fair maids, we are leaving these precious things. Frail and delicate do these parcels look. Frail and delicate they are. Remember then, and "Do not Crush." Lest you may forget, repeat with me "Do not crush."

Miss Ruth Cody

To you, Ruth, we bequeath this soup plate that you may not again, in "practice kitchen." or anywhere else on equally formal occasions or less so, be obliged—by fate?—to serve soup into the shallow service plate and table cloth. Really Ruth, it is a very wasteful habit, and we fear Mr. Hoover would object. We trust

you will try to overcome this fault.

Miss Kathryn Patterson, Miss Eleanor Thompson.

To two naughty, naughty, little underclassmen who adventurously bend the rules till sometimes they are really broken, this virtuous class can give you no legacy. Mend your ways; then gifts may come.

Miss Frances O'Brien

Frances, do you always accept a teacher's invitation to stay all night at Carpenter Hall as eagerly as you did on one December evening we know of? Oh, you surely remember! How you got caught when you were trying to find out certain Senior class secrets—just before we took our caps and gowns, you know, —and then you were invited by the teacher to spend the night at Carpenter! And you know, when you seem reluctant, the invitation always becomes correspondingly more pressing and urgent. Now. that your would-be hostess may not feel that you're just waiting to jump at a chance, always be prepared. This week end bag will just suit you.

Miss Elsie Bigwood, Miss Una Storrs

To you Elsie, and to you Una, we give a hook and line. With the hook you may catch the teacher you most love—you know who; we all know who—and the line may be of use to hang on by.

Miss Lavinia Morrison

Your suffering mates, Lavinia, oft have heard
Of your George Augustus, to whom you've referred,
Full frequently at breakfast, dinner, lunch—
For of listiners then you could get a bunch.
Now, just can up George Augustus awhile,
Just look a bit wise, my dear and smile!
And when work presses you just try this trick,
Just leave his praises to your faithful vic.

Miss Dorothea Strain, Miss Ernestine Howard

Dorothea and Ernestine, we hereby will and bequeath to you each a bottle of "catchup" that you may catch up with time. Remember "Time flies," so hustle after wings for yourselves.

Miss Lorna Merrit

Did you ever read, Lorna, Dr. Tympanum's valuable book "How to Discover Class Secrets?" He thinks watchful waiting combined with lengthy listening gives the best results, but counsils the use of a good ear trumpet, and thinks the conditions best on a clear, cold December evening. We present you with the ear trumpet, and long ago consoled ourselves with the adage "All's fair in love and War."

The Misses Edith Vance, Lorna Merrit, Betty Gould, Frances O'Brien, Oilve Chase, Marion Scofield, Dorothy Adams, Helen Curtis and Elizabeth Moyer.

After 9.15 one evening shortly before spring vacation, you nine Juniors favored us with a serenade. Perhaps we were stupid and dull, and perhaps not; but at all events, we, for some reason or other, failed to get the point; therefore we now ask you to have the kindness of repeating that song.———. We do here give you this copy, and trust that you will practice it, so that next time you wish to use it as a serenade you will sing it more intelligently.

Miss Jeanette McMurray, Miss Marion Owen, Miss Wilhemina Ehrman, Miss Helen Pearce.

All of you are fond of pets, we understand, and especially of dogs. So here to-night we will and bequeath one to each of you, and with them we give this jar of mustard to apply to their backs. Thus you will find them quite palatable.

Miss Phyllis Rowes

Now, Phil, what excuse have you? What, Phyllis Rowe without an excuse, girls! Well, Well! Will wonders never cease? Can it be that your imagination is wearing out? Perhaps we can help you a little. Here's a box of excuses ready for immediate use, and we feel assured that you will never have any trouble in selecting the appropriate one.

Grace Tredway then made an appropriate speech of presentation and farewell, supported by a farewell song from the entire class.

PRESENTATION AND FAREWELL

"This, of all years, is the great year of giving Giving of our hearts, giving of our best and giving of our selves in loving service. In these times of war and want what better token to express our patriotism, loyalty and affection for our school and for our country than a United States Liberty Bond, which the class of 1918 presents to you Lasell with our love and our gratitude.

You have listened friends to our fates and seen our futures vividly portrayed. It is now for me to bid you in the name of the class farewell. To us this farewell signifies more a beginning than an ending. Tomorrow brings change for us all, and we of 1918 must begin to prove our worth and show our appreciation of the splendid ideals and high standards of life that we have learned at Lasell, which are to make us unselfish, noble, helpful women, bent on service.

Although we speak the word farewell it cannot touch our spirit tonight because we of 1918 can never lose our four years, can never be really parted from those of you who will remain here after we are gone. To you, our beloved principal and every member of our faculty, we say farewell and be assured your influence we will take with us all thru life.

Sophomore Sisters, we have found you loyal to the utmost, nor could we have asked for stronger or more unswerving support. We have already tried from time to time to show our appreciation and now once more we wish to express to you, as we say good bye, our grathful love.

For you dear school mates, one and all we wish useful helpful lives. It is hard to realize that after tomorrow we shall probably never again be together as a body; still there are comforting and happy remembrances of many pleasant associations at Lasell. May everyone of you in very truth "fare well."

Dear Class mates: as hitherto we have stood together in heart and purpose so we trust in the future we shall do no less. But tonight we must face with sorrow the fact that as a class, one and unbroken, we shall never again meet as here. But, let us for the present light heartedly forget that we are leaving old Lasell, and remember only how incomparably rich we are in our friendships. And now come the haunting words that must and will be spoken.

Good night and good-bye."

RECESSIONAL

Alma Mater, now to thee
  Sing we one last fond farewell.
One more pledge of loyalty
  Give we now, Oh dear Lasell.
Years may pass and take their toll
  Of our youth and vigor's prime,
Yet o'er mem'ry they shall roll,
  Breaking not its bond sublime,

In the future we will strive,
  As we've striven through this year,
To uphold thee, and arrive
  At the ends thou holdest dear.
Never shall our footsteps fail,
Never falter on the way
In the end we must prevail
  If thy councils we obey.

After the recessional the Seniors with their torchbearers met in front of Cushman. The

president of the Sophomore class. Katherine Rice, carrying the banner lead the procession while Doris Rogers, the vice-president, had the honor of carrying the loving cup.

The names of the girls who gave the farewell speeches at the halls as well as their expressive words follow.

Lucinda Obermeyer, Cushman:

"Hail to thee, Cushman Hall! hail and farewell. To the class of 1918, you stand for many things. There are those of us who knew in an especially intimate way your fostering care during the first months of our residence; you were our home. But all of us knew your threefold inspiration.

You were, first of all, our workshop, where daily, yes and alas nightly, too, for some, we laboured under the guidance of our teachers striving to learn in your familiar class rooms what should some day make us more ready to meet the larger world. And the memories of hours spent here include many delightful ones of merry play; for, work done, to you again we turned for our pleasures. From your halls have echoed long the joyous shouts and laughter of our happy hours. Here have taken place our interclass festivities and our friendly contests; and here upon your lawns we now celebrate this "Night of Nights". Friendships have been formed within your borders that shall last through life. Beneath your roof have been met our needs of body, of mind, and of soul; for to you we have come for instruction, for work, for play, for worship. Other activities within your confines have formed the very fabric of our school life.

Now we go forth from your sheltering care. With reluctance we say farewell to those morning talks that have stirred us to higher ideals and vital action. We say farewell to the rare privilege of listening here to many of the great thinkers of the day who came to us as lecturers; and those precious moments when we lifted our voices in hymns of praise or patriotic songs, or bowed our heads in holy reverence and prayer, in fact to all that has helped us to think clearer, live purer walk straighter and inspired us to higher, steadier purpose of service to humanity. Dear Cushman, we go away from you imbued with a spirit of truth and high ideas—consecration of that we have to serve humanity. And these happy times which we recall shall abide with us, treasured memories; these lessons learned and inspirations caught shall serve as guideposts on our road through life; and these fast friendships which have meant much to us here, will mean even more in the larger world to which we go.

And now, dear old school home, farewell! We go forth to work, to serve; cherishing in our hearts the ideals you have given to us. May you as ever stand, a flaring torch to light the pathway of those who need your ministers and who, in their turn will you well.

CUSHMAN SONG

There are memories rich abiding,
Of friendships fast, hard work and play,
That will crown our lives with glory
When we're far away.

There's a world of work before us
For willing hands and hearts to do,
So farewell to you, dear Cushman,
As your Daughters, we'll be true.

Huldah Mathews, Carpenter:

"During the years spent at Lasell till this one, we have looked eagerly forward to our coming seniorhood; and since September to Commencement week, and especially to Class Night: but now that these days are here, it is with more regret than exultation that we bid farewell to all these familiar places that

have grown yet dearer to us during the past year.

Carpenter, although you were the first Lasell Senior House, your halls have for years hitherto been filled with both under classmen and seniors; but this year we claimed you as exclusively a senior house and our own.

Of the days spent within your walls we shall carry sway precious memories; and friendships have been made which we hope will prove life long. Among your many pleasant gifts to us one which we have enjoyed most has been our student government plan, made possible only through the hearty co-operation and mutual understanding of both teachers and students. The resulting sense of home-like freedom; as well as the wholesome feeling of responsibility shared by everyone, have made our stay delightful.

As we go forth from you tomorrow and our several paths diverge from this, so long our common center, never will we forget you; rather cherish lovingly the memory of you, with the dear hope, too, that it may be given us to meet here again from time to time as the swift days pass.

Farewell, Carpenter, loved senior home, farewell."

CARPENTER SONG

Dear Carpenter, now that its time to part
We have come here to bid you adieu
And though sorrow is filling each loyal heart,
We promise we'll ever be true.
And memories fond
Now hover around you
And friendships we love to recall.
Keep them sacred, dear home of our Senior year,
That to us art the dearest of all.

Ruth Newcomb, Gardner:

"On that memorable day of September 26th, 1917, the Seniors took joyful possession of their stately home upon the hill, there to abide for one glorious year. How much those short eight months have meant to us all. At our first glimpse we admired it, for a year we coveted it, wondering as Juniors whether we should ever be the proud possessors of its halls and chambers. At last we claimed it as our own, nor have we ever felt one twinge of disappointment. Gardner has met our every anticipation. Thirty merry girls in one house—you can well imagine the shouts and laughter that these walls have re-echoed, the dear dear intercourse of friends, the good cheer, friendly chats, the helpful co-operation, Sunday evening gatherings in the big hall, the sparkling blaze lighting up the faces of the merry group before the open fire, the intensely interesting, immensely important senior class meetings, where was born many a class secret, the week-end entertainment of friends.

You, Old Home of our Class, so quiet on your hill tonight, best know what various delights you have given us as the dear days have passed; but you can not know—would that you could—with what regretful love, what sad tenderness, we tonight are leaving you. May the years deal gently with you, Home of our Hearts,—good-bye."

GARDNER SONG

'Tis our last night together
Within these dear walls,
For tomorrow and duty to the bigger world calls,
But we know as we leave you,
Our dear Gardner home,
Your memory will gladden
Where e'er we may roam.

Now this procession, with band playing and lights bright started for the flames where the Seniors could cast away their worst woes.

THE FLAMES

"Around this bright blaze we gather to-night as many a class has gathered before, to en-

trust to its eager, leaping flames, certain signs and symbols of our school-day grievances and tribulations—for good times and loyal friends are not the whole story of a girls school days. During these months that we have spent here together we have knit closest bonds of friendship; but Time grimly wills that we shall not abide here longer and part we must. Before we separate, let us, classmates all, cast into this fire the mementos of whatever things have been unpleasant or annoying here, and take away with us only glad and joyous memories of Lasell. With the three Wierd Sisters join we in the bidding

'Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.'

The closing event was the passing around of the loving cup by Katherine Rice to the Senior class and the singing of *Alma Mater*. The procession returned to Cushman Hall and there dispersed.

On June 11th Lasell had her last chapel exercises for the year of 1918. Class banners and shields brightened the walls of the chapel. They date from 1854 and include every year up to '18's red and white one which bears the words "Truth, Honour, Courtesy," After the responsive reading and the singing of a hymn, Dr. Winslow thanked the Seniors for their fine efforts the past year, made doubly hard by the difficult conditions and wished them success for the future.

He then awarded canoe paddles and the letter "L" to the winning crew,—the Junior crew. These fortunate ones were Edith Vance, Dorothy Adams, Helen Pierce, Francis O'Brien, Priscilla Alden, Olive Chase, Marie Engeln, Vinette Young, and Elizabeth Moyer the captain. There was also given a silver cup which will stay at Lasell and will bear the name of the captain, Elizabeth Moyer. Silver cups were awarded to Edith Vance, winner of Class A; Carolie Abrams, of Class B; and Marion Owen, of Class C of the swimming contest. Hannable Baer was the winner of the tennis tournament and had her name inscribed on the tennis loving cup which remains at school.

Certificates in typewriting were awarded to Rosenda Caberera, Mildred Cary, Priscilla Morris, Roxana Stark, Helene Maggi, Anita Hotchkiss, and Marjorie Deffenbaugh. Ruth Shekerjian was given a certificate in typewriting and stenography; Lydia Adams in bookkeeping; Ruth Newcomb, Helen Warner and Aurora Rivers in bookkeeping and typewriting.

Certificates were given to the following girls who have successfully completed the course in Home Economics; Dorothy Barnes, Helen Davenport, Helen Hart, Elsie Hughes, Elsie Kimball, Priscilla Morris, Ruth Newcomb, Marion Oram, Helen Selkirk, Gladys Wright, Gail Wilson, Elise Beaudry, Josephine Foster, Octavia Hickcox, Anita Hotchkiss, Amy Tuthill, Katherine Craig, Caroline Lindsay, Elsie Flight, Cornelia Gaty, Marion Goodrich, Hulda Halley, Lucinda Obermeyer, Helen Warner, Mabel Wells, and Ruth Magoun. Helen Hart and Jacquelyn Bickford earned certificates in Drawing and painting and Madge Shepard in piano work. The gold loaf of the bread-winning contest was given to Gladys Keneliston and the silver one, to Anita Hotchkiss, Helen Warner and Marjorie Kunkel receiving honorable mention.

Honor credits for the last semester were given to Emily Erhert, average 88 1-3%, 2 given to Emily Ehrart, average 88 1-3%, 2 credits; Lois Nichols 90 1-2%, 2 credits; Olive Chase 91 2-3%, 3 credits; Marion De Baun 91 5-6%, 2 credits; Leontine Goodman, 92 1-3%, 2 credits; Josephine Wright 93 1-3%

2 credits ;and Helen Warner 83 1-2%, 2 credits. For the highest average for two years from among the class of '18 one five dollar War Saving Certificate was awarded to Lois Nichols; two War Saving Certificates were given to Leontine Goodman; honorable mention was given to Marion Oram and Helen Warner.

The class of '18 were asked to sing the *Recessional* used at the class day exercises. and written by Adele Chaffee. Following this the entire School joined in the *Alma Mater.*

COMMENCEMENT DAY

Commencement Day, June eleventh, was one to be happily remembered. Bright sunshine and a cool breeze made the day a favorable one for the long procession which left the Seminary at the appointed hour. It was led by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow who were followed by the faculty, the members of the graduating class and a large number of former and present-day students.

The pulpit was banked with beautiful peonies of red and white, the class colors, with a background of ferns. Above these stately flowers was hung the class banner with its ennobling motto: "Honor, Freedom, Courtesy." The program opened with Saint-Saens' *Fantasy* equisitely played on violin and harp. After a few cordial words of welcome from Dr. Winslow and prayer by The Rev. Percival M. Wood, Dr. Alfred Ernest Stearns, Principal of Phillips-Andover Academy gave the address of the morning. Although Dr. Stearns did not know before-hand the words of the class motto, he made a thoughtful and earnest appeal for sane thinking, righteous judgment and spiritual ideals, in keeping with the spirit of that motto.

'The commencement atmosphere of this year is more serious, more sober than ever before. The pressing demands of the present blind us as to what is to come. The problems of the future even now call for clear thinking and righteous judgment. Much of the responsibility rests on young shoulders, but this responsibility should be viewed as a privilege. No previous class has had a chance to give so much to the world. Never has there been in this country so great a danger of mistaking the sham for the real. If our educated young men and women fail us in action and discernment, the future is indeed dark.

In recent years we have heard much in praise of the education which makes for efficiency. Reluctant as we are to admit it Germany is responsible for this educational tendency in our country. We are now confronted with the hideous end to which education for efficiency alone must inevitably lead. The efficiency of an entire people has been spent in loosing and sending hideous terrors broadcast throughout the earth. Will greater efficiency cure the open wounds from which humanity now suffers? Will greater efficiency establish the reign of righteous justice and peace? "Knowledge without goodness is dangerous," wrote a Puritan statesman nearly a century ago. Macaulay voiced the same truth when he wrote: "Nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had no other origin than the union of high intelligence and low desires." Without character to inspire and guide, human efficiency, like the fire that warms us, will become a devasting conflagration.

A clear, though heavy responsibilty rests upon you, young people, to examine every educational scheme, not so much the subjects taught but the end and purpose of that teaching. The highest goal to which education can justly aspire is the building of character. Character means a spiritual ideal which can be

realized only when backed by higher knowledge. A stricken world calls loudly for those who, while not ignoring the practical, have sought intimate contact with the great minds of all ages and have then wrestled with those eternal problems of the human soul that since the dawn of history have claimed man's deepest devotion and man's greatest effort.

Not until this moment have I read the words of your class motto, "Honor, Freedom Courtesy.' These might well have formed the basis for my talk to you this morning. Because these principles have largely prevailed, life has been made bearable for us. Now the Prussian demon has stolen heavily from the world's supply of truth, justice, mercy, honor. Is there not, then, a lesson for you wherever you may be called to work and live? If this robbery is to stop, truth must be enthroned in your hearts. If you stoop to a lie, you are no better than the enemy you profess to despise. Honor must become sacred to you. In all your personal dealings you must uphold mercy, justice righteousness. Then and then only can you hope to have a part in bringing to a stricken world that peace for which we all pray;

Those who received diplomas were:
Lydia Adeline Adams.....Bangor Maine
Constance Allen.....Providence, Rhode Island
Doris Elizabeth Bahn....Rochester, New York
Dorothy Casoline Barnes.....Pratt, Kansas
Elise Curtis Beaudry—Westfield, Massachusetts
Mildred Janet Cary.....Norwich, Connecticut
Florence Adele Chaffee....Amenia No. Dakota
Bernice Estelie Cohn.....Kansas City, Missouri
Kathryn Craig.....Acme Wyoming
Dorothy Helene Davenport
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
Margery Ellen Deffenbaugh
New Salem, Pennsylvania
Annie Church Dimond....Bristol, Rhode Island
Gertrude Elaine Eaton...Montclair, New Jersey
Emily Wilmer Ehrhart..Hanover, Pennsylvania
Elsie Arbor Flight....New Haven, Connecticut
Mary Josephine Forster.....Tulsa, Oklahoma
Cornelia Van Voorhees Gaty
Morristown, New Jersey
Leontine Josephine Goodman
Hartford, Connecticut
Marion Irene Goodrich..Epping, New Hampshire
Doris Gorke.....Syracuse, New York
Huldah Gertrude Halley ...Yonkers, New York
Helen Cornelia Hart.....Lakewood, Ohio
Octavia Atwood Hickcox
Watertown, Connecticut
Anita Day Hotchkiss.....Seymour, Connecticut
Elsie May Hughes.....Rochester, New York
Elsie Cameron Kimball...Lynn, Massachusetts
Marjorie Kunkel.....Bluffton, Indiana
Esther Mae Landis....Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Margaret Shedden McIntyre
Sharon, Pennsylvania
Barbara Helen McLellan
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Helen Dalton Maggi....Chelsea, Massachusetts
Ruth Neal Magoun....Haddonfield, New Jersey
Huldah Putnam Mathews..Rochester, New York
Harriet Darling Morris.....Toledo, Ohio
Priscilla Gardner Morris
Gloucester, Massachusetts
Ruth Belle Newcomb..Holyoke, Massachusetts
Esther Kathryn Norcross.....Old Town, Maine
Lois Aurelia Nichols
South Ashburnham, Massachusetts
Lucinda Elizabeth Obermeyer ..Chicago, Illinois
Marion Frnces Oram
Tuxedo Park, New York
Amy Dupont Phillips ...Los Angeles, California
Irvina Pomeroy .....Gloucester, Massachusetts
Edith Marcia Powell
Wilbraham, Massachusetts
Esther Lucile Ross.....Toledo, Ohio
Helen Van Planck Selkirk....Albany, New York
Helen Woolston Smith
Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.
Clara Josephine Spinney
Gloucester, Massachusetts
Mary Roxana Stark.....Louisiana, Missouri
Annie Elizabeth Stronach
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Winifred Tracy.....Willimantic, Connecticut
Grace Tredway .....Columbus, Ohio
Amy Kathryn Tuthill.....Moravia, New York
Helen Rhoda Warner...Farmington, Michigan
Gail Wilson .....Rutland, Vermont
Gladys Hazel Wright .....Auburn, New York

After the presentation of the diplomas, Dr. Winslow spoke earnestly and impressively as follows:

"Members of the class of 1918 we congratulate you upon the successful completion of your course and upon the wise foresight with which you chose this June 1918 as your month for graduation. Never since the arrival of Eve in the Garden of Eden to relieve the solitude of her consort was the time for embark-

ing upon a larger venture more opportunely chosen.

Avenues which heretofore have been closed to women are now wide open to them. The need for their help is urgent and the call is heard from every direction. It is a great good fortune to be ready and able to respond successfully to such a call in so worthy a cause.

In such a crisis as this there is an automatic division of all people into two and only two classes. On the one side are the true, the loyal and the unselfish who are ready to give all that they have and are for the cause to which our country is committed. On the other are the slackers, the traitors, and the profiteers who are willing that the great cause should fail [illegible] nfort or their possessions may [illegible] ch a time fine distinctions fade [illegible] nd minute gradations of feeling are [illegible] man's land" is not tenable [illegible] t two camps.

[illegible] e no doubt as to where you [illegible], but the danger is that you [illegible] erestimate the value of the work [illegible] you can do, forgetting that you are one [illegible] of 10,000,000 young women whose combined effort may vitally affect the outcome of this great conflict.

Upon this your graduation day we would urge you—every one of you—with as little delay and as much wisdom as possible to find some place where you can be or real help and fill it with all the enthusiasm and determination of the good soldier on the front line. Anything less will be a constant regret, unworthy the training you have had and the ideals which you hold.

Sixty-two classes have gone out from our school before yours and wherever you meet one of the members of those classes you will find an interested and a cordial friend. Many of them are here today to celebrate with us the admission of your fifty-five recruits to the permanent family of Lasell Graduates.

Your class, the largest of the sixty-three, brings the total number of our graduates to 1005 of whom nearly 900 are still living and therefore working. Those who have preceeded you, will welcome you to their friendship, and they and your teachers and mates will hope for you every good thing which life has to give.

Members of the class of 1918, *the Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name, you must protect her honor."*

ALUMNAE MEETING

The annual meeting of the Lasell Alumnae Association was called to order by the president, Mrs. Helen Carter Marcy, '06, who extended a gracious welcome to all.

At the business meeting the treasurer delighted all by the announcement that a balance of $1375.68 remained in the bank after paying $200 in scholarships and other expenses, and advocated buying bonds or contributing in other ways to the service of the country. Miss Packard gave a most interesting account of the splendid war work done by Lasell at the seminary and through the various sectional clubs. As a result it was voted to buy one thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and that one hundred dollars be apportioned to our Lasell girls who are conducting hospitals and other activities abroad. The three Liberty Bonds given by Lasell students to the association this year were added to the Carpenter Memorial Fund.

Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam '85, reporting for that fund, announced a balance on hand of $1409.38, the income of which is spent in scholarships.

Dr. Winslow in his own cordial way ex-

tended a welcome to all alumnae and former students, following which, he read a few extracts from Dr. Bragdon's letter expressing the deep regret he always feels in not meeting with all those who love the seminary. Dr. Winslow paid tribute to the great work Dr. Bragdon accomplished in bringing Lasell to the high place it held during his leadership and in recognition of his devotion, and expressive of the affection with which all regard him, he desired to re-name the main building, Bragdon Hall, as a memorial of his life and work. He also bespoke the interest of all Lasellians in the new school for younger girls to be located at Woodland Park Hotel. Dr. Winslow announced that by Miss Blaisdell's will eight or nine thousand dollars would accrue to the endowment fund, also that another picture by Elizabeth Gardner Bougereau '56 had been added to the seminary collection and would be placed at Woodland Park.

Miss Macmillan '82 paid tribute to Mrs. William T. Shepherd and Miss Blaisdell, who had passed on since the last gathering. Mrs. Rogers '56 added the name of her classmate Mrs. Billings and also read a very interesting letter from Mme. Bougereau relative to the conditions prevailing in Paris at the present time.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10.

Vice-president, Mildred Pierce Fuller, '06.

Secretary, Harriet Grace Scott, '94.

Treasurer, Ella Richardson Cushing, '73.

Executive Committee, Chairman, Lillie R. Potter, '80, Nellie Packard Draper, '84, Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85.

Mid-Winter Reunion, Chairman, Josephine Chandler Pierce, 96, Lois Nichols, '18, Gertrude Clark Raynor '97.

June Committee, Chairman, Lela Goodall '08, Ruth Newcomb '18, Elizabeth Gertrude Allen '17.

The afternoon's program was in the hands of Miss Potter who after a delightful piano solo by Miss Alice Phillips, introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Henry Crane who gave a wonderful tribute to the men of our allied armies.

Nellie M. Richards, Sec. Pro Tem.

LASELL'S BIT—SEPTEMBER 21st TO JUNE 11th

Memberships:—269 Red Cross, 5 American Defence Society, 70 Patriotic League.

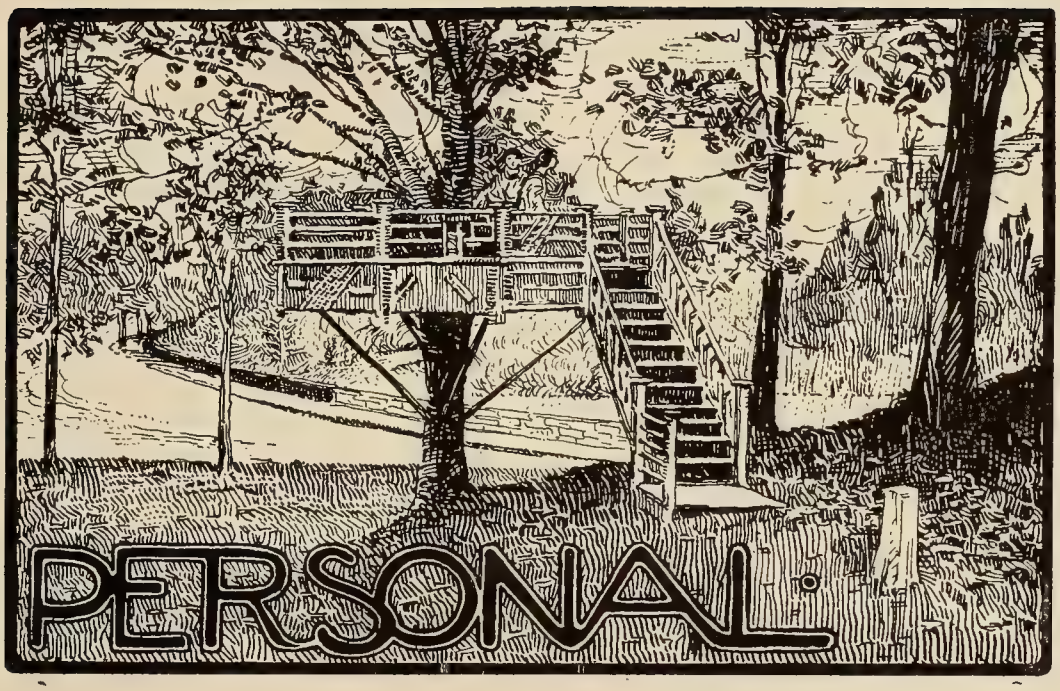
Knitted Articles:— 432 Sweaters, 412 Socks, 13 Bed Socks, 180 Wristlets, 110 Mufflers, 67 Helmets, 7 French Caps, 5 Mittens, 137 Washmitts, 7 Afg[illegible]
Cover for Hot Water [illegible]

Miscellaneous:— 31 [illegible]
114 Towels, 124 Pillow[illegible]
4 Scrap Books, 129 St[illegible]
Sponges, Posters, Ma[illegible]
Dresses for French Or[illegible]
Mrs. Martin for Soldi[illegible]
Bazaar ($15.00), Pictu[illegible]
Belgian and American [illegible]
gical Dressings (323 [illegible]
time 1 1-2 hrs.,) 1 Belgian Layette, 3 Hospital Shirts, Victrola records for camp, 15 Mounted cards of pictures for hospital beds.

Money:—

$493.55	Red Cross Drive
$200.00	School Libertty Bonds (for Scholarship
50.00	Liberty Bond for College Y. W. C. A. from Senior Class
8.25	Senior Class for War Work
20.00	Lasell Missionary Society for War Work

(Continued on Page 38)



The Personal column of the June Leaves quite properly gives precedence to wedding and engagement announcements.

On May eleventh Ruth Annette Hall became the bride of Mr. Ralph Henry George at Concord, New Hampshire.

The marriage of Elinor Charlotte Ryan, '12, to Mr. Walter Alden Hixenbaugh, Jr., Sergeant, Medical Department U. S. Army is announced.

Beatrice Mary Shuttleworth was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Wallace Ritter, First Lieutenant Infantry, Officers' Reserve Corps, on the third of June .

The third of June was also the wedding day of Ethel Gladys Vance, '14, when she became Mrs. Frank Thomas Morse. They are now at home at Hotel Spaulding, Duluth, Minn.

On the twelfth of June Madeline Louise Loomis became Mrs. James Russell Caldwell. After the first of September they will be at home at 15 Armory street,

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The marriage of Rita Spiro to Mr. Irving Callman occurred on June 20th.

On the eighth of June, Gertrude Sarita Linke became the bride of Mr. Ossian Sanford Bennett at New Britain, Connecticut.

Ruth Elizabeth Ketcham, '13 and Lieutenant Frank Austin Sturtevant were united in marriage on the fifteenth of June at Oak Park, Illinois.

The marriage of Pauline Mary Orcutt to 1st Lieutenant William Porter Hemenway occurred on the seventeenth of June.

The engagement of Priscilla Alden, '19 to Ensign Leonard Perry Wolfe, U. S. N. R. F. is announced.

Lasell's hearty congratulations are yours, girls, and also are extended to the soldiers and civilians who are the winners.

Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05 has been a good

neighbor for every once in a while she has dropped in and is usually accompanied by her husband. Reports come to us from friends that she is one of the prime movers in the war work in Leominister. We wish this very same Barbara would tell us where she has found the "Fountain of youth" for she looks just as rosy and young as in 1905.

The editor of the Leaves received this direct communication recently from a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. "This noon's mail brought me your February number containing among other things my sister-in-laws' poem 'Are you a Slacker?' Naturally I appreciated the family talent! Who wouldn't?

So I just wanted to drop a few lines to old Lasell to let you know that here in France as well as in the States, your "Leaves" blossom forth and bring a touch of springtime with them. My wife was a former Lasell girl and you perhaps have not forgotten Gladys Good-

We are hard at work over here and this Saturday afternoon is the first day of rest we have had in many weeks. Our mornings begin at 5.15 and our days end at 9.30 so you see it isn't all play. However, we all feel sure that the end is in sight and we will come back to those we have left behind, those whose tasks are no less difficult than our own, for they can only wait, while for us there is at least action.

Good luck Lasell!

The writer of this note was Ordnance Sergeant Francis E. Stern, the husband of Gladys Goodman and the author of the poem was his sister-in-law Leontine Goodman. It was announced on Commencement morning that Leontine had led her class in scholarship for the past two years.

Eloise Bordages did not flit in just for a day but made a real old-fashioned stay and it did our hearts good to have her send back a message that it was like a visit to an old home. She brings good news of her cousin Edna who is in Texas near the post of her soldier husband.

Florence Skinner could not be with us at Commencement time but remembered us with gracious message. She was busy preparing for the wedding of her sister Daisie. She is still keeping on with her music and ends with this gratifying tribute, "I am enjoying the Leaves so much since I left Lasell. I just could not get along without that paper.'

Some changes in the personnel of our faculty will occur next fall. Miss Dolley leaves us (temporarily we hope) to take some advanced work in Economics at Columbia University. Misses Mount and Cox expect to be in war work. Miss Roop has accepted a position in the Woman's Industrial Union in Boston. Next year Miss Collins will be at Pembroke Hall, Hampton, Va. Pembroke Hall is a boarding and day school for girls and Miss Collins is its new lady principal. Miss Warner is accepting a Sabbatical year giving herself leisure to take a course in agriculture in one of our universities. We wish success to each of these teachers in their new field of service.

Mrs. C. D. Cushing, '73 our valuable alumnae treasurer was with us for several days at Commencement time and proved herself as efficient and loyal as ever.

What a splendid showing the Class of 1917 made at Commencement. We would like to say something about each one of them but the best we can do is to give the Roster:

E. Gertrude Allen
Virginia Anderson
Helen Bauman Routier
Florence Bell
Hazel Brady
Ruth Burnap
M. Elizabeth Canfield
Elizabeth Carlile
Edna L. Crane
Miriam Day
Dorothy Deering
Emelia Frankel
Fannie Gates
Mervelle Gratz
Edith Hobson
Rachel Houston
Alice Jenks
Lillian Laffey
Marie Keppel
Julia Lipps
Virginia Moore
Eleanor McCausland
Marjorie Morrison
Berenice Reagan
Mary Rich
Dorothy Redmond
Lenette Rogers
Jessie Shepherd
Helen Saunders
Eugenia Skinner Shorrock
Helen Stephan
Mildred Strain

To the great delight not only of the class but of all the girls Eugenia Skinner Shorlock brought with her the class baby, little Dorothy Eugenia.

We were glad indeed to see among the Commencement visitors Ruby Newcomb McCorkindale. California evidently agrees with her.

No guests were more welcome than Mrs. Thomas Ingraham and Mrs. Henry Fiske, mothers of our Deborah and Mary and loyal old Lasell girls.

We were sorry that Dorothy Chaffee Stroud, Adele's sister, did not come to see her graduate but a very welcome substitute took her place. We are begininng now to count Mrs. Chaffee as one of our adopted Lasell sisters.

It was just like Laura Hale to fill in the breach at Commencement Concert. Three of our artists were victims of measles and Laura very generously consented to appear on the program. We were all glad to hear her again. We have a feeling that Katherine Dearborn's presence inspired Laura to do her best.

Never were little children more heartily welcomed into this world than in these days. Among the latest arrivals are the following.

A son, Herbert Clark, was born on April 23d to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pritchard (Emily Butterworth, '12.)

On May 1st William Edgar Maxson came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Potter Maxson (Mary Starr Utter '12.)

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Van Deusen (Grace Alexander, '12) announce the arrival of Henry Marshall 2nd on May 29th.

Robert Drew Adair arrived on the eighteenth of May at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Adair (Hazel Drew).

Among the Commencement guests was Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson, '02, President of the Chicago Alumnae Association. Mrs. Patterson gave some very encouraging reports as to

the effective substantial work done by the Lasell Red Cross girls in Chicago. She had many loyal words to say about her Alma Mater.

How shocked and saddened we were recently at learning of the sudden death of our dear Josephine Siggins Utter. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to Dr. Utter and the members of the bereaved family.

Old girls who have given the Oh-e-la for "Peter," the assistant chef, will be interested to know that June 13th was his wedding day, and Mary Dougherty of the dining room was the bride. We extend congratulations and are glad they are not going to desert Lasell.

Cora Fulston Jordan came home for a day's visit and had a good report to give of herself. She has been travelling much of the time since her marriage but just now is busy getting ready to occupy her new home which they are building just to her taste.

Florence Lane Staebner, '07, is up North for the summer. Her permanent home is Ft. Pierce, Florida where her husband is employed as a government engineer. She brought with her, her classmate Etta Handy, '07, who is just finishing her course at Simmons in the Domestic Science Department. Sorry the girls could not stay over Commencement week.

In her latest letter Alma Bunch, '13 tells us that "The Chicago College Club has open house every Sunday afternoon and evening for men in uniform and each week different alumnae act as hostesses and finance the affair. Last Sunday the Lasell girls had this privilege and I must say the gathering was a great success." She also writes of taking the Civil Service examinations and now has a government position at the Medical Supply Depot of the Army .

Margherita Dike "I have been with the Liberty Loan thru the last Loan and am now on the permanent organization so have been rather busy, altho' things are a little quieter now between loans."

Miss Packard has received the following letter in regard to the Liberty Bond, presented by the Seniors to the Y.W.C.A. for war-work:

By a strange coincidence, your letter came the very day after we had decided to undertake a specially interesting piece of war work as a student department. I cannot tell you how touched I am by this gift of the Liberty Bond from the senior class of Lasell for our student Young Women's Christian Association war work. It will be the first nest egg for something in which I am sure the class will be much interested. It is this,—as the war goes on and French and European girls have to look to the future in order to be self-supporting and also to have a share in the reconstruction days that are to come, there are many of them coming over to this country for an education and are to be closely related to our student department through our committee on friendly relations with foreign students. We have been doing this work for a number of years for our Oriental students, but now it becomes a distinct part of war work because it is including so many students like the French girls, the Belgian girls, the Armenian girls, and other Euorpeans who have so suffered through the war. There are also a number of interesting Polish and Russian girls who are going to be the great leaders of the future.

It is beautiful that Lasell should have

made the first contribution to this work among students of other lands, particularly when we realize that practically all the colleges and universities of the other warring countries are depleted, and many of them have no students at all, either men or women. If you will send the Bond to me at my address, 600 Lexington Avenue, I will see that the treasurer of our National Board sends you an official receipt and acknowledgement for the same, and that it is applied to the purpose for which it was given.

With deep appreciation of this beautiful thought which the Seminary girls had for us, I am Very sincerely yours,

BERTHA CONDE, *Senior Student Secretary.*"

Just as we are going to press our principal received a delightful note from Dr. Bragdon in which he speaks of enjoying, even way off in California, our June Fete and with his unabated interest looking over the names of the fifty-five graduates and placing them geographically. He is surprised to find that Marjorie Winslow is such a big girl and prophesies that soon Dr. Winslow will be handing her a diploma. In his letter he sends a grateful acknowledgement from Julia Anderson to the Lasell Club of Southern California which by the way came to Dr. Bragdon through the courtesy of Jane Milbank (Virginia Johnson.) In Jane's note she writes, "I hear great praise of Julia's Hospital from all sources." This is Julia's letter.

"My dear friends:—

Your luncheon check sent through Mrs. Milbank has just reached me, and I am searching for words to tell you how touched and grateful I am at this thought of our boys and their needs. It seems to me that as my heart fills more and more with gratitude for the wonderful help given us for these dear boys by our friends in America, more and more words fail me as a means of expressing that gratitude and after all the searching I can only come back to the simple "thank you" which carries with it all that my heart seeks to voice—not only for my husband and myself but for our boys who ask me to tell you what it means to them to have such proofs of friendship come to them from a far off land.

With warm gratitude and good wishes for each and every one of you, I am

Sincerely yours,

Julia W. Anderson Willems, '94."

That was a fine photograph of Dora Goodwillie, '14 and her handsome soldier brother taken together. We suppose he will soon be across. We are glad he is leaving his dear sister with us and only wish she were near enough to be neighborly.

In a charming note received by Mrs. Winslow from Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, she writes thanking her for the Baby Book and adds, "My little son is now nearly four months old, weighs fifteen pounds plus, and has discovered among other things that toes look good enough to eat." We hope to see more of sonny's mother the coming year as she is our recently elected Alumnae Association President.

Ruth Ketcham is back in Chicago and reports a number of Lasell girls in Washington among them Ruth Butterworth and Esther Morey.

The October Supplement promises some very interesting articles along war lines . Be sure and have your subscription in on time so that you will not miss them.

A number of our girls in the secretarial courses took the Civil Service examinations in

Boston this month.

Nell Richards, '93, was our secretary pro tem at the Alumnae Meeting on June 11th. At the end of her report to Miss Packard she gives such a good trade last to the habituees of Lasell that we can't help putting it in. She writes, "You people at Lasell seem to change not at all and I always come away impressed by an atmosphere of serenity withal it is such a busy place. I enjoyed the day so much and thank you all for giving us a cordial welcome."

Mrs. Frank D. Gamewell was the guest of Lasell for two or three days in May. We have been interested for some time in Mrs. Gamewell's splendid work in China in cooperation with her husband. Having met her personally and heard her in our chapel service we felt we knew the secret of her success. Her ability plus her pleasing personality can but win their way on either side of the world. Her husband Dr. Frank D. Gamewell is the Superintendent of Education and the Editor of the Journal of Education in that country. Mrs. Gamewell is herself the author of several books and many magazine articles.

(Continued from Page 32)

1856.00	Students' Friendship Fund
100.00	Y. W. C. A. Fund
	Smith Unit
	Italian Fund
	French Wounded Fund
	Belgian Relief
	Armenian Fund
	American Red Cross
	Canadian Red Cross
70.00	Studio Sale
	French Orphans (26 new pledges)
	Thrift Stamps (153 persons)
	War Saving Stamps (55 persons)
	Liberty bonds (178 persons)
	Smileage Books
20.00	Hospital in France
8.00	Woman's Club for Furlough Hut (Raised by French Department Tableaux)
60.00	For material

(Continued from Page 79)

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characteristic quite possible to be acquired—sometimes against heavy odds—an acquisition that may be made a habit through settled purpose, a habit that will make other lives brighter and the world a better place to live in. Is it not, then, worth a little trouble, a little self-forgetfullness, a great deal of determination to acquire this?

Girls of America, it's up to you! Forget yourselves and your troubles; help yourselves, your friends, and the boys you love; pack all your troubles in your knitting bags, and smile smile, smile!

INTERRUPTED

Flash:—"My love for you is like that rose in your hair, fresh, tender, and——"

Flo:—"Artificial!!"

To the Class of '18 "The Leaves" extends its best wishes for the future. Lasell will miss each one of her Seniors; they have made a splendid mark upon the life of the school which will not soon be effaced.

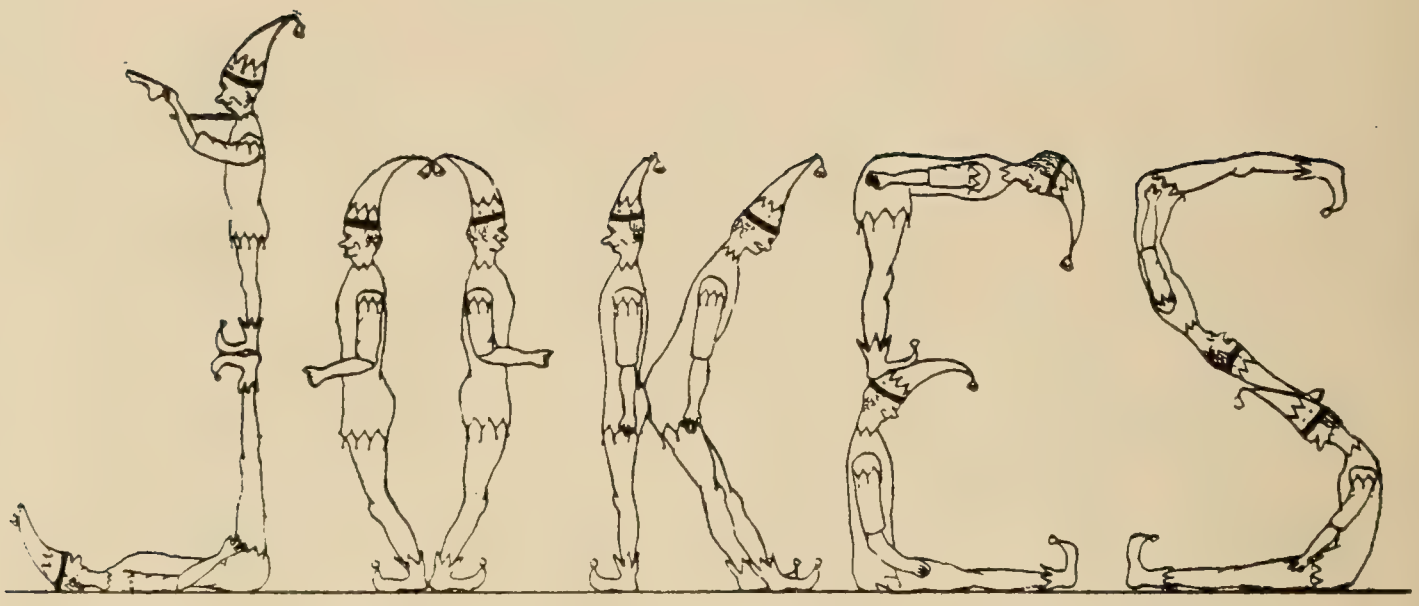
These are stirring times and any aid to lead us on our weary paths, should be welcomed with open arms. Of these, there is none like a true friend. We girls here at Lasell, feel that we have made many such during the past year. Because school is closing and our paths divide, shall our friendships necessarily cease? Surely our ties are stronger than that. A great many of us will be too far away actually to see each other often, but you and I have both received letters from those who were far away, which seemed to link us together although a great distance apart. How often, a letter telling perhaps of some new war work a friend has engaged in, spurs us on to some new activity. Let us keep in touch with one another. We hope the members of the graduating class especially will be interested enough in Lasell and her activities to write often. The school will surely follow the career of each of '18's girls with the greatest of interest, ready to lend a helping hand at any step, and hoping to welcome them frequently in our school home.

"Don't do anything, till you do it, and when you've done it stop doing it."

"When you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all."

"What we see depends mainly on what we look for."

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; Kites rise against and not with the wind."



"Where are you going, Mama?"

"To a surprise party, dear"

"Can't I go, too, and Archie and Edna?"

"No, dear, you weren't invited."

"Well, dont you think they'd be lots more s'prised if you took us all?"

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

"Yessum; it's in a pretty bad shape, just now," replied the precocious child, who had heard her daddy say a few things at home."

Lasell Classes all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
Just by starting long discussions
To take up the teacher's time.

Teacher: "I saw you chewing gum again, Amy. You had better get rid of it."

Amy: "How does it happen that you always catch me and no one else?"

Teacher: "Because you are so open-mouthed about it."

The tenderest part: "Although I was late," said the new boarder, "I found the landlady had saved me the tenderest part of the chicken."

"What was that?" asked the old boarder jealously.

"Some of the gravy."

Customer:—"And you guarantee that this parrot talks a lot?"

Dealer: "Talks? Why, his last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgewise."

"The moon affects the tide—likewise the untied."

From a local report of a society wedding: "The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch; she also received many other beautiful articles of cut glass."

Mrs. New-rich (looking at cars):—"The car I want starts with-er- let me see—I think it starts with "T."

Salesman: "Sorry, madam, but ours all start with gasoline."

Painter: "I notice that you don't like my pictures, but I can only paint things as I see them."

Critic:—"Then you shouldn't paint while you are seeing things like that."

SOPHOMORE SONG

Sister classmates, tried and true;
Fine in everything you do.
You are our delight,
An ever shining light.
We enjoyed the songs you sang,
And as clear your voices rang
Our hearts were warmed and bound to you;
We love you through and through.

And when we took our tables,
Your flowers of friendship so sweet
Delighted our hearts with their fragrance;
With love they will ever beat.
You've stood by us through all our troubles,
And routed the Juniors well.
So we love you, and proudly we call you our friends,
Ah-h-, you Sophomores of dear Lasell.

JUNIOR SONG

Juniors, you are so clever,
Your childish pranks we love to recall.
Each day that passes, new wit discloses,
Aimed at the Seniors all.

For once if you will recall you wrote a song,
It wasn't long
Ago, BUT you figured wrong:
For when the Seniors took their tables one day,
They had a new song in some mysterious way,
And we never gave you a chance to sing that one to us.
So won't you
All step forward now and let us hear
That song. We fear
Lest it should dissappear.
We see that you hesitate now, dears,
And know just where the trouble lies,
For you didn't bring
To help you to sing,
Those papers, small in size.

AND

What did you want to take our caps and gowns for
When you didn't know where they were?
They might have been here, they might have been there,
In fact you might have been able to find them anywhere,
So what did you want to rummage round our trunks for,
Surely you won't do it anymore?
All you girls had better beware tonight,
Or you will surely find you've been flirting with dynamite!
So what did you want to take our caps and gowns for,
When you didn't know where they were?
And we tell you this sincere,
Berkely crew got out?
And O'Brien and Benson got caught,
And their efforts were all for naught.
You worked so hard and tried so long,
But you couldn't steal our song,
Don't you remember now that every time
We've been ahead of you with some cute rhyme?
Oh Junior Class, you're fast asleep,
And the Seniors are too deep.

Oh Juniors dear, we're done with fun
And we tell you this sincerei,
You are the finest girls we know,
And we-ve thought so all the year.
The Follies that you did present
Were clever, bright, and fine,
The bond you gave we've put to use
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne
For Auld Lang Syne dear girls,
For Auld Lang Syne dear girls,
And now the hand of friendship strong
We pledge for Auld Lang Syne.

Preceptress:—"Are you engaged to that young man who called last night. I've heard several reports—"

Nervous Senior: "Goodness, did we make so much noise as that?"

GARDNER

First Lieut., leaving Cushman—"I asked if I could see her home."

Second Lieut.—"What did she say?"

First Licut.—"She said she'd send me a picture of it. —Ex.

HAYDEN

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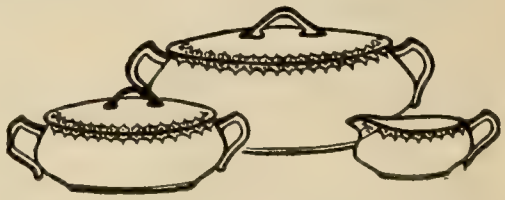

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